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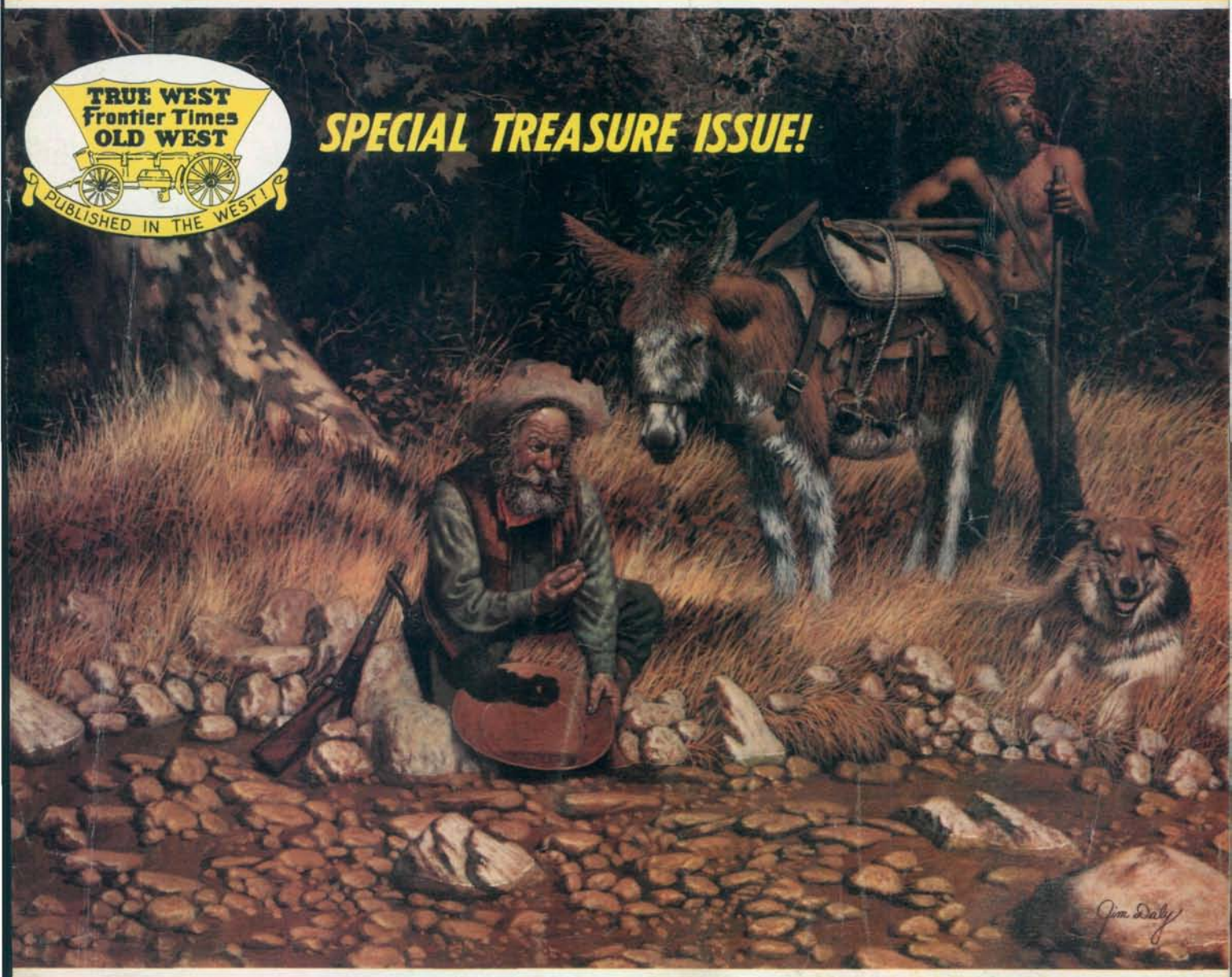

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10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
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14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
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32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—*Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½*
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
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41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
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84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
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86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
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89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
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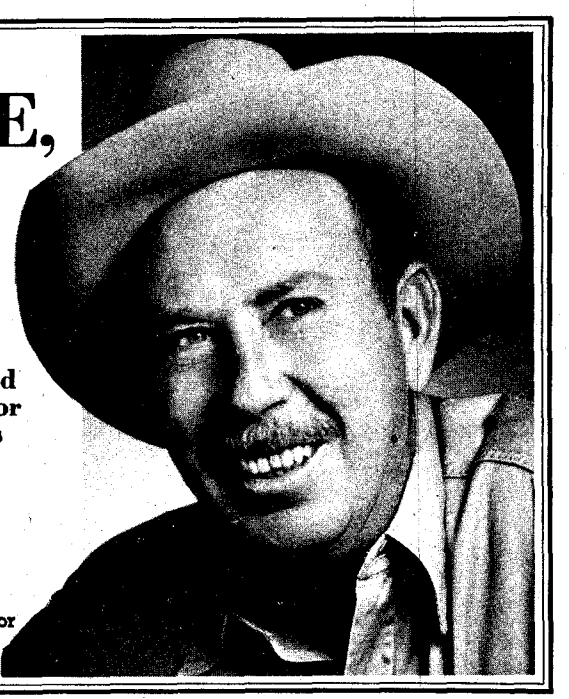
Graveside tribute delivered by Frank Wardlaw, Director of the University of Texas Press, Austin, Texas.



Fred Gipson when he was Editor of TRUE WEST back in 1953.

WE ARE GATHERED together here today to say goodbye to our friend Fred Gipson, who died Tuesday, August 14 at his beautiful "Recollection Creek" Ranch on the Llano River. Several months ago Fred asked me to stand up and make a few remarks at his funeral in the unlikely event that he should predecease me. I'll try to do what he wanted me to.

I shall not presume to conduct a religious service—Fred's religion was of a very personal and non-organized character—but I shall try to say something about the rich legacy which Fred Gipson has left to his own beloved Hill Country, to his state, and to the human race.

Fred Gipson was born on a farm near Mason, February 5, 1908, about a decade after his parents packed their scant belongings into a wagon, left their old home in the Piney Woods of deep East Texas, and came to the rugged Hill Country where, by the hardest of work, they were able to wrest a meagre living from the stubborn soil. Fred said that his father had put an alligator egg in a chest on the wagon and that it hatched out about the time they arrived, producing what was probably the first and only alligator ever born on the Llano.

Fred's parents didn't have much education and Fred didn't take too enthusiastically to schooling. He particularly hated the study of history which was to him a meaningless procession of wars, dates, and politicians. But he took to hanging around the old-timers, the hunters, fishers, trail-drivers, and cowboys and listened rapturously to their stories of pioneer days. He filed these stories away in a constantly expanding mind and later told them with deceptively simple eloquence in his books. All of his fishing and trapping and hunting and muleskinning and cotton picking—all his unending curiosity and remarkable powers of observation, particularly about the natural world—all of these things added up to a remarkable love for and understanding of the Hill Country and its people. These things provided the threads which were interwoven in the tapestry of his books for the rest of his life. As Paul Crume wrote, "Fred never left home, but he spread home out over a whole lot of the world."

THE FACT that Fred Gipson became a writer at all is as much a source of wonder to his Hill Country neighbors as the birth of the baby alligator must have been. His own formal education was spotty to say the least, but he did manage to graduate from Mason High School and, after some six years of farming, sodajerking, tractor-driving, muleskinning and other intellectual pursuits, he entered the University of Texas where he spent three years and began writing. After several years of newspaper work in San Angelo and Corpus Christi, he quit his job and, as one of his former editors put it, "began openly writing fiction."

There were many difficult dry spells in the years that followed, but also some exciting triumphs and solid achievement, over all. His books included *Fabulous Empire, Hound-dog Man, The Home Place, Cowhand, The Trail Driving Rooster, The Cow Killers, Big Bend, Old Yeller* and *Savage Sam.* Four of his books became movies and one of them, *Old Yeller,* the screen play of which he wrote for Walt Disney, was a triumph as a movie as well as a book.

It is natural to think of Fred Gipson's writing as having many important roots in common with the work of his friends J. Frank Dobie, Roy Bedichek, and Walter Prescott Webb, all of whom, in Webb's words, "had touched the hem of the garment of the real frontier." Most of the work of these three older men was shaped in many important ways by their closeness to the land, to the natural world, to the people who made the West. Fred Gipson's certainly was. Walter Webb compared Fred's work to that of Mark Twain in its universality of appeal to people of all ages and places. He once expressed to me the belief that *Old Yeller* stood perhaps the best chance of achieving immortality of any book yet written in Texas—and this from the author of *The Great Plains.* Webb may well have been right. Certainly *Old Yeller* has probably sold more copies than any book ever written by a Texan, and its sale continues with no perceptible abatement seventeen years after publication. Last year a group of school librarians in Nebraska told me that *Old Yeller* was a favorite with succeeding generations of Nebraska school children and that they didn't think it would ever stop. Long after all of us are gone, young people—and old—all over the land will read with delight this simple classic story of a boy becoming a man on the Texas frontier, a noble theme indeed. Every month Fred still got a hundred or more letters from youthful readers.

This is no time for a detailed examination of the tribute to Fred Gipson's work. That will come later—first the PhD dissertations, then the bibliographies, then the definitive books; the academicians and the critics will eventually catch up with the people. But I did want to indicate to you on this occasion something of the richness of his legacy to us.

SEVERAL years ago Fred brought back from Mexico for his baby grandson a rugged little steel-bound wooden chest on which was burned the legend "Ben's Treasure Chest." Since then he has been filling the chest with a variety of objects to delight the heart of a young boy. But the chest and its contents will not be the real treasure Ben inherited from his grandfather. The real treasure will be his wonderful stories of life in the Hill Country, stories so universal that they know no boundaries of time and place.

Roy Bedichek sleeps on a sunny hillside near his home town Eddy. Frank Dobie and Walter sleep here in this State Cemetery, not too far from such people as Stephen F. Austin and Bigfoot Wallace. Fred's Hill Country neighbors would have preferred in a way to bury him in Mason, but all of his friends are happy that Governor Briscoe recognized Fred Gipson's stature and let him come to final rest here, and that it turned out to be right next to his friend Walter Webb. Every now and then Walter would slip away and go up to the Llano and sit and talk for hours with Fred, or walk around and admire the wonderful stand of grass with which Fred had rejuvenated the once depleted soil. There are three sacks of grass seed which Fred gathered on the porch of the ranch house right now.

It seems incredible that less than a week ago Fred and Holmes Jenkins and I were sitting on the gallery overlooking the Llano arguing about the size of a catfish which Holmes had caught. Three weeks before, he had caught a monster whose weight grew steadily with

(Continued on page 72)

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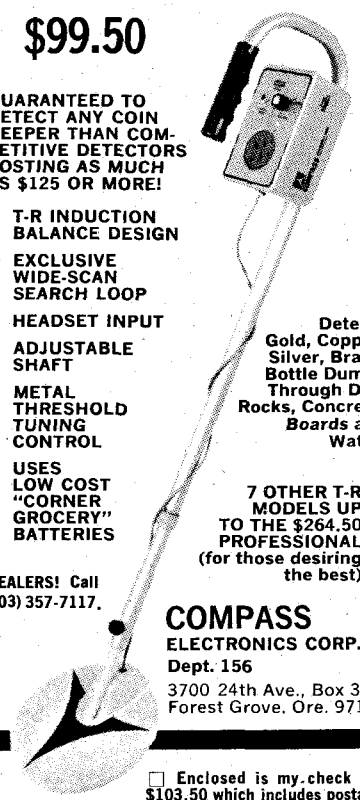

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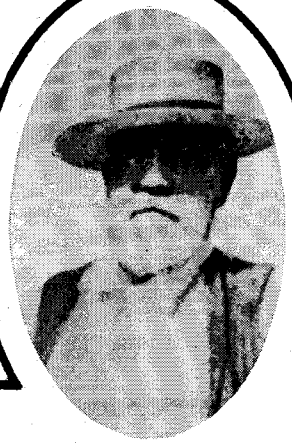

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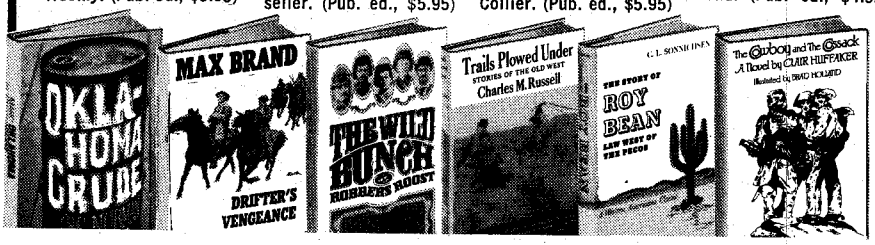

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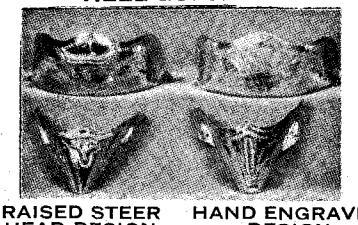

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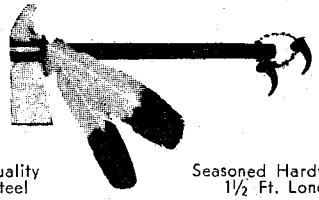

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OLD BAYLOR

As long as this reviewer can remember, Baylor University has been at Waco, Texas—he first visited the great Baptist school in 1916. Perhaps there were vague memories of another and older Baylor and now the history of the early days of the university, *Baylor at Independence* (Baylor University Press, $10.00) by Lois Smith Murray, confirms the impression. Baylor was founded in 1845 when Texas was a Republic—Independence outbid Huntsville and other communities with an offer of $7,925. Baylor operated at Independence until 1886 and this book covers in considerable detail the problems, growth and decline of the university during the forty-one years at the little inland town so prominent in the first years of Texas colonization and during the Republic. The faculty, students, board members and friends and benefactors of Baylor are treated in the detail that the records permit. This is a valuable reference volume and a fitting memorial to the sole survivor of the thirteen educational institutions chartered by the Congress of the Republic. It is illustrated with a number of photos and there is a frontispiece portrait of Judge R. E. B. Baylor by Tom Lea, plus sketches of several Independence buildings by Buck Schiwetz. Numerous notes, a lengthy bibliography, an appendix and an index further enhance the attractive volume on which master typographer Carl Hertzog lent a helping hand.

MUSTANGS

Hope Ryden has written her second book to glorify western broomtails. *Mustangs, a Return to the Wild* (The Viking Press, $9.95) is notable for its extraordinarily beautiful pictures of feral horses in their western habitat. Zealous in her enthusiasm for saving the remaining wild horses, Hope Ryden's viewpoints on the life and habits of these animals smacks more of folklore than reality to this old desert rat. The horses we are familiar with in Utah and Nevada were inbred and few had the notable attributes ascribed to Arab and Barb steeds. While the ruling stallion expelled his raunchy sons, we've never known a king horse to fail to mate with his own fillies. We've chased a lot of wild herds and they tend to split into single or small groups and may reassemble again. The noble stallion usually was the first to head for freedom and seldom served as a rear guard to keep his *manada* bunched when pressure was on. We've seen both domesticated and wild range mares running in fairly stable groups with studs. They usually mate with stallions at water holes without always becoming part of a harem. We have a tender spot for the mustang. He and Spanish Longhorn cattle deserve a few well-managed refuges but we don't need to preserve the 16,000 broomtails the author encourages. We failed to find a recommendation for the conservation of the native ranges these horses of European descent use in the West. The illustrations show that many broomtail ranges are badly overgrazed and we've seen others that are destructively grazed. We hope in the future that wild horse conservationists also become range conservationists.

SAM HAD COURAGE

Sam Houston & the Senate (Pemberton Press, $9.50) is the first separate printing of a chapter in *Profiles in Courage* by John F. Kennedy. It is the story of the stand taken by Houston on the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in 1854 that caused his fellow Southerners to tab him a "traitor" and the Texas Legislature to condemn his stand by a vote of 73 to 3. This was not Houston's last stand—he did all he could to prevent secession and preserve the Union. This is an attractive volume with one drawing of Houston (for the commemorative stamp) by Tom Lea and a number of portraits. In addition to this trade edition there is a limited number of 67 copies, hand numbered, specially bound and slipcased, each with an original document signed by Houston laid in—priced at $75.00 and destined for the label "rare."

OUTLAW ENCYCLOPEDIA

Bloodletters and Badmen (M. Evans and Co. but distributed in association with Lippincott, $16.95) with the subtitle "A Narrative Encyclopedia of American Criminals from the Pilgrims to the Present" by Jay Robert Nash is an over-sized volume of 640 double-columned pages. Many Western outlaws and gunmen are included in the numerous biographical sketches and there are over 300 illustrations. One can find numerous reasons to quibble with the author-compiler over details but the book will be useful as a key to further research on the bloodletters and a wide range of other wrongdoers. There is a bibliography and a detailed index.

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Bill

I would like to obtain information on one Charles David Bill. Mr. Bill was born March, 17, 1864 at Franklin Grove, Illinois. He was appointed United States Deputy Marshal, Territory of Oklahoma (Cherokee Strip) at Guthrie on March 6, 1893. The appointment was made by United States Marshal William Grimes.

Charles David Bill was a first cousin to Jessie Lilly, also a law officer at that time in Guthrie. Charles David Bill's ancestry has been traced back, on the Lilly side, to the person of Pawnee Bill Lilly.

We would like to know of any incident pertaining to him and his working experiences.—Eugene L. Roberts, Box 316, Fort Madison, Iowa 52627

Nielsen

I am seeking information on Sievert Nielsen, who was a Norwegian sailor and gold prospector, and took trips with Zane Grey into Death Valley and Tonto Basin. Anyone who knows what became of Nielsen please write me.—Dick North, Apt. 210, 361 Distin Street, Juneau, Alaska 99801

Brindle

My wife's father, Gene Hall, was a Texas man who participated in cattle drives to Kansas from 1888-1892. He was born in 1867 in Jones County, Texas of Tennessee stock.

Would appreciate hearing from anyone knowing how to get in touch with his daughter, Pauline Hall Brindle, born in Abilene, Texas February 7, 1894.—George W. Brindle, P. O. Box 1485, South Shore Station, Alameda, California 94501

Hough

I am looking for information on the Hough family, ancestors of Paul Everett Hough who married Cora Maye Parker in Corning, Iowa. Paul's father was William Frank Hough and Mary Jane Wark was his mother. He was the son of William Alexander Hough and Marjory Hubbel, an Indian of the Blackfoot tribe in Montana.

I am also interested in the Wark background. Mary Jane was the daughter of Alexander and Elizabeth from Ireland and St. Johns, New Brunswick, Canada.—Kenneth Hough, Trails End Ranch, Box 5, Black Canyon, Arizona 85324

Peterson-Ferris (DeFerris)

I am looking for information on my great-grandparents, William Tecumseh Peterson, born in Wisconsin in 1867, and his wife, Harriet Ferris or DeFerris who was born in Wisconsin in 1877. They had five children, Ethel, Erma, Elizabeth, Lloyd Harold, William Frederick and Lyle. They later moved to Canada.—John Bucker, Box 201, Vernal, Utah 84078

Ford

I am trying to get some information on David Alexander Ford, who enlisted in the Union Army at the age of fifteen at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He was born in Pottstown or Pottsville, Pennsylvania and was in the recruiting service after the Civil War. He also was in "Fords Theater" when Mr. Lincoln was

(Continued on page 51)

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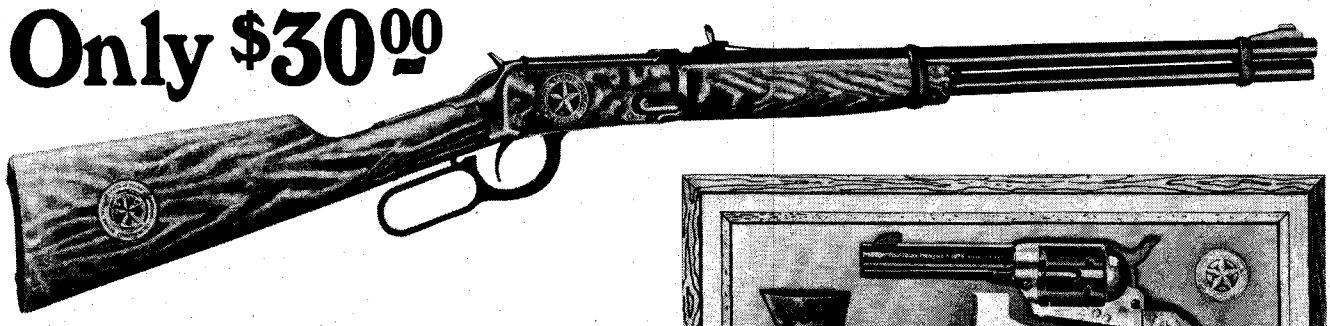

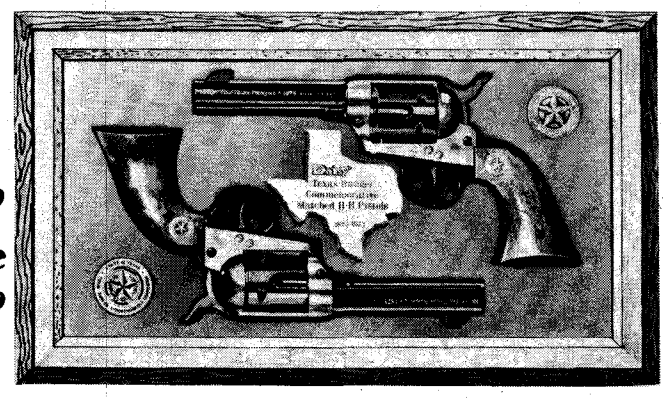

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True Western

Pop Bottle Buffs

The 1923 edition of the Beverage Blue Book lists Texas as having 263 towns that had one or more carbonated beverage or soda pop plants. There were eight towns in Texas at this time that had breweries; some were not in operation due to the "drouth" that we were going through by national law. Since most of the bottling companies have their own design of soda pop bottles, I was wondering if some of your readers might recall just what design their independent home town bottler had for bottles. Maybe some of the bottle diggers can help solve this problem. Thank you in advance for any information.—Avery Von Blon, 1111 Colcord, Waco, Texas 76707

Inspirational Cover

Pictures tell many people many different things. One night as I spent the evening at the bedside of my sick wife, I was trying to spend the long quiet hours as quickly as possible.

The cover picture on the April, 1973 TRUE WEST told me a story that could have happened years ago in many of our great western states. I named the cover picture "A Call of the Frontier."

A signal fire is burning upon the hill tonight. I'll saddle old Joe, my fastest stud, to help the Rangers fight. It's hard to tell how long I'll be, maybe days before I get back. The only guard I'm leaving behind, is my old spotted dog named Jack. One last look at my little home and my wife that waits for me. Oh God, I pray the Indians don't come on one of their killing sprees.—Forrest S. Ross, Sr., Route 3, Box 68, Cherryville, North Carolina 28021

America's Best Hope for Mail Service

We set out to prove that the Pony Express mail delivery is faster than the current U. S. Mail type run, despite Indian attacks, and we proved our point on August 4, 1973.

The "Pony Express" run was arranged by local chambers of commerce in Alpine and Fort Stockton, Texas. It takes 25 hours for mail to get from Alpine to Fort Stockton, only 66 miles apart, because the mail is routed through Midland or El Paso which are 305 and 614 miles, respectively, from us.

Express riders, including women and men, made a direct run in only four hours with mailbags changing hands more than 50 times along the route, beating the U. S. mail by 21 hours.

Our Old Western challenge to a computerized mail system was a success and the affair confirmed our belief that a Pony Express ride provides one of America's greatest opportunities to stop and relive history for a day.—Clark Carpenter, Manager Fort Stockton Chamber of Commerce, 222 W. Dickinson, Fort Stockton, Texas 79733

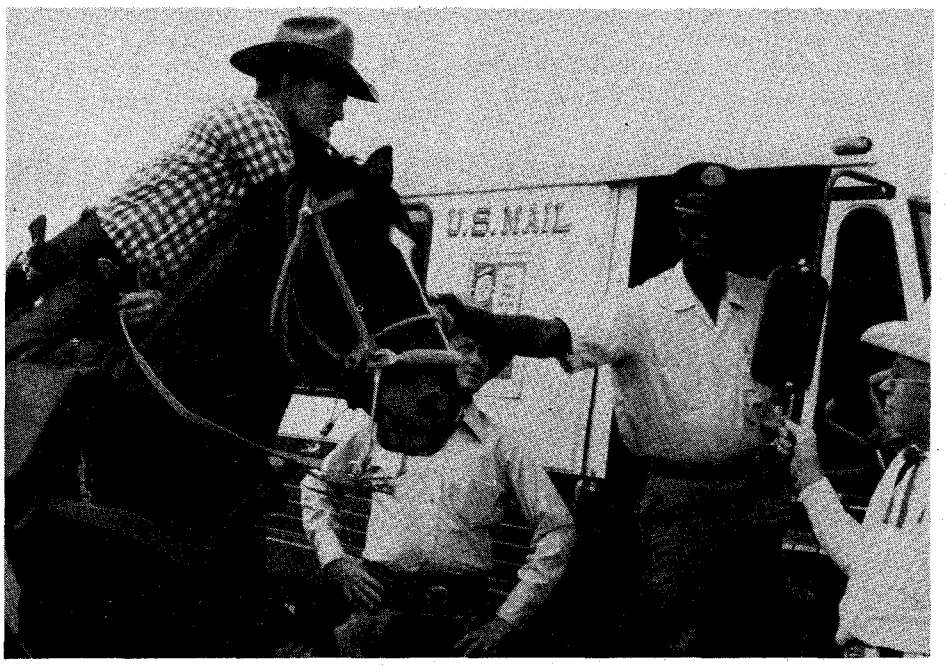
Yuma

In the "Attempted Break at Yuma Pen," June 1973 issue, why did not guard B. F. Hartlee fire at the prisoner Barney Riggs, a Mexican who ran toward Superintendent Thomas Gates, and Mexican Librado Puebla? Hartlee had every chance of shooting Riggs before he reached Gates and Puebla, who were struggling.

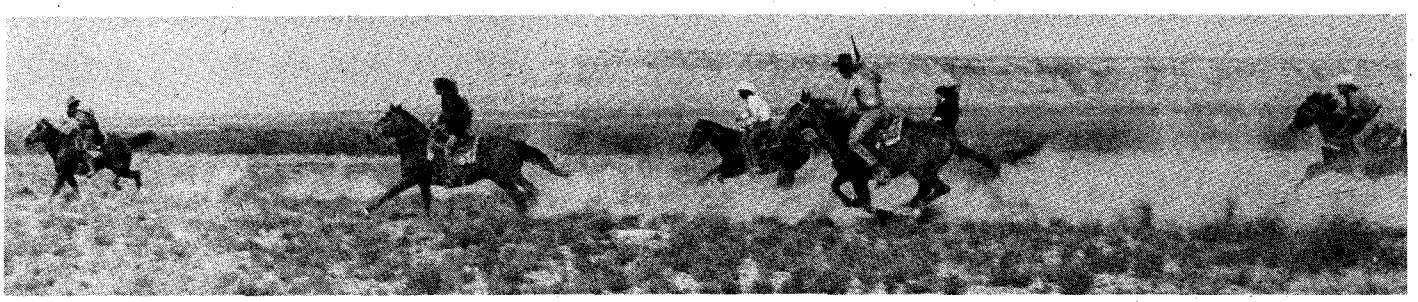
Has the state of Arizona ever had an investigation of these murders in the Yuma Pen and asked Hartlee why he did not fire his gun at Riggs? Maybe some reader could tell me.—Carl Noble, 328 Regis Avenue, Ventura, California 93003

Harry Oliver

It is with the greatest of sorrow that I tell you that our great and wonderful friend, Harry Oliver, has passed away. I knew that Harry was ill. Early on the morning of the Fourth of July I had a feeling that I must hurry out to the Motion Picture Country Home and Hospital in Woodland Hills to see Harry.



Above, Pony Express rider and a United States Postal Service carrier shake hands before the start of the race. Below, the rider is attacked by "Indians" along the cross-country route.



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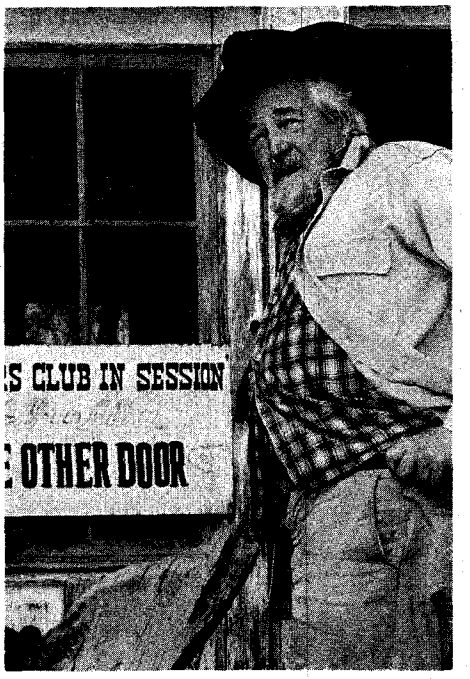
When I arrived about eight o'clock a nurse said to me, "Harry just passed away two minutes ago." Harry had predicted he would die on Independence Day.

In a letter I received today from his daughter, Amy Fern Deily, she said, "We are having him cremated and finally got permission to have his ashes put into that old World War I ammunition box and will seal it into the place that he had for it in the Fort. I'll let you know just when we will be going down to the Fort to put Daddy's ashes in the wall."

Harry loved the Old West and the desert. I remember our last trip to Death Valley several years ago. He received a standing ovation at the Death Valley '49ers annual Burro Flapjack Race which he was the father of. In speaking of wind he said, "Wind is therapeutic. I'm pitchin' my sharp nose to the wind and splitting it. Haven't you noticed the wind currents of the desert change one way and another? That's my nose directing sand traffic."

Oliver, in speaking of his beloved desert, said, "When you've been here in the desert a few years you find yourself talking to yourself. After a few more years you find yourself talking to the lizards . . . then, in another couple of years you find the lizards talking to you. When you find yourself stealing their amazing tales, you are ready to start a desert paper."

An excellent summary of Harry's life was carried in the July 5, 1973 Los Angeles *Times:* "In 1928 he won an Academy Award as art director of the silent film 'Seventh Heaven.' It was the first year Oscars were awarded. The following year he won another Academy Award for 'Street Angel' and continued to do outstanding work in such films as 'The Good Earth,' 'Ben Hur,' and 'Viva Villa.'



Harry Oliver

"But boredom with the movie industry and a love for the desert caused him to drop his successful movie career and move to the Coachella Valley in 1946. For more than two decades Mr. Oliver was one of the desert's—and Southern California's—most colorful characters.

"Using mud from nearby foothills he built Old Fort Oliver, an adobe re-creation of a 150-year-old post, by hand. While living in the fort, he started the Desert Rat Scrapbook, billed as the nation's only five-page publication. Printed on a heavy paper and folded four times 'so you could open it in the wind,' the paper was filled with Mr. Oliver's desert philosophy, wit and banter.

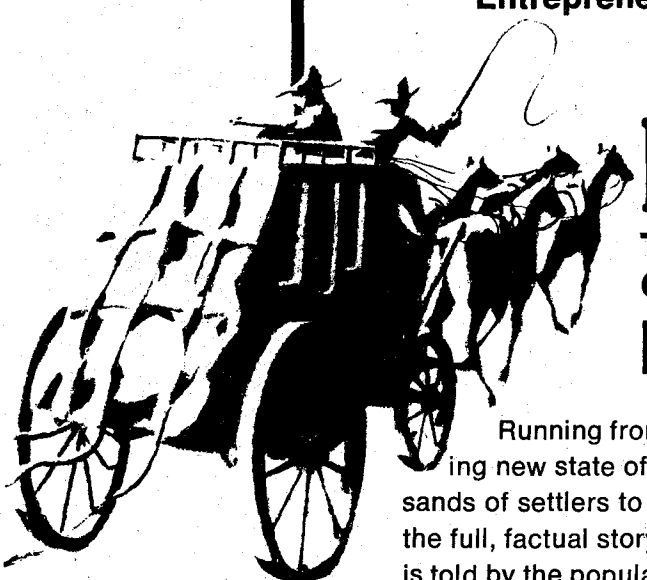
"He freely admitted that much of the better material was stolen from other sources and once responded to a complaint about his still notoriously bad spelling: 'For such a small paper I give you a generous amount of typographical errors.'

"But the Desert Scrapbook, had a circulation of nearly 30,000 when he finally gave it up in January, 1967."

To me Harry Oliver was all the Mark Twain characters rolled into one, with Tom Sawyer casting the taller shadow.

Vaya con Dios, Harry Oliver. We all hope to meet you some day at the big camp in the sky.—Tom G. Murray, 15049 La Mesa, Sylmar, California 91342

Prospectors seeking gold and a better way of life, Border surveyors, some skillful and many inept, Soldiers fighting two wars and the Indians, Entrepreneurs building stage lines, telegraph lines, and rail lines — they all traveled the



DESTINY ROAD

The Gila Trail and the Opening of the Southwest

By Odie B. Faulk

Running from El Paso to San Diego, the Gila Trail tied the booming new state of California to the rest of America, and brought thousands of settlers to the arid yet promising lands of the Southwest. Now the full, factual story, with all its colorful characters and real-life drama, is told by the popular author of *Tombstone: Myth and Reality.*

$7.50; Illustrated

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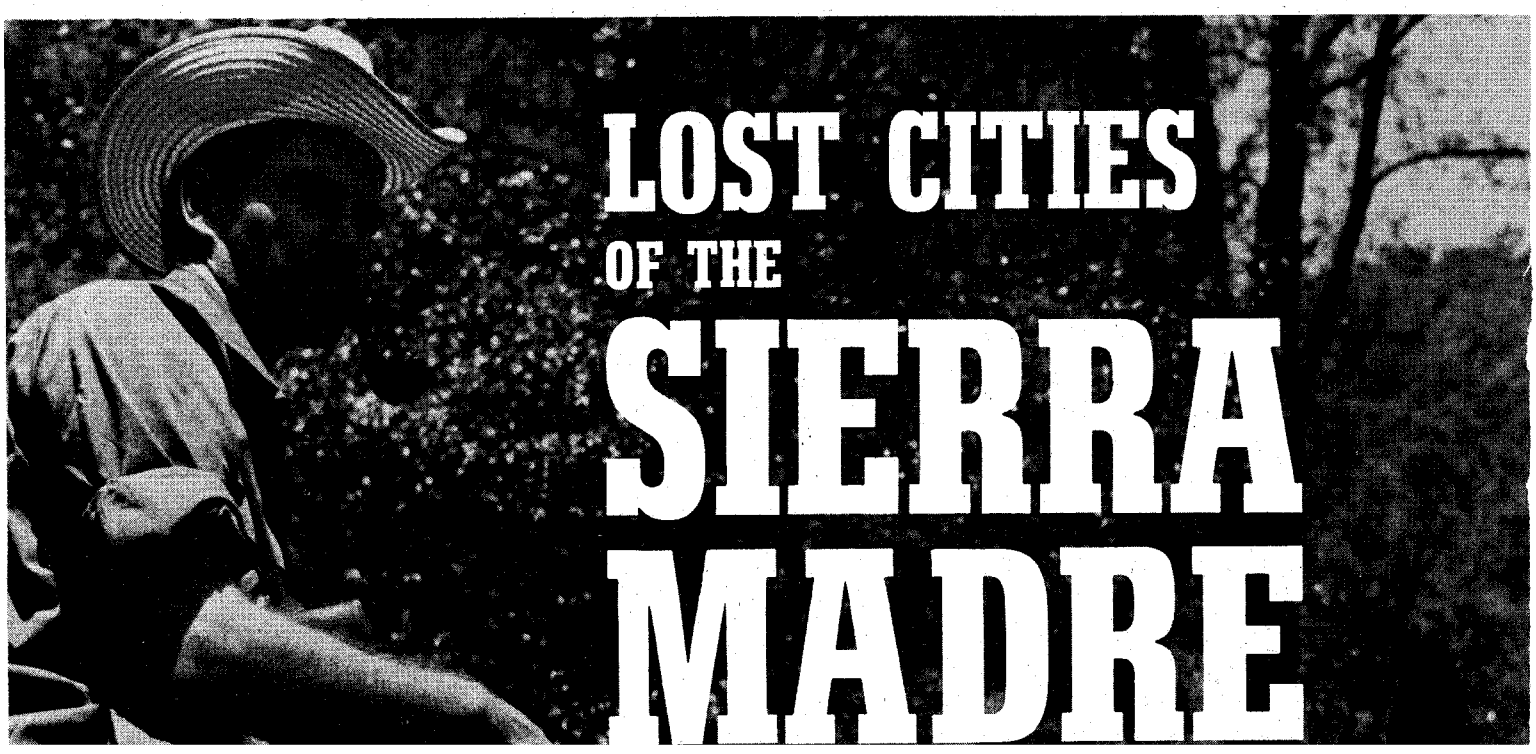
THE North American continent still harbors a vast mountain fastness that few Anglos have seen—an awesome land cut by perpendicular canyons and towering peaks, a wilderness virtually unchanged through the centuries, a land of lost cities. In short, an archaeologist's paradise.

This mystery-shrouded land that civilization has barely penetrated is known as the Sierra Madre—the Mother Range of Mexico. It remains much the same as it appeared to Spanish *Conquistadores* who sought golden riches there four centuries ago, who found the world's greatest deposit of silver—then added to the land of lost cities by abandoning their own.

When Vic Marcell of El Paso, Texas invited me to join him in an expedition into this remote and tantalizing area, I grabbed at the chance. Marcell had spent years grading and buying optical calcite in the Mexican sierra, always keeping in the back of his mind the story of the Lost Tayopa, a fabulous silver mine worked by the Spanish in the 17th century, and as famous to the natives of the sierra as the Lost Dutchman Mine is to Americans. It was the Tayopa country for which we were headed.

My long-time friend, Jimmy Marler of Lawton, Oklahoma, archaeologist and former assistant director of the Fort Sill Artillery and Missile Museum, and I met Marcell in El Paso. We motored south, our number having increased to four with El Pasoan Bob Ritter, lumberman and amateur archaeologist. Later we would be joined by J. M. Thompson and Rex Gerald, archaeologist and director of the Centennial Museum at the University of Texas at El Paso.

Atop the back of our panel truck, heavily loaded with supplies, rode one of us, each taking his turn for the next 400 miles. Our destination lay southwest on the remote Sonora-Chihuahua border.



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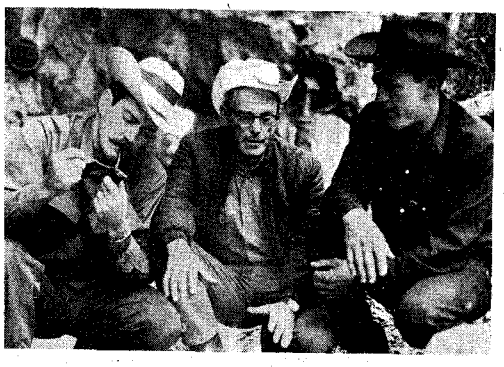

Above, Steve Wilson, Vic Marcell, and Billy Martineau warm themselves over an evening campfire. At right, Billy Martineau, the guide, shows Vic Marcell, the expedition leader, the canyon-scarred Rio Bonito country. Midway to the horizon the Espinazo del Diablo (Devil's Backbone) on the Sonora-Chihuahua border can be seen.

—a look at the mystery, beauty, the pulse of the unknown in Mexico's places of the dead

Opposite page, author Steve Wilson pauses to give his horse a break on the steep mountain trail. At right, Mexican wrangler Salvador Rodriquez (left) and Jose Mendoza load the pack mules for the trip down the rugged canyon. Below, Billy Martineau peers through a porthole in the crude Spanish fortress wall discovered atop a small hill alongside the trail to Guaynopa.

At Colonia Juarez, a Mormon settlement established in 1889, 290 miles inside Mexico, the blacktop ended and the sierra began. Our route continued southwest over a pockmarked, boulder-strewn, arroyo-cut road that paralleled cow trails and snaked along mountainsides and pine-timbered mesas—all 80 miles. With luck, it can be made in 5½ hours.

It was the dry season in the Sierra Madre, and the swirling dust from behind our vehicle constantly reminded us that this was so. Finally we reached Chuhuichupa, the name itself an ancient Tarahumara word meaning "place of the dead." Today it is a dusty sod-street village of perhaps 100 families nestled in a broad fertile valley. Founded by Mormons as far into the mountains as they could go, the town's only remaining Anglo was Billy Martineau, twenty-nine-year-old grandson of one of Chuhuichupa's founders.

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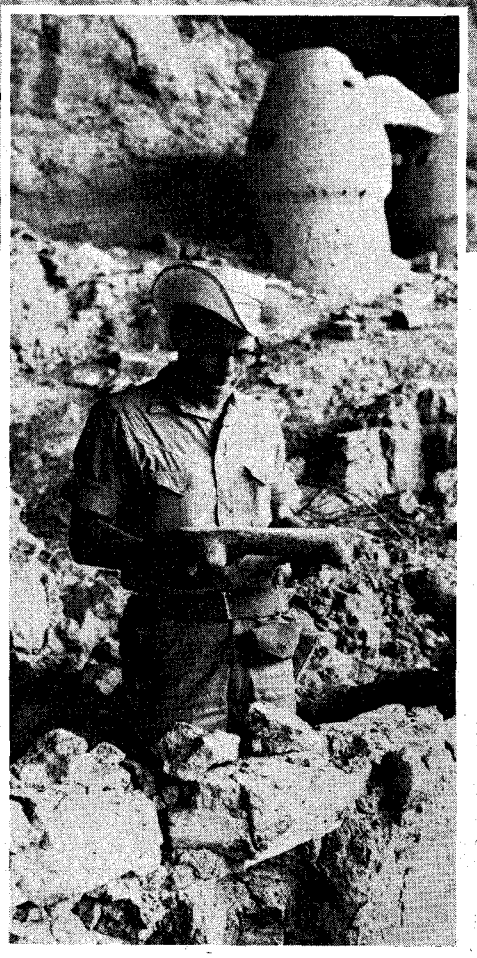

Above, near the top of the v-shaped canyon lay a lost city, with 53 empty rooms. The odd mushroom-shaped structures are primitive granaries. At right, Vic Marcell displays a small wooden table found in the debris of one mud dwelling.

WE SPOTTED Billy and his father riding toward the adobe house where Billy had been born as had his father, sixty-five-year-old Bernard Martineau, who was visiting his son. Bernard had lived all his life in Mexico, except for the seven years Pancho Villa's revolutionaries drove the Mormons out. Only about half returned to their remote settlements in 1919, when Bernard was fourteen years old.

His son Billy, who never learned to drive a car but rides a horse like an Indian, would guide us into the mountains. Another twenty-five miles over a rugged logging trail to the west, we would mount up at the head of the Rio Guaynopa. Before driving down the trail that winds to the bottom of that canyon, we stopped momentarily to enjoy the breathtaking panorama above the *barranca*-scarred Rio Bonito where the altitude reaches almost 8,000 feet, the annual rainfall exceeds forty inches, and the temperature averages fifty degrees.

We descended about 2,500 feet to the bottom of the Rio Guaynopa, and beside its cool, limpid stream, broke out our bedrolls and camped for the night.

Billy rode in with the horses and pack mules the next afternoon. With the help of his Mexican wrangler, Salvador Rodriguez, and the children of Jose Mendoza who lived in a small frame cabin near the head of the canyon, we loaded the pack mules with supplies enough to last us eighteen days, and covered a rugged mile before nightfall.

At Jose's cabin, a young Pima named Rafael entertained us with his roping skill while one of Jose's boys lost his nerve in hopping astride an unbroken stallion. That night we talked around the campfire, Billy serving as interpreter.

We were on the trail three hours the next morning, riding just above the

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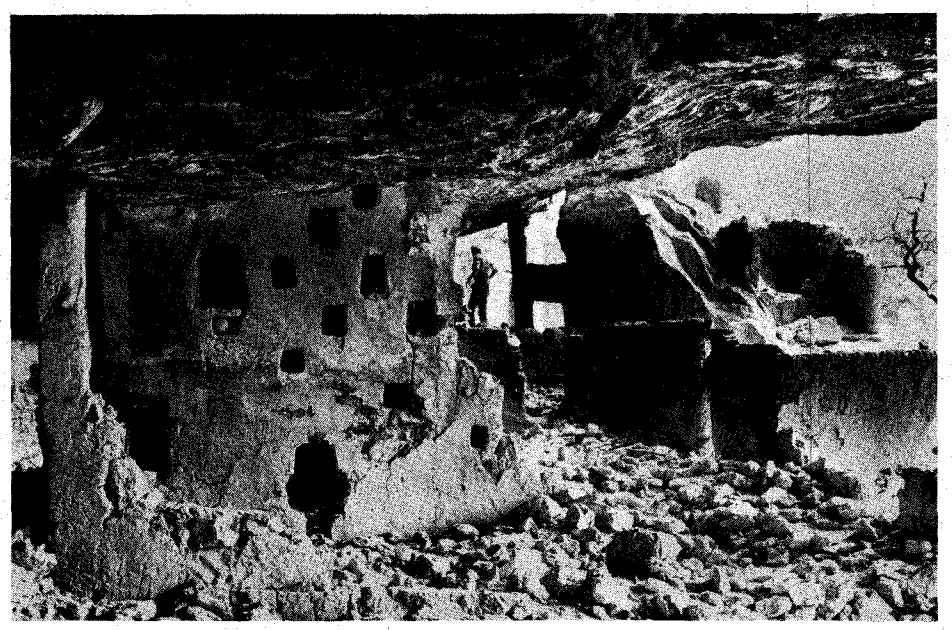

Above (left), near one end of the immense cave were two-story rooms overlooking the vast canyon below. At right, Billy Martineau shows one of the numerous stone *metates* and *manos* once used for grinding grain. Below, the cliff dwellings had changed little since the time they were suddenly abandoned centuries ago.

rushing stream, winding through fragrant pines and gnarled manzanitas with arteries of crimson running up their branches. The trail, used since time immemorial, wound from one side of the canyon to the other, passing under low-hanging tree branches and through boulder passages only belly-width to a horse. On a slippery rock ledge we dismounted and led the animals across. As the canyon deepened and narrowed, the trail left the stream and climbed up the mountainside.

As we descended the canyon, the pine trees gradually diminished and then became almost nonexistent. In their place grew yuccas, towering century plants, and gnarled oaks.

Late in the afternoon the ruins of an ancient Indian pueblo came into view. Covering several acres, only the moss-backed foundation stones of the multi-roomed pueblo remained as twisted oaks struggled for life among the ruins.

A stone wall which had enclosed the village was now only waist high. Broken *metates* and *manos* were strewn about, as were half-buried, blackened pieces of pottery. But such a find, we were told, was not unusual in the land of lost cities.

Farther down the trail we rode past the terracing of ancient man, the terraces climbing up a fertile arroyo on the mountainside. We would see more before our trail led back down the canyon to the rushing stream below, where we set up our base camp.

THAT NIGHT as our campfire flickered low, Billy, who possessed the wit of a court jester and judgment of a seasoned mountain man, entertained us with stories he had heard since a boy—stories of lost cities, Spanish and Indian, stories of the Apache Kid who once visited the Mormon settlements, and the story of the last Apache killed in these mountains in 1933.

Eventually all talk in the Sierra Madre leads to Tayopa, richest of all the silver mines discovered by the Spaniards, according to ancient lore. History records that those rich mines had not been few. A bandit's campfire had revealed the fabulous silver of Santa Eulalia in 1704, which spawned Chihuahua City and poured forth $360,000,000 by 1844.

In his autobiography, *The Truth About Geronimo*, Lieutenant Britton Davis tells of meeting the more than eighty-year-old *presidente* of Nacori, whose grandfather had worked at Tayopa before the Apaches attacked in 1646.

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"Those who would seek the lost mine of Tayopa should bear in mind the statement of the old *presidente*'s grandfather," wrote Davis. "'Here in Nacori, where we stand, on a still night one could hear dogs bark and the church bell ring in Tayopa'."

We were on the trail early the next morning and soon passed a hill on one side of which lay the ruins of a stone wall and nearby the terracing of ancient man. But atop that hill were the ruins of a more civilized race.

Here lay four-feet-thick stone walls chest high to a man enclosing an area 150 feet square, and penetrating those walls every few feet were portholes. We had apparently found a crude Spanish fortress with a superb vantage point overlooking the surrounding valley.

At strategic points atop a promontory above the stone walls had stood parapets, now barely distinguishable, and circular foundations of what may have served as gun towers. A later discovery provided the reason for the citadel ruins being found here, for with the eagle eye of a pathfinder, Billy spied the sunken, circular trough of a Spanish *arrastre*, a mere few paces east of the fortress.

It had been used by early miners to crush ore in preparation for amalgamating it with mercury to separate the gold and silver in a crude, but effective process.

We rode on as the canyon led still downward, hugging the mountainside to our left, ducking to miss an overhanging, thorn-studded cactus as stones dislodged by the horses' hoofs tumbled down the canyon side.

Atop a promontory we dismounted. Several hundred feet above us near the summit of the canyon lay another lost city, the ancient home of cliff dwellers, heretofore unseen by archaeologists.

As we climbed the mountain, scaling no less than a 45-degree incline toward the crescent-shaped cavern gaping from the steep vermilion cliffs, we gasped for breath (probably very much unlike the primitive Indian who had trod the same trail at least six centuries before!).

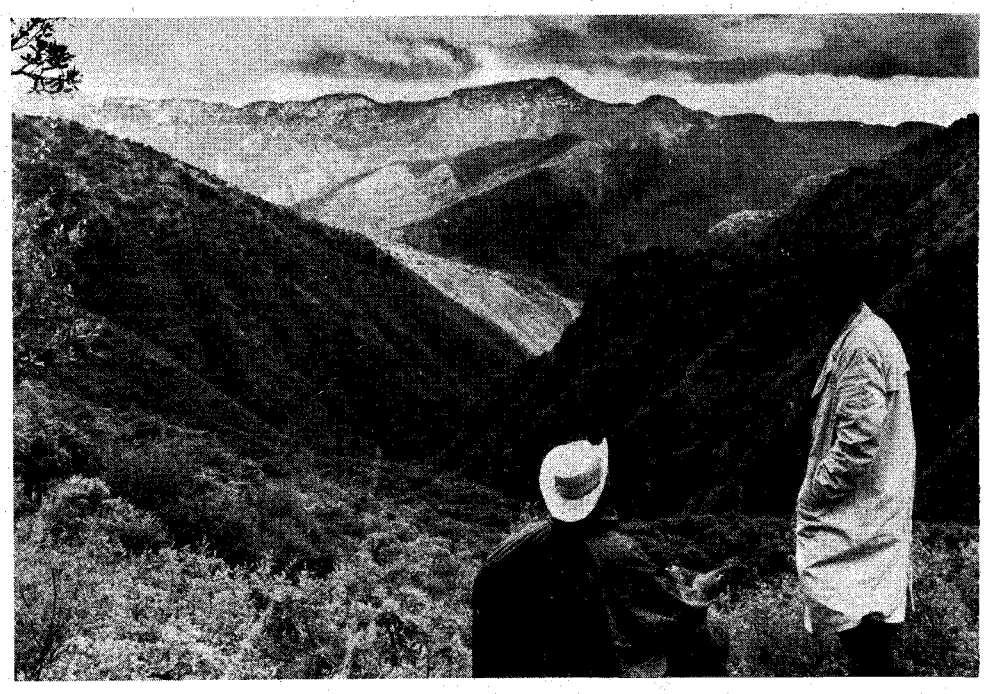
THROUGHOUT the 300-foot length of the huge cave stood the cold, ghostly ruins of a forgotten city—fifty-three empty rooms and their partially crumbled walls of mud. Bleak windows, granaries, stone *metates* and *manos* used for grinding grain, a basket lid protruding from a caved-in dwelling—where were the ghosts?

Large pieces of elaborately designed pottery and a myriad of shards littered the cavern floor. The multi-colored shards resembled the pottery of the pueblo ruins of Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, occupied between 1050 and 1350.

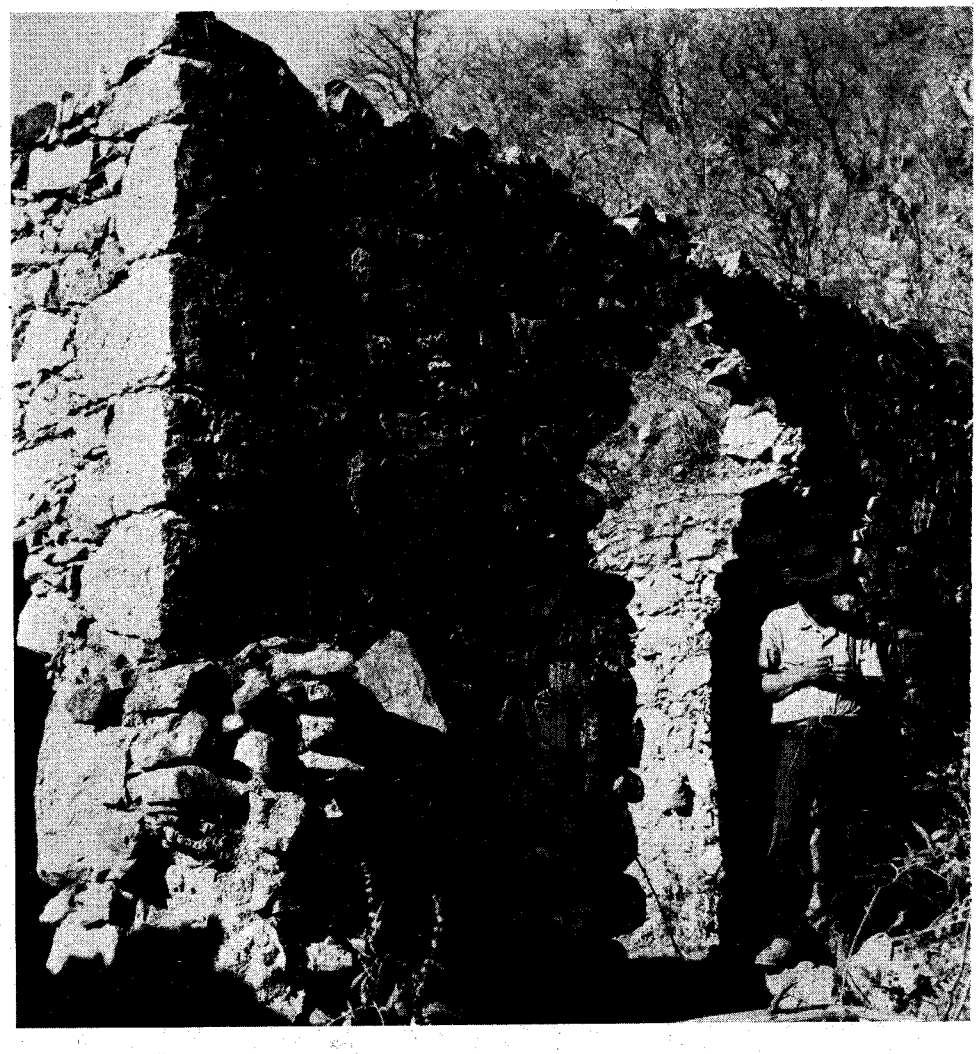
The cavern's gaping mouth, 100 feet high from floor to ceiling, gradually tapered off to less than a foot inside the mountain. Its walls and ceiling were blackened from the ancient fires of the cave men.

Just below the ruins lay the cave dwellers' terraces, gardens of centuries past, and a flowing spring from which Indian girls had hauled water. How long had this city lay silent, no longer echoing with human voices—600 years, perhaps 1,000?

In late afternoon we returned to camp, still pondering our day's discovery. We bathed in the mountain stream, washing away the dust of several days as quickly



Above, from a vantage point in the canyon can be seen snow-capped peaks to the south, where the Rio Guaynopa merges with the Rio Chico. Below, an ancient stone arch of the old mission slowly yields to the elements.



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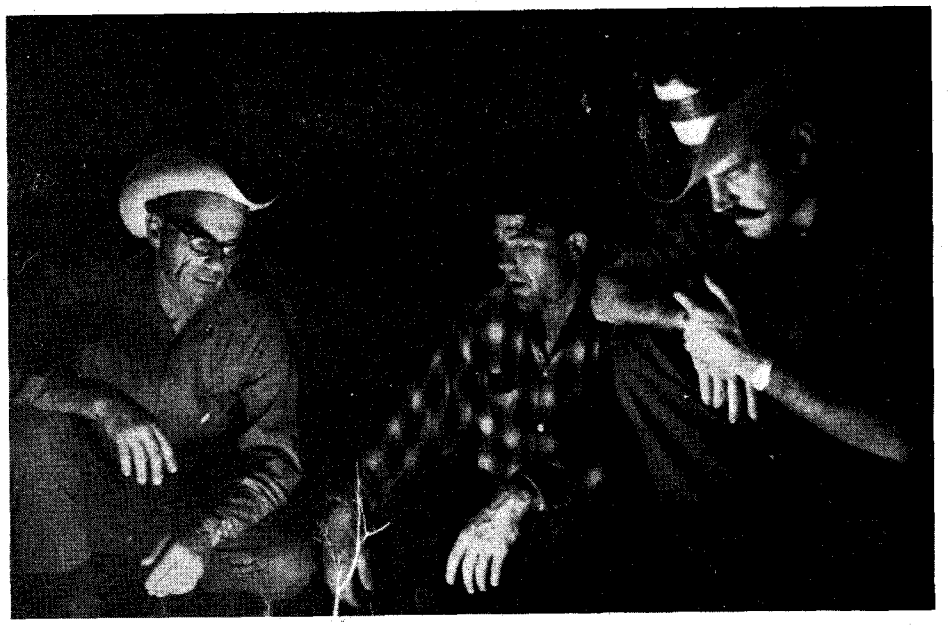


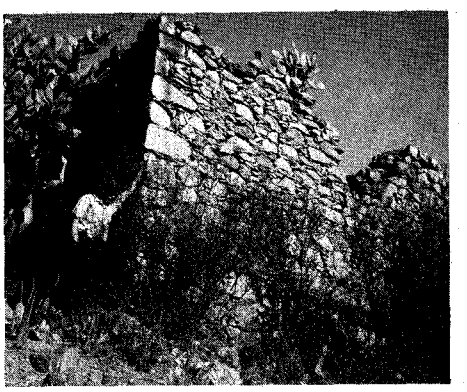
as we could for the water was chilling cold.

Early the next morning we were again making our way into the forbidding mountains. Our Mexican wrangler, Salvador, had found another cliff palace, dubbed *El Diablo* because of strange pictographs painted in the cavern.

We inched our way upward, climbing for the ruins that lay almost 1,000 feet above the canyon floor, near the crest of the canyon's V-shaped side. Finally we reached the hidden city, this one in a smaller cave than the one we had seen earlier.

The adobe walls of nine rooms had survived the centuries. In the debris of one compartment a primitive sandal woven from yucca leaves was found. On a wall appeared the pictographs telling an ancient story known only to the Indian artist and his contemporaries. Several zigzag lines were scrawled just above the cavern floor, while painted much higher than any of us could reach, was a stick man, facing the now mute ruins.

Above, at night around the campfire tales and legends about Tayopa are swapped. Below, the barren stone walls of the old Spanish church stood 12 to 14 feet high, enclosing an area 60 feet long by 45 feet wide. Bottom of page, Rafael, the Pima Indian packer, shows Jimmy Marler how to plait a riata.



The following day we would travel down the canyon, where the sides narrowed and became more steep. There lay the *Minas de Siete Estrellas*—Mines of the Seven Stars, once worked for their copper and lead. Still farther down in the bottom of the canyon was the historic Guaynopa Mine, which is entwined in the Lost Tayopa legend. Tradition has it that "dogs barking in Guaynopa could be heard in Tayopa."

High above the Guaynopa Mine lay the decaying ruins of the old Spanish mission. Farther down the canyon, our camp stream flowed into the Rio Chico, and it into the Rio Aros, forming the headwaters of the Rio Yaqui.

We were on the trail early, pushing our horses as high up the canyon side as we could before dismounting. In a side canyon below, Billy spied a mine. We followed him, sliding, falling, climbing through giant cacti higher than our head. None of us came out unscathed, but Bob Ritter made the mistake of backing into a prickly pear, and it took some time, to say the least, to de-spine him when we returned to camp at dusk and tweezered our wounds.

By this time the wildlife thereabouts had grown used to their uncommon visitors and we heard the gobbling of turkeys on numerous occasions, but never sighted one. Another unseen bird (which we took pains to find) squawked all day and into the night like a rusty pipe organ. One night a silver fox rifled part of our bacon.

BILLY and I had already planned to spend two additional days down the canyon exploring the ancient mission ruins and the large, green triangle of vegetation that must have beckoned weary travelers in time past. Where the Rio Guaynopa merged with the Rio Chico passed one of the two trails that crossed the Sierra Madre in Spanish colonial times, winding through the 1,000-feet gorges along the Sonora-Chihuahua border.

We back-packed down the canyon following the only trail. At times there was not room enough for a pack animal to turn around, and if it slipped it could plummet 500 feet into the canyon. Where the trail descended the mountain, crossing to the church on the opposite side, we could see the old Guaynopa Mine, tunneled into the hillside just above the stream.

We continued to the stream, refilled our canteens, and soaked our aching feet in the icy water. Then we began our climb up the opposite side of the canyon, following the narrow, rocky trail as it snaked skyward.

At last the barren stone walls of the forlorn church came into view. Part of the mountainside had been carved out to accommodate the ghostly structure, its thick stone walls still standing twelve to fourteen feet high, except where they had caved in.

As we were about to enter a room I thought my ears were playing tricks on me, for as plain as day I heard a bell

(Continued on page 69)

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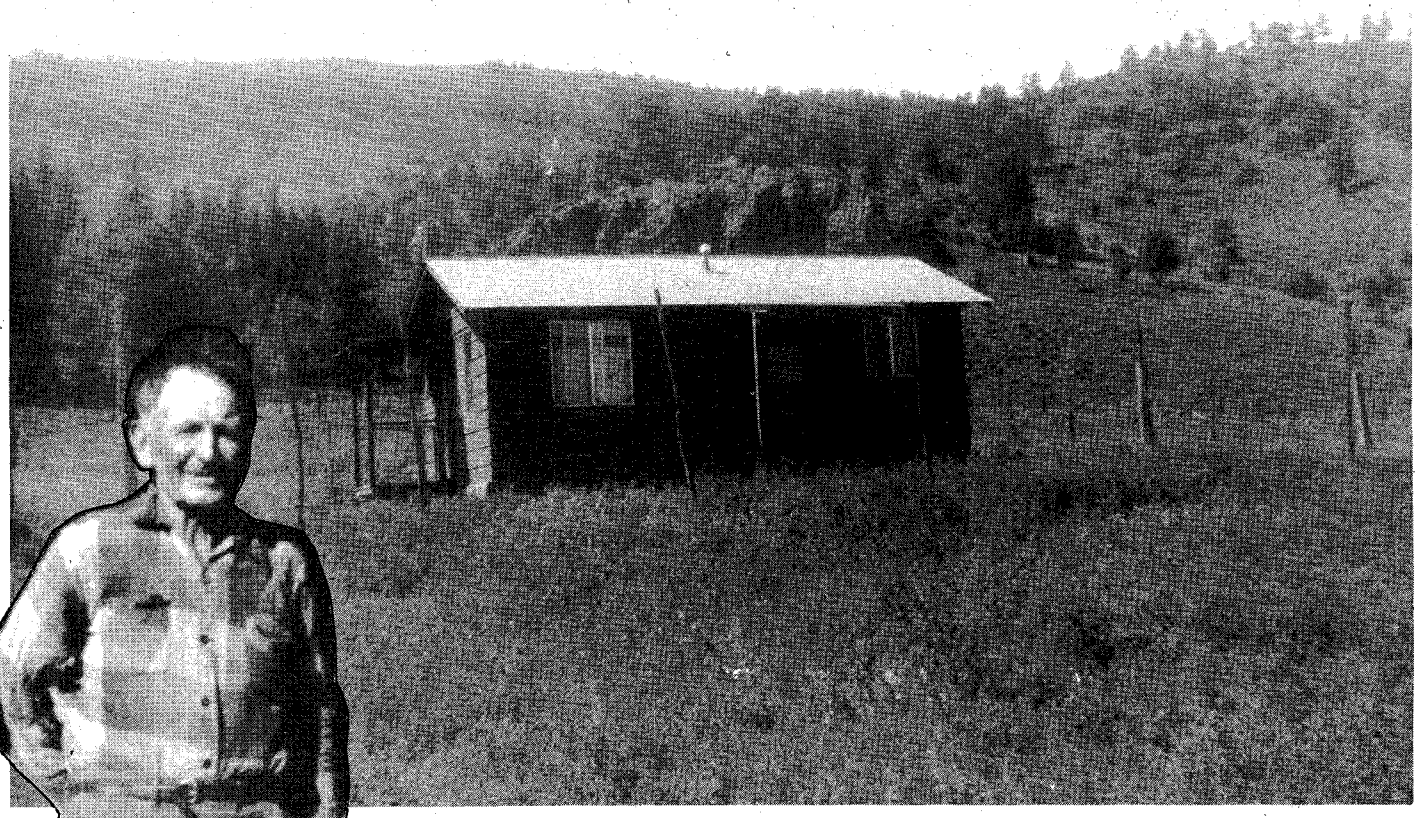
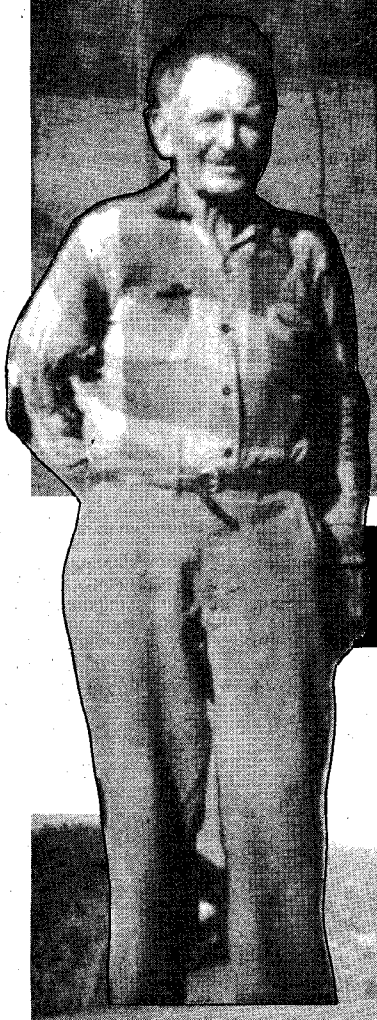
THE DISAPPEARANCE OF EUGENE

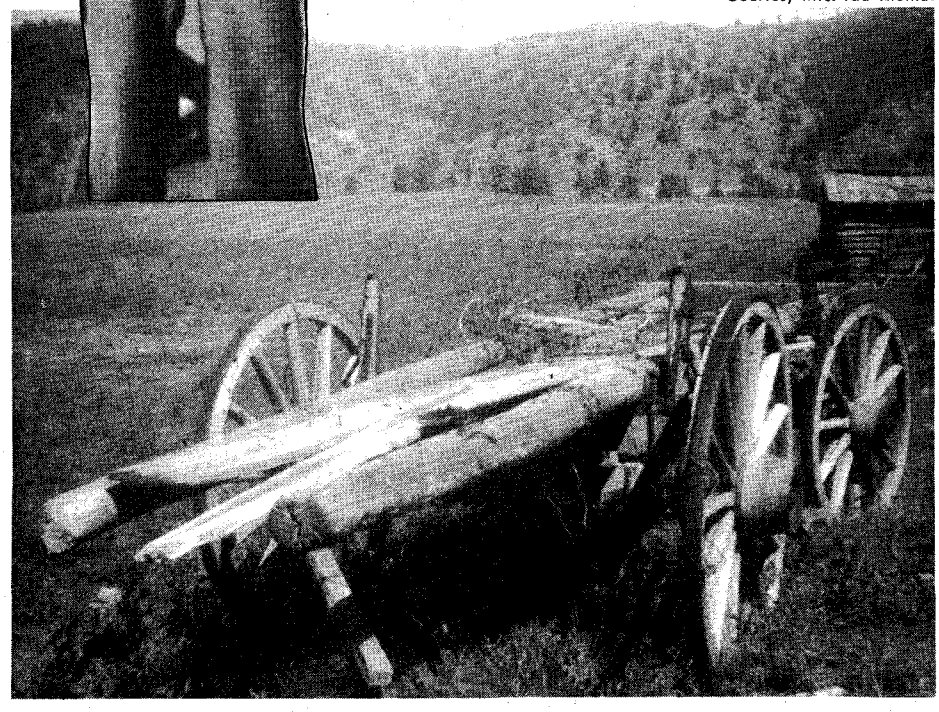




Someone, somewhere knows what happened—unless that person has died in the last six years

Above, Wilson's cabin, where he was last seen alive by George Gray. At left, Eugene P. Wilson. Below, one of the pastures on the Wilson ranch.

Courtesy Mrs. Ida Thomas



THE Rocky Mountains of southwestern Colorado hold many unsolved mysteries, but the disappearance of Eugene P. Wilson from his small cabin near the beautiful Lake Fork of the Gunnison River on June 2, 1967 is one of the most baffling of them all.

The seventy-four-year-old bachelor has not been heard from since he vanished from his ranch near Blue Mesa. Neither have authorities announced any suspects or any leads. Neighboring ranchers in the Lake Fork country—north of Lake City, Colorado—are concerned and fearful about the fate of their long-time friend.

Was Eugene Wilson murdered by a drifter for his small Social Security check and his weighted body thrown into the Blue Mesa Reservoir? Or did he meet death in a treacherous mountain crevice beside a well-traveled road?

Was the old-timer disposed of in the rugged, mountainous region of his own 800-acre ranch by rustlers caught in the act of stealing his cattle? Or was he taken to Utah in search of a gold cache and his body dumped into an abandoned mine shaft?

The families in the once peaceful vicinity between Lake City and Powderhorn will not feel secure again until the mystery is solved.

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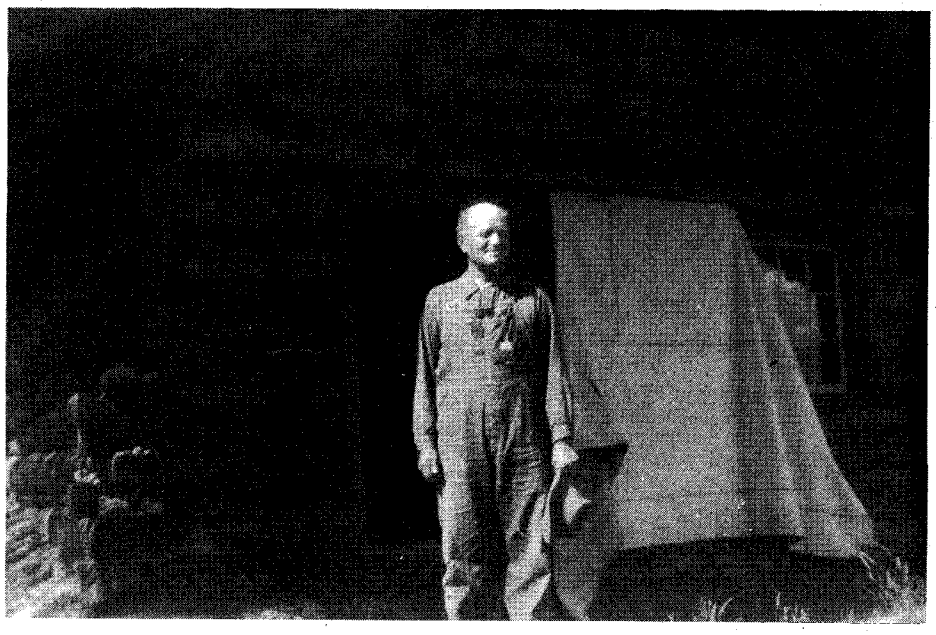
WILSON

By CAROLYN F. BALLEW
Photos Courtesy Author



Wilson was born near the Lake Fork River in 1893 and that is where he spent his life, except for a few years in Cañon City attending school. He liked to hunt and fish and he knew every nook and cranny in the high country surrounding the cabin, where he lived alone.

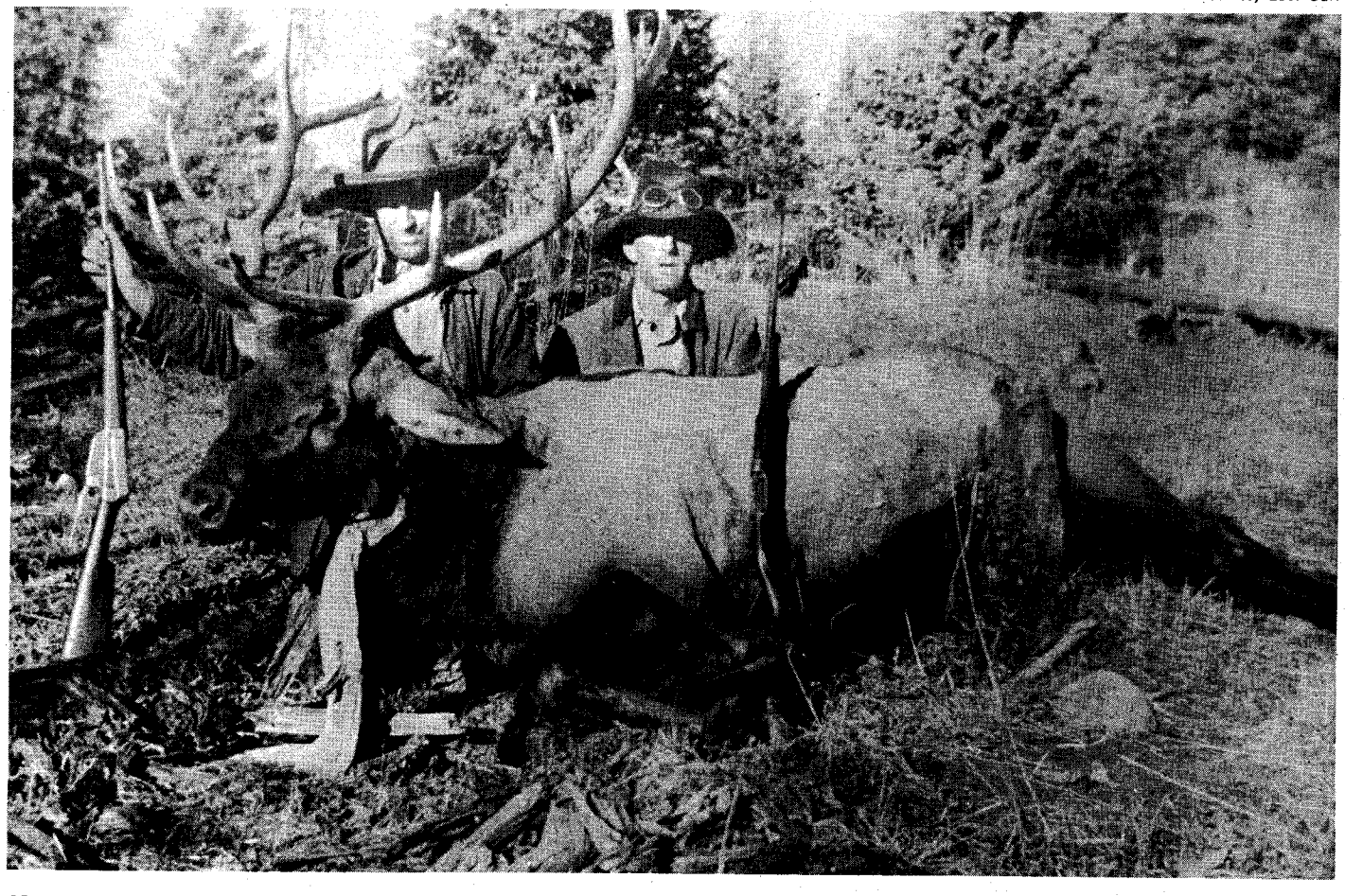
His only brother, Walter R. Wilson, had lived in a cabin nearby until 1947, when he was killed by hunters while riding horseback near the Lake Fork River.

The surviving brother occupied his time raising cattle and hay for himself and neighboring ranchers. What may have seemed like a lonely life to others was a normal life for Gene. Occasionally he walked down by the river and visited with the Clarence Spalding family where he would enjoy a home-cooked meal. He rode his gray, sway-backed horse or walked everywhere he went, except when given a ride by one of his neighbors.

Loel Carr and his wife, Martha, had known Gene for many years. Loel, who formerly owned the ranch across the river from Wilson's place, had been his friend for sixty years and often drove the old-timer into Gunnison to transact business. On other occasions they drove in Carr's pick-up truck to Fred Youman's General Store in Powderhorn fourteen miles away. Wilson carried little cash; he wrote checks for groceries and supplies which he purchased in large quantities from Youman's wife Peggy, and daughter Bobbie. Even small purchases were paid for by check. Everyone around there knew Wilson to be "a kind old man who loved children and animals." Some thought he was a rich old bachelor.

Above, Basil Hicks, Wilson's close friend and nearest neighbor. Below, Wilson and Loel Carr posed with a freshly killed elk around 1941.

Courtesy Loel Carr



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TRAGEDY struck the Wilson ranch on May 7, 1965 when Wilson's log cabin burned to the ground during a violent windstorm. He was at the corral when a stove pipe blew off, set the cabin on fire, and destroyed everything he owned except the livestock and the clothes on his back.

The following summer Wilson engaged a contractor to build a new house and some fences. A small, two-room, modern house with a partial dirt cellar replaced the old log cabin. Drifters were hired to do the work.

In the fall of the following year Wilson left for Arizona and Utah looking for a gold cache. Some of his friends believe he had the cache that he had long dreamed of finding located within a forty-acre tract of land. He said that it was located in Utah on a site where Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming join.

Wilson returned to Colorado and throughout the winter months made plans for a return trip to Utah in the spring or early summer of 1967.

He discussed the proposed trip with Basil Hicks, a bachelor and long-time friend who lived in a log cabin higher up in the mountains.

"I'm going to Utah in June to do some prospecting," Wilson had said to Hicks. "If my ride doesn't show up, will you take me?" Hicks assured him that he would.

Others along the Lake Fork River had also heard Wilson speak of his "long-time dream" of finding gold.

A few weeks before he vanished, Wilson sold his ranch to A. E. Thomas, an Albuquerque businessman. Thomas told Wilson he could continue living in the cabin as long as he wished.

However, the old Lake Fork native had other plans. He had never liked the new green cabin with its modern fixtures. "He hated it!" exclaimed one of his neighbors. Some logs had already been cut for the new cabin he planned to build on the flats higher up in the mountains. Wilson had a longing to move back to the old home place where he had grown up. The site of the proposed cabin was a quarter-mile from the place where his parents had lived.

Powderhorn rancher George Gray, who worked for Thomas, is the last person known to have seen Eugene Wilson alive. When Gray went over to Wilson's ranch to talk to him about a tractor on the evening of June 2, 1967, he did not notice anything unusual about Wilson. The old fellow said nothing about leaving.

WILSON was expecting his Social Security check on June 3. When Thomas' nephew, Bill Thomas, arrived at Wilson's cabin that Saturday morning to take Wilson into Gunnison on business, the old fellow was not there.

It was not unusual for Wilson to leave and be gone for a couple of weeks, but he was seldom gone for more than three weeks at a time. When Basil Hicks did not see Wilson around his cabin, he assumed that he had gone to Utah as planned.

However, as the weeks went by, Wilson's neighbors noticed that his horse

Eugene Wilson in his younger days.

was still in the pasture and his cats were starving. They became concerned and wondered what had happened to him. Since that old horse was Wilson's only means of transportation, he always kept it in the corral and carried the saddle to the house with him.

When the suspicious ranchers began to look around Wilson's place, they found his saddle out in the corral by the loading chute. They knocked on the cabin door but there was no answer.

Walter R. Wilson, Eugene's brother. He was killed in a hunting accident in 1947.

Photos Courtesy Mrs. Ida Thomas

The electricity was turned off outside, as was his habit every time he left, for he feared lightning would strike his cabin. A key had been left in the usual place outside the door, so they went inside. There was no trace of him inside or out and everything was just as he had left it—even the overalls that he wore regularly.

His eye glasses, a jacket, magnifying glass, two razors, two pairs of new shoes, a box containing a few cartridges and his home-made walking stick were left intact. The horse had stepped on Wilson's foot a few days before he disappeared and he could not walk well without the support of the cane. Other than that, he was in excellent health and quite active for a man of his age.

A money bag made out of new blue jean material and stitched on three sides, containing nickels, dimes and pennies, was found on a table beside his bed. But his worn leather money pouch, his sleeping bag, and a borrowed 98 Mauser rifle were not found. The old rancher had known for some time that rustlers were stealing cattle from him and his neighbors said this disturbed him.

When the ranchers realized that something must have happened to Wilson, they notified the authorities.

ON June 9, a week after Wilson was last seen, his Social Security check was cashed at the Super Food Market in Gunnison.

"We believe the endorsement was forged," said Sheriff George Cope. "Someone probably talked Wilson into going with them. I formed a search and rescue team in July after he disappeared and the sixty-five people in the party searched a four-mile radius around his cabin."

This search by men on foot, most of whom were not familiar with the rugged Lake Fork country, was not effective however. No clues were found.

Some of Wilson's friends also made a search of the mountainous region on horseback. One man said, "Only an old-timer who knows the country well would know where to search for Gene, but some who knew the country best were not asked to join in the search."

A. E. Thomas and a group of men forded the Lake Fork River on horseback, searching up one bank and down the other, but no body was found. At the time Wilson vanished, the swift water had been swollen from spring rains and melting snow.

When Wilson failed to return, George Gray went over to his place to irrigate and care for the garden, but it went to weeds in spite of his efforts. By September, copies of the Denver *Post* were stacked two feet high at the Powderhorn Post Office. The subscription was canceled and a refund sent to his nearest of kin, Mrs. Earl Thomas, a sister living sixty miles away. Even after a year had passed, she still held hope that her brother was alive. But now that there

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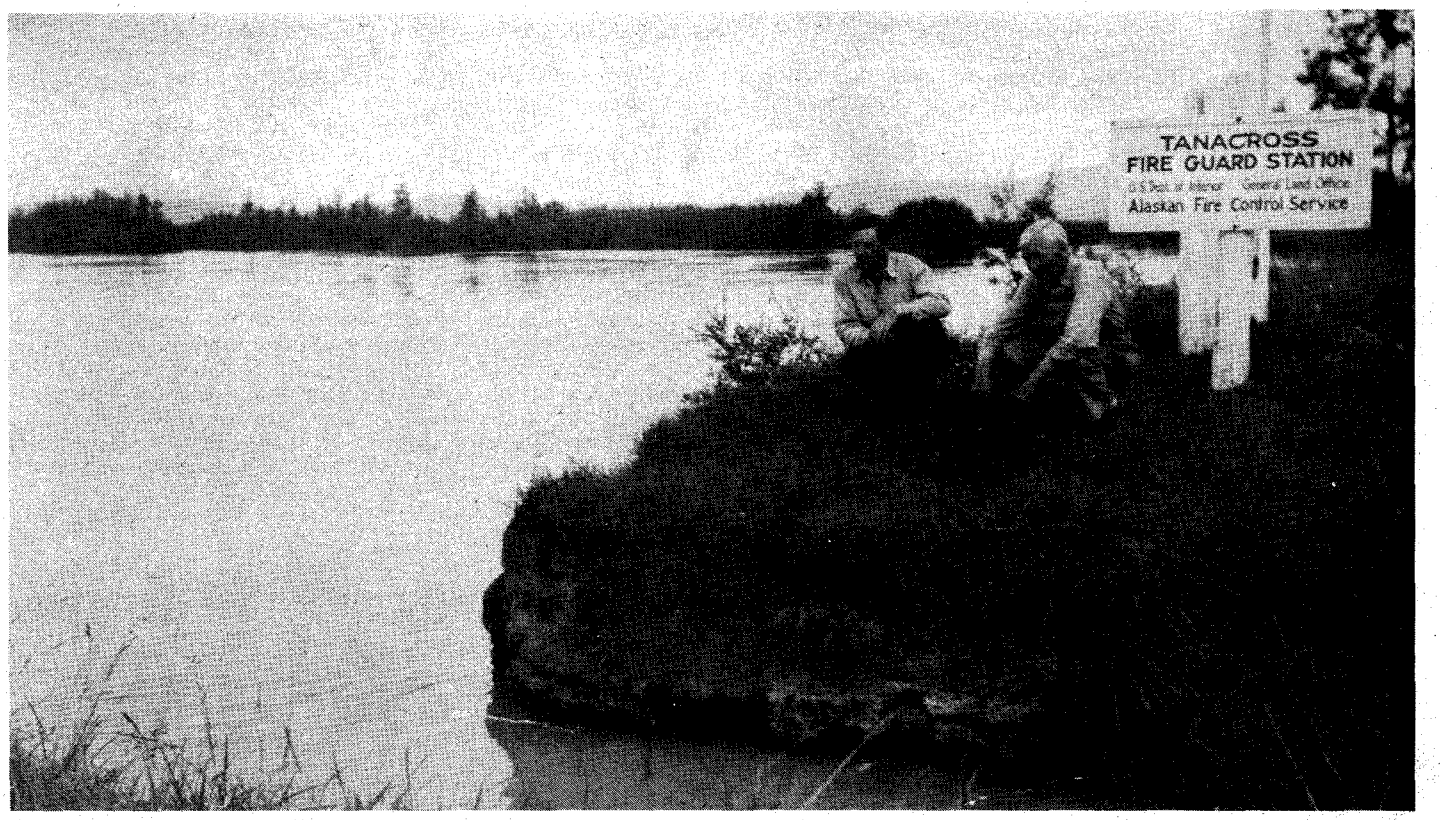

Author and old sourdough at Tanacross, Alaska.

The author, who sat in on this game, thinks there's a full house of nuggets just a short tunnel away . . .

By NOEL ROUTSON
Photos Courtesy Author

A $30 POKER CHIP OF PURE GOLD!

IN 1942 I was a District Ranger for the Fire Control Service, stationed at Tanacross, Alaska. I always had an ear open for treasure stories or information dealing with an outstanding gold discovery.

Four other Rangers and I took a truck convoy from Anchorage to Fairbanks in February of that year. The first night we stopped at Copper Center on the Copper River, and after supper started a poker game to pass the time. During the session an old Swede put up a $30 gold nugget to back up his bet. About 2 a.m. the game broke up and only the Swede and I were left sitting by the fire. I asked Ole where he got the nugget. He was very talkative and told me this story:

One fall in early September, several years before World War II, he and two partners were prospecting and traveling through the Copper River Country. One day they made an early camp on a small tributary stream and each man started his camp chores. One started getting the wood and setting up camp; one went to the creek and started fishing; the other went up the small stream with a shovel, pick, and gold pan. In a couple of hours the two at camp had dinner ready, including fried fish, spotted pup (rice and raisins), and dough gods (mixed in the top of the flour sack and baked on one side by using a tilted frying pan).

Just then they heard a shout and here came the other partner, waving his arms and chattering like a squirrel. "We've found it!" he shouted, and took a $5 nugget from his shirt pocket.

The prospectors knew that there wasn't any time to lose before freeze-up, so right away they built a pole sluice box and started shoveling gravel. Within ten days the cold nights started freezing their sluicing water and they were running out of flour and salt so they decided to quit and come back as early as they could the next spring. Their clean-up amounted to $1,100—they only had one shovel and one pick. This was fabulous!

The next spring they bought a #25 cat and trailed to their diggings. And that fall they cleaned up $65,000 in gold. Some of the nuggets that Ole had were as big as your two thumbs.

AT the time I heard the story, this ground was open for location. The partners figured the claim was worked out. Water was one of their problems.

That summer while I was stationed at Tanacross we had a week of rain along in August that ended any fire hazard along the new Alaska Highway.

(Continued on page 69)

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WITH the end of The-War-to-End-All-Wars came the wildest era of lawlessness that our country had ever seen. Bootlegging and the hijacking of bootleg goods and profits led the way and, since most people winked at the illegalities of the bootlegging industry, those engaged in it soon graduated to bigger and better things. It really was a very short step from hijacking a load of booze to sticking up a bank.

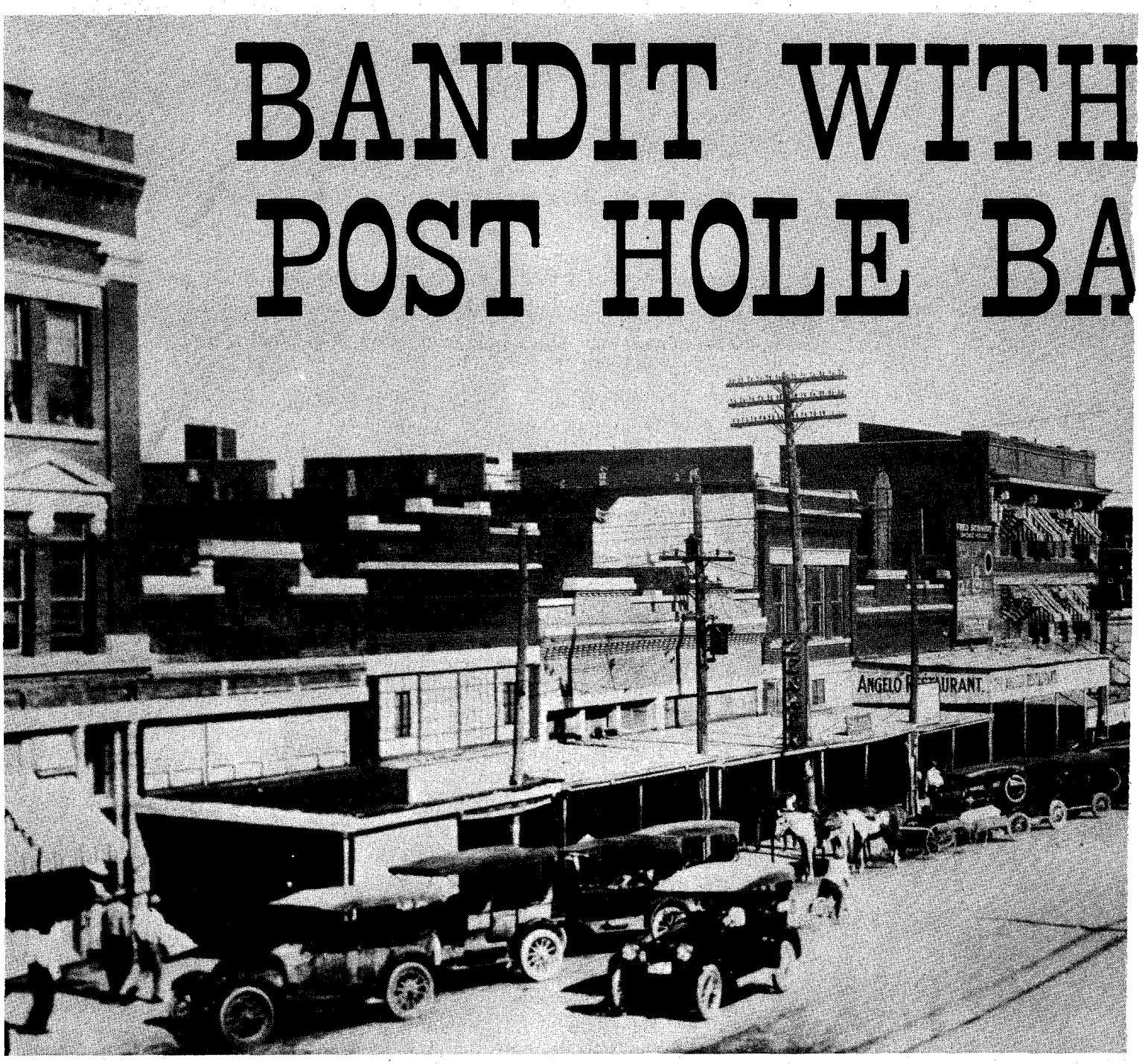
At first, for the most part, the victims were little tin-can banks, but the green stuff from one of them was just as good as that from the biggest city depository. Individually there might not be much of a haul, but the risk was comparatively small and there was always another country bank not too far off, especially as the quality of automobiles improved.

IN these times there lived a lawman who was the link between the Old West and the modern era. He was a native of San Angelo, Texas, whose father died as a result of an arrow wound while fighting as a Ranger. At the age of sixteen this youngster enlisted in the Spanish-American War for a short term. Two years later he was hired as one of the agents to track down the Black Jack Ketchum gang. From that he graduated to be a city marshal, deputy sheriff, and before he was thirty to serving with customs and immigration. When his career eventually culminated in his joining the FBI, he served under Bruce Bielsko and William J. Burns, and was picked by J. Edgar Hoover as one of "The Original Forty." Before he retired after World War II he was a legend, and where men gather who knew him he is still a legend: Gus T. (Buster) Jones.

Gus was a friend of my father, and from time to time I visited his office, as well as phoning him in his later years after retirement. One of his big coups was the Urschel kidnapping, but what made him mellow was a bankrobber he caught in the windup of that case—a man who really had very little to do with the actual crime—Harvey Bailey.

In the raid Gus Jones caught Harvey Bailey asleep and took a Thompson submachinegun from his bed and woke him up with it. After that was over, Gus kept the gun for a souvenir and always

BANDIT WITH POST HOLE BA



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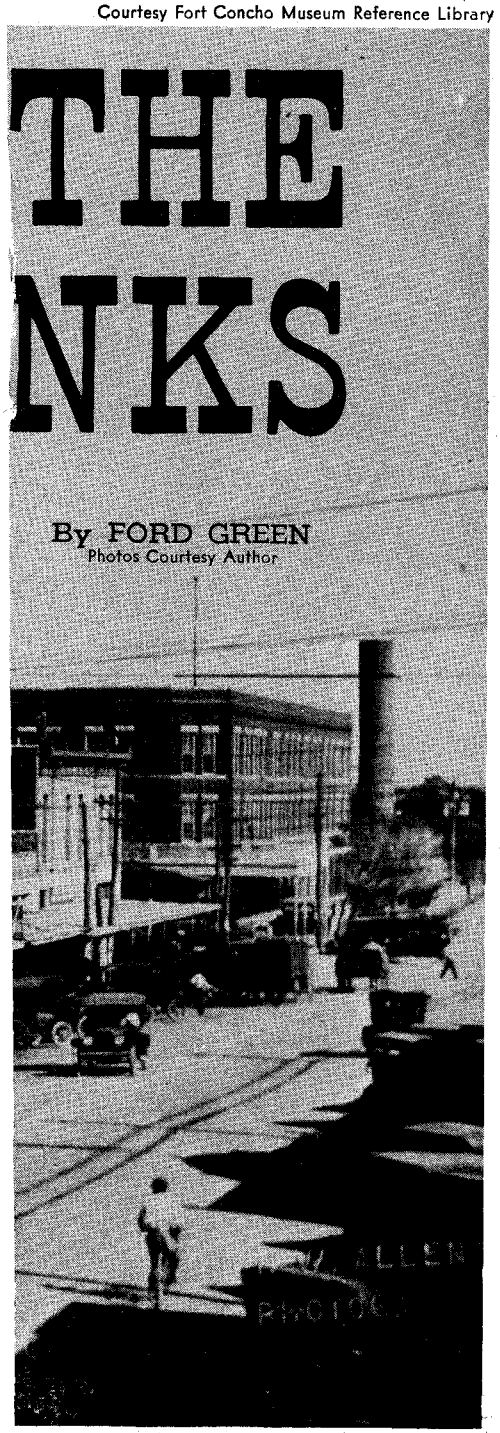
called it by the affectionate name of "Harvey." He also told me other tales of this man and his robberies, mainly having to do with his hidden loot.

Most of the gun-slinging bank robbers of the 1920s got their weapons training during World War I. Of course, there was always the chance of murder with so many guns pointing around, but the average bank robber was not willingly a murderer.

We don't have much on Harvey Bailey before 1920 when the bootlegging racket was fairly firmly established. We do know that he was from West Virginia, born in 1887, and that shortly after the turn of the century his family moved to Missouri.

Later he moved to Omaha where he

Courtesy Fort Concho Museum Reference Library



THE NKS

By FORD GREEN
Photos Courtesy Author

Money could cool off and stay cool in the ground—especially in a thermos jug!

worked for the railroad until 1920 when he was fired after a bootlegging arrest. Though he lost his job, Harvey escaped a jail sentence and headed for bigger things. He was always in touch with his family; in fact his first expansion with the profits of bootlegging was to set his brother up in a delivery business and automobile agency in Iowa.

Bailey was a merry back-slapping handshaker who was everybody's friend. He was liked in all the bootlegging circles who were on the buying end of his running "alky" to Chicago, "corn-likker" from the hill-country, or beer from St. Louis. Bailey covered the whole market.

However, changes were coming. Gangs were taking over Chicago, and later would set up the Capone organization to front for them. More to the immediate point, an increasing number of bootleggers were complaining via the grapevine that an increasing percentage of Harvey Bailey's stock was hijacked from themselves. There could have been truth to this, because in late October 1920 Harvey was arrested for hijacking and robbery. Again, as earlier, Bailey must have had good lawyers, for the cases were thrown out of court.

After this bout he began to take a closer look at other avenues for profit. Though he liked the good times of bootlegging its limitations were evident. He had seen the way some of the big-time operators in Chicago were living and it

Gus T. (Buster) Jones at the time he was a customs agent in the Rio Grande Valley, during the term of President Taft.

interested him. There was one very necessary ingredient, of course—money. And money came from banks.

By now there was little concerning crime, organized or otherwise, in the central United States with which Bailey was not thoroughly familiar. On his many trips to Chicago he had become acquainted with all the crime "greats": Frank Nash, Verne Miller, Terrible Tommy Touhy, Jim Ripley, Eddie Doll, Tom Holden, Count Lustig, Eddie Bentz and Francis Keating. These were at the top of the list, but undoubtedly there were others not recorded as being in direct contact with Harvey Bailey.

(Continued on page 48)

At left, Chadbourne Street in San Angelo, Texas about 1918. Below, the Tom Green County Jail as it appeared when Gus T. Jones was night marshal of San Angelo.

Courtesy Fort Concho Museum Reference Library

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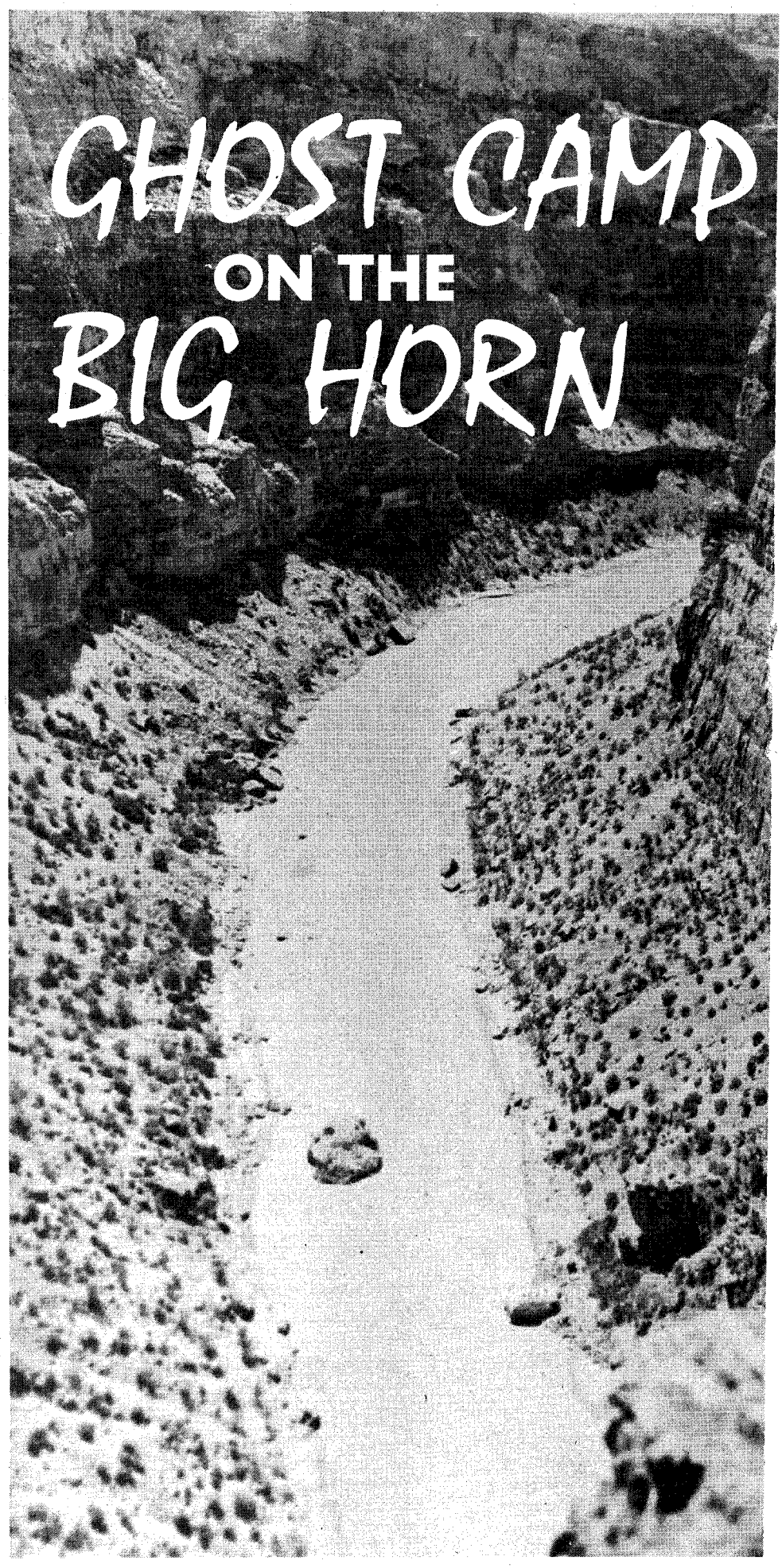
GHOST CAMP ON THE BIG HORN

In the days when the whole West was about as crowded as Coney Island in January, this man constructed a resort so remote that the easiest way in was two hours by boat dodging boulders and rapids...

By VERA SABAN
Photos Courtesy Author



AS the wild river's current became more tempestuous the wooden boat began to labor and buck, but the big man at the wheel, his cap pulled low, maneuvered the craft among the boulders and over the rapids with coolness and skill. His passengers had to trust him in spite of the lurching of the boat, the roar of the breakers, the echo of the motor against the canyon walls, the thick white spray in their faces. These men had come west in search of adventure and, but an hour off the train, they were meeting it head-on.

For a short distance the river quieted somewhat and the man at the wheel motioned casually at a break they had passed in the canyon wall.

"That's Porcupine Creek—works its way down Devil's Canyon. These are the Big Horn Mountains on your right and the Pryors on your left. Except for Grand Canyon this chasm of the Big Horn is the greatest in the United States."

(Hell's Canyon on the Snake River in Idaho is deeper than Big Horn Canyon—but perhaps not "greater.")

If his passengers expected or hoped that the remaining ten miles of their voyage would be calm, their hopes were vain. The winding river, between cliffs towering some 2,000 feet high, continued to be tortuous and endangered by rocks, rapids, sharp bends, and whirlpools. But when their pilot anchored his craft at the mouth of Trail Creek, an area of the canyon where the elevations gentled somewhat, their relief must have been blended with a great exhilaration—and gratitude to their host for making this adventure possible.

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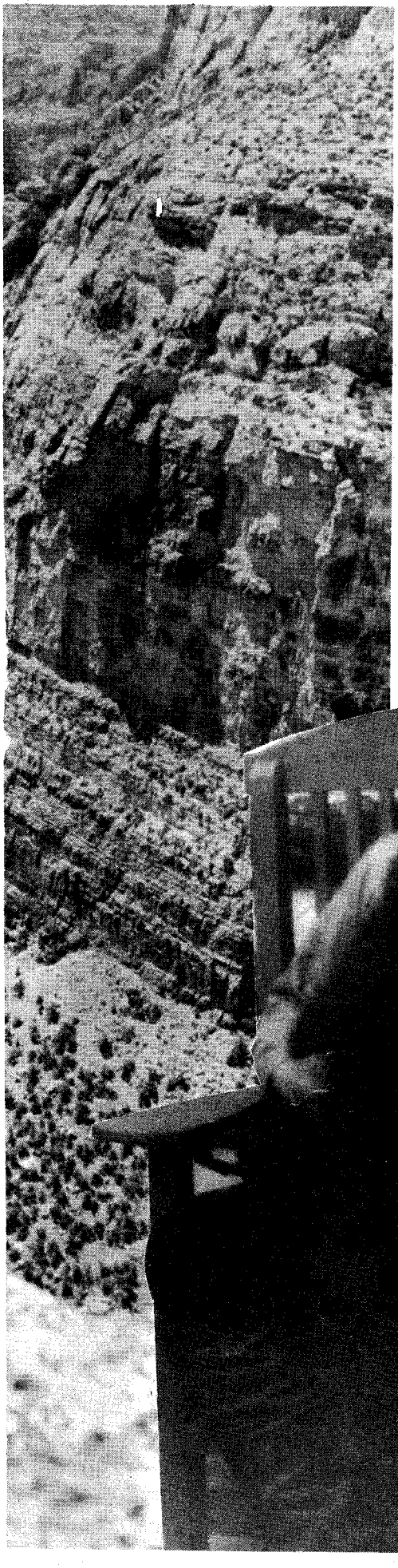

Courtesy Mrs. C. G. St. John

Above, Dr. G. W. Barry with some companions in one of his hand-made wooden boats. At left, view from above Big Horn Canyon, before construction of Yellowtail Dam. Below, Dr. Barry and friend at Cedarvale.

Courtesy Bill Greene

A MILE up the south fork of Trail Creek they were welcomed to Cedarvale, one of the first dude ranches of the West. The log ranch house was spacious and inviting, the modern conveniences destroying none of the rustic feel of the place. Dr. G. W. Barry, their host, introduced them to his wife Edith, who was gracious and friendly.

The eastern visitors found that Cedarvale fulfilled all the promises of the brochures. Here in the mountains of southern Montana they had good accommodations and a bountiful table. Hunting, fishing, motor boating, camping, and riding were among the diversions offered, as well as the opportunity to take part in life on a typical cattle and horse ranch of the early 1900s.

Grosvenor Williams Barry had been a physician in New York with a large but not lucrative practice, for he had too many outstanding bills. No doubt discouraged, Dr. Barry had come west in search of gold, and how he happened to wander into the unsettled mountains of southern Montana is uncertain. But he did find Trail Creek and, utilizing his homestead right, there he remained, probably because he found signs of the yellow metal.

It is told that a prospector, equipped with pan and shovel and his mule, had stumbled onto Trail Creek a year or so before Barry's appearance. Seeing a rattlesnake slither into the bushes he immediately set them on fire, a blaze which spread to the timber on one side of the canyon, denuding the trunks of limbs. This resulted in a stand of trimmed and seasoned logs just right for Barry to use in building his first house and barn and other buildings. And, always able, he constructed these buildings himself.

Although the freedom, the solitude, and the future possibilities of the West attracted Barry he also loved luxury and had the ambition and ability to provide it. Before long Cedarvale had many advantages of civilization—running water piped from a large spring, and electricity furnished by a big generator. Barry's wife and young step-son, Claude St. John, soon joined him in this home.

There was gold-bearing sand along the bank of the nearby Big Horn River,

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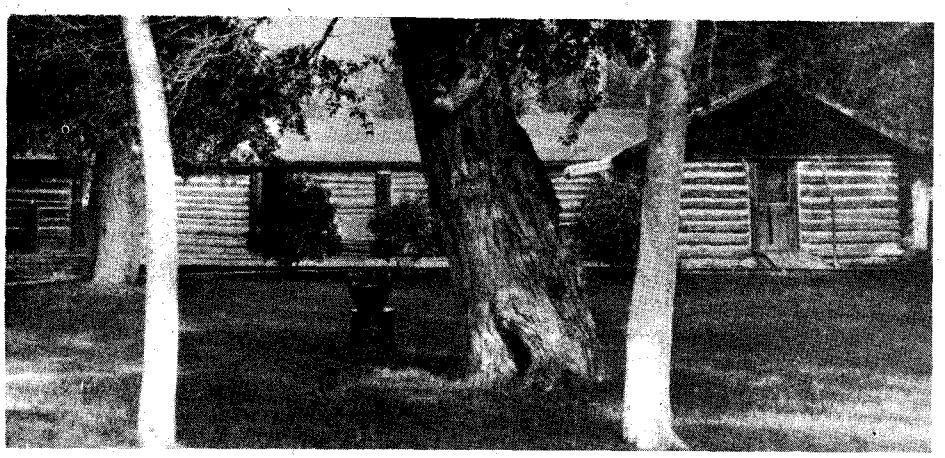
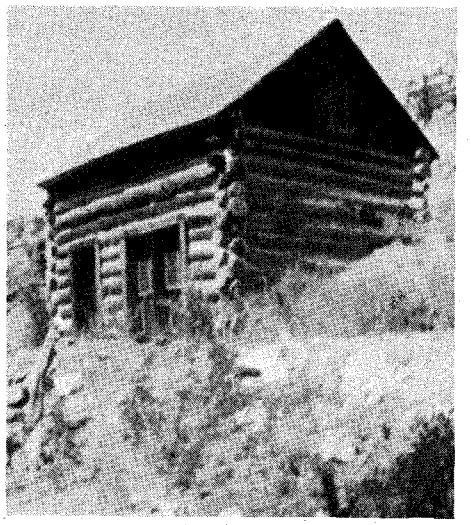




Courtesy Mrs. C. G. St. John

Above (left), the original ranch house at Cedarvale. On right, the Hillsboro post office, taken some years after it was abandoned.

and the doctor determined to capitalize on it. (Where gold is concerned imaginations can run rampant so through the years Barry's gold-seeking operation became the basis for many tales, many without real foundation.)

The riverbanks, it was claimed, had been salted, and Dr. Barry, according to one legend, had a secret mine in the Pryor Mountains, the backdrop of the ranch.

But Barry was businesslike and a promoter, so he went east in 1907 to get support for a gold-dredging operation. Two officials of United States Steel must have found the prospects alluring for they invested $50,000.

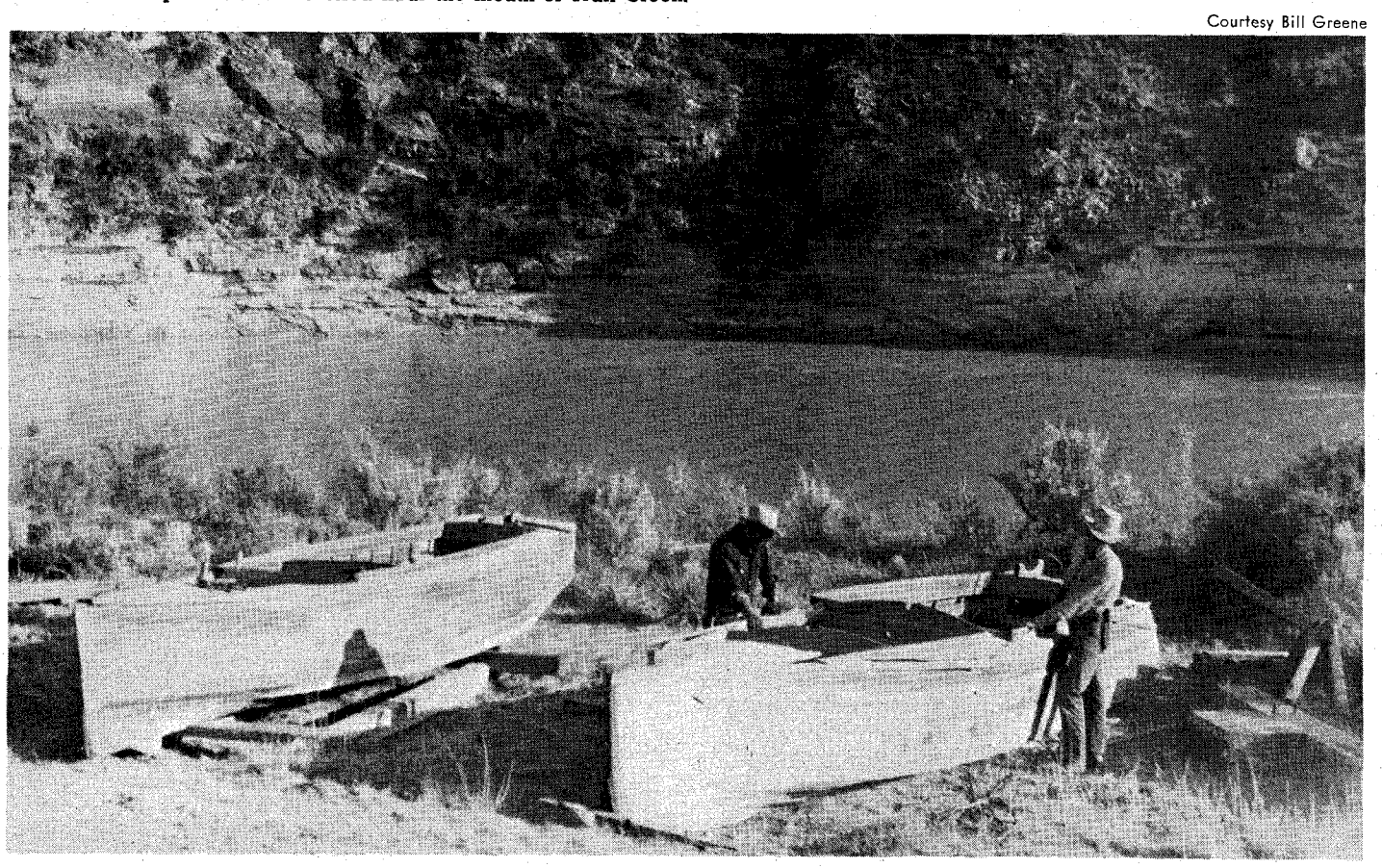
The Red Lodge (Montana) *Picket* of May 17, 1907 announced the news with the headline: "Steam Dredge for Big Horn" and "Manager Barry Back from East and $50,000 Worth of Machinery Enroute." On order from Richmond, Virginia, the machinery was described as a "steam dredge of the latest improved chain bucket pattern with a capacity of 2,000 cu. yd. per day." And, it was declared, enough placer gold could be produced within a few seasons to make Barry and his associates "immensely rich."

THIS prediction, however, failed to materialize. The flour gold of the area proved to be too fine for successful dredging operations. Today, the thousands of shares of the Gold Creek Consolidated Dredging Company are valuable only as mementoes. But this failure didn't daunt the versatile Dr. Barry.

He already had decided that the river was the best means of transportation to his canyon ranch from the new railroad point at Kane, Wyoming, thirty miles to the south via the canyon. So Barry built a smithy and turned his hand to boat-building. Importing most of his material—oak and teakwood, sheet copper and brass, with delivery at Kane—he then floated it downriver to Cedarvale. The doctor, who also used planking of

Two of Dr. Barry's boats abandoned near the mouth of Trail Creek.

Courtesy Bill Greene



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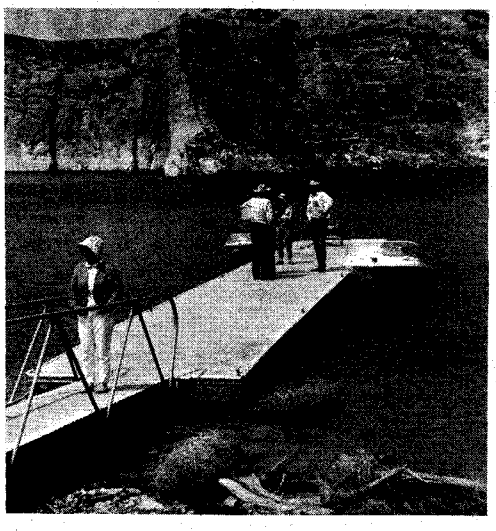
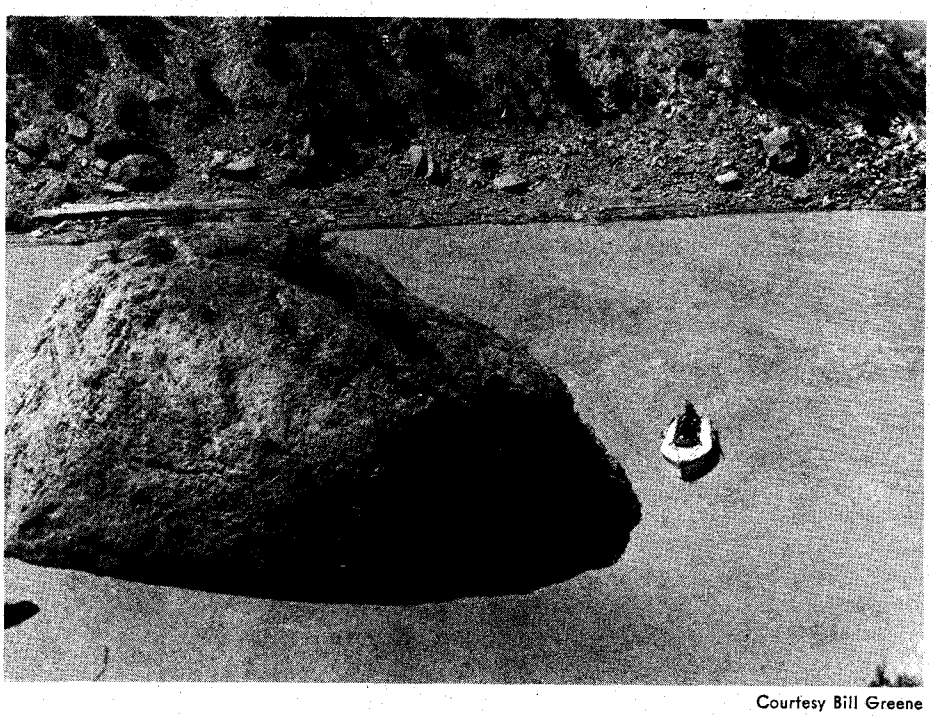


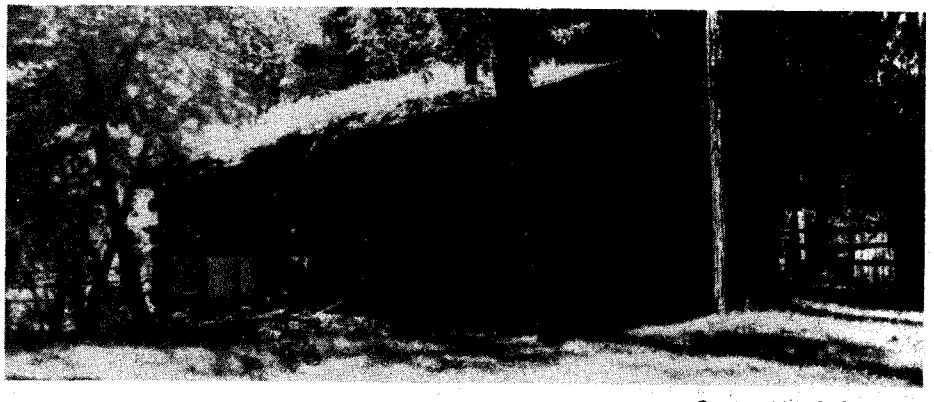


Courtesy Bill Greene

Above, travel on the Big Horn River as it was in Dr. Barry's time. Below, the smithy where Dr. Barry constructed his boats.

native fir, constructed his boats with an eye for strength rather than beauty. It is believed that, through the years, he built ten or twelve of these boats and each had a name. Equipped with specially built air-cooled motors, also imported, their echoing roar against the canyon walls could be heard for miles.

In his early brochures Dr. Barry informed prospective guests: "The ranch is of easy access, as it can be reached by an easy trip of two hours down the river in one of the Cedarvale Ranch high-powered motor boats, the only boats in operation on the Big Horn River." Although a road had been built into the area in 1905 and later brochures offered the visitors another choice (that of coming by wagon from Cowley, Wyoming) the host of Cedarvale still recommended the boat trip.



Courtesy Mrs. C. G. St. John

Above, Barry's Landing shortly after the flooding of Bighorn Lake. Below, abandoned mining equipment at the mouth of Trail Creek.

Courtesy Bill Greene

There is evidence that the ranch was first served by the post office at Ewing, Montana, a ranch a few miles to the north. Then the address became Raymond, Wyoming, another ranch post office several miles to the south on Crooked Creek. But later Dr. Barry built his own log post office at Cedarvale, and Hillsboro became its name. His later brochures with the Hillsboro address made it clear that Barry was overlooking nothing to provide an ideal vacation spot for the eastern dude. In describing accommodations he offered not only rooms in the main ranch house and in cabins, but also portable houses and tents. At its peak Cedarvale had room for thirty-five to forty guests.

Unaccompanied ladies, Barry promised, would be "given special care and attention . . . the home life at the ranch giving them every protection." And he welcomed boys at the flat rate of $300 for the season, June 1 to September 15,

(Continued on page 45)

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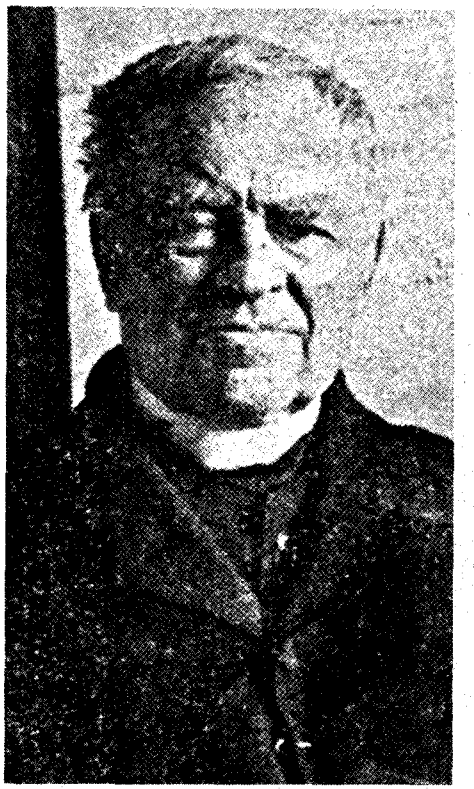


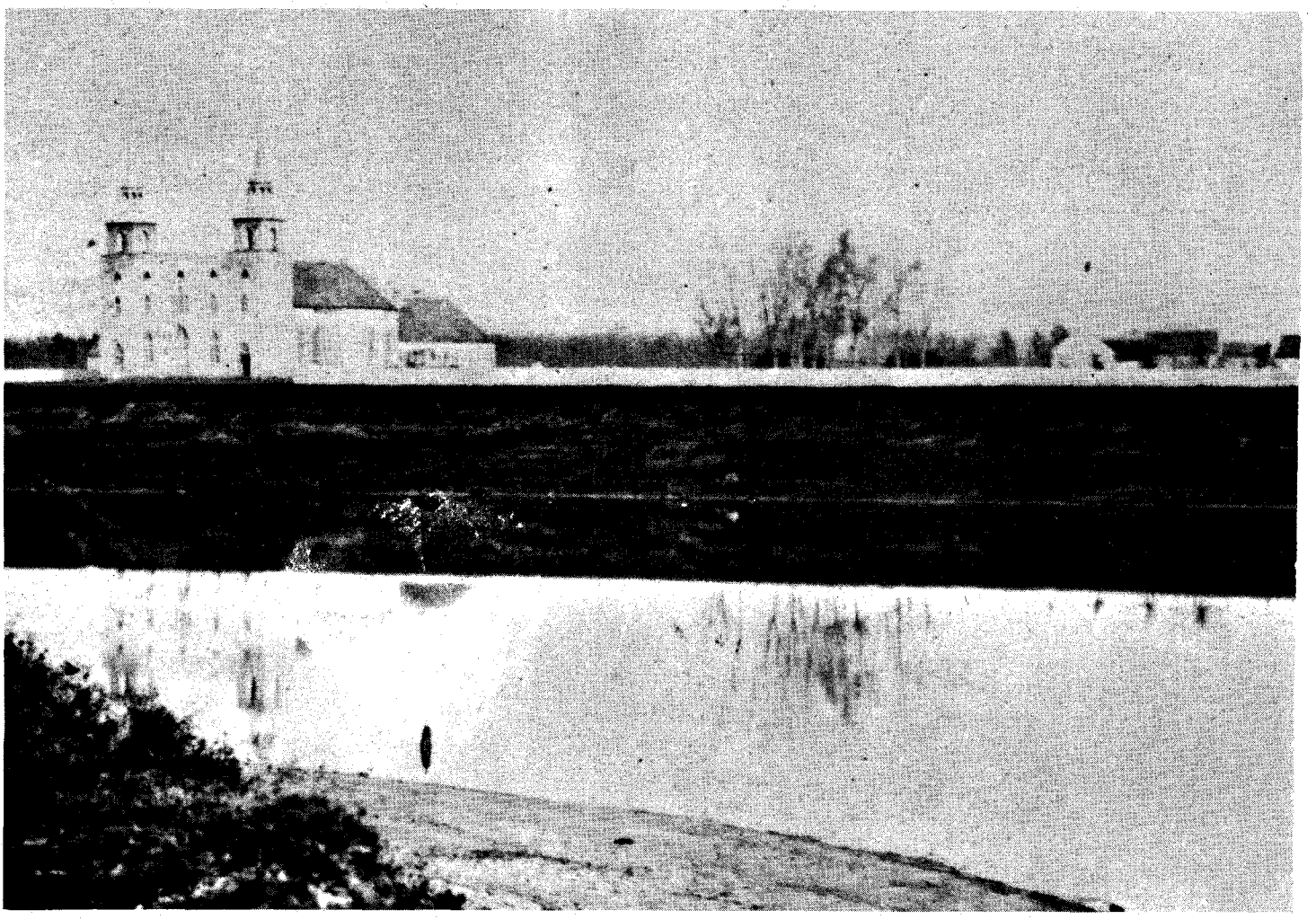
Courtesy St. Boniface Museum, Winnipeg

Father Joseph Goiffon

A summer cassock, lightweight capote, French boots and hat—these could have been the burial robes of

THE FROZEN PRIEST OF PEMBINA

St. Boniface Cathedral about two years before the fire which completely destroyed the imposing structure. Photo by Hime.



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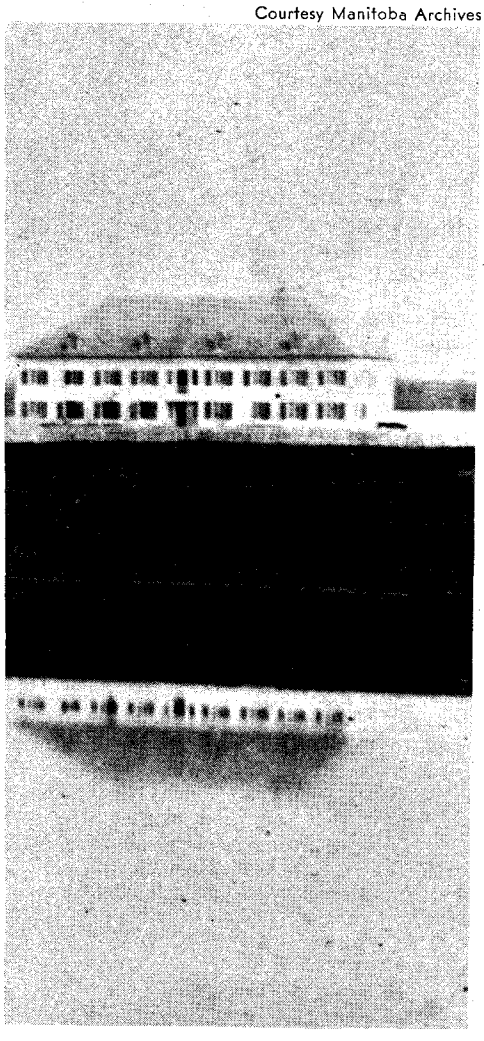
By MARGARET ARNETT MacLEOD
as told to
EDITH PATERSON

Photos Courtesy Author

FATHER GOIFFON, a young Catholic priest, left France to become a missionary in the remote territory around Pembina, in present day North Dakota where tales of the plight of French and Metis Catholics had aroused his sympathy. Small and slender looking in his clerical garb, he seemed ill-fitted for the rigorous life he had chosen. The Sioux had burned all of the church property in Pembina, and he was obliged to administer his widespread parish from St. Joseph, forty long miles away by oxcart.

On a late August day in 1860, the young priest returned to St. Joseph after two months on the annual buffalo hunt. With a quick lift of the wooden latch, he opened the door of his small log hut and entered eagerly. A shaft of sunlight fell across the room and rested on a rough table beneath a dim, parchment-covered window. His eyes found what they sought—letters and papers beside his books. The mail had come!

Courtesy Manitoba Archives



Eagerly Father Goiffon sank into a crudely constructed chair to read his mail. Like the remainder of the furnishings and the cabin itself, the chair with its seat and back of buffalo hide was the product of his own frail hands so unaccustomed to rough labor.

It was a poor home with one room, twelve feet square, but Father Goiffon loved it. Neighbors had helped with the heavy logs but he had done the rest himself. The logs were poorly chinked, the window and door roughly made, and the dirt floor uneven, but the fireplace and chimney were his pride and joy. He slept on the floor nearby on a pallet of buffalo hides. His only links with the life he had left behind were a few religious pictures on the wall, his quill pens and ink, his books and some papers on the table.

The two months on the hunt had been busy ones. He had watched like a father over his people; prayers in the morning before the men left camp to hunt on the prairies, instruction in religion to the women and children during the day and a talk or sermon with more prayers at night. He had some carts of his own at the hunt to procure a supply of meat and pemmican, almost the only means of subsistence in the vast country.

So the cabin seemed luxurious as Goiffon reached for his mail. He read the letters from France first, changing emotions playing all over his face. Then, laying them down, he picked up one from St. Paul, Minnesota. The letter was from the vicar-general, requesting Goiffon's presence in St. Paul on matters concerning his parish. It was an unwelcome summons for it meant months of travel, and he would have to leave immediately to get there and back before the first snows of autumn.

Regretfully his gaze wandered around the cabin—the water boiling for his tea on the fire, the few other comforts inviting him to stay, but the vicar-general's summons must be obeyed, and he must not delay.

The Morneau brothers who lived nearby were planning to join a train of oxcarts for a journey to St. Paul, so Goiffon immediately left for their place to make arrangements to go along.

ONE MORNING in the last week of August all of St. Joseph was awakened early by the sound of the departing cart train. Father Goiffon came out of Paul Dubois' home where he had been administering the last sacraments to an old man who lay near death.

The carts were waiting, the ox of the second hitched to the cart in front, and so on. Father Goiffon was to drive one of his own carts. Pulling his French hat down to shade his eyes, he moved off, waving farewell to those left behind. The creak of the wheels mingled with loud calls to the oxen as the slow journey began. The weather was fine and clear and the travelers covered twenty miles the first day.

As he rode along, Goiffon thought of things he might be able to bring back—a real glass window to replace the buffalo skin parchment that admitted so little light, fresh food, and perhaps even the greatest boon, a horse.

They followed the river, over flat country, until leaving that river and approaching the Grand Traverse, as it was called. The road lay nineteen miles over a stretch of swampy country, grass reaching in places to the oxens' backs.

The Grand Traverse had to be crossed without making camp. Inexperienced travelers often got lost there, but Father Goiffon's party started over at dawn, crossed carefully, and safely made camp late that night at Little Salt River.

Day after day they traveled, the monotony broken only by difficult places along the trail. There were thirteen rivers between Pembina and St. Paul, some of which could not be crossed by fording. Over some they found bridges left by previous travelers; at others they had to fell trees and build their own.

But even shallow fordable waterways presented problems. The Goose River was a clear, running stream, wide and shallow, but in a gorge with banks so high that it required eight or more men on each wheel to get a heavily loaded cart down one side and up the other.

The Sioux were considered a danger in the region around Fort Abercrombie, and not without reason. Two years later they massacred nearly all the white peo-

(Continued on page 57)

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THE GOLDEN CLAY

It broke apart in Elmore's hands, yielded its treasure, and sealed his doom!

Above, a section of the eastern escarpment of the Mojave Mountains. Below, Claude Susytame, named for his father, Chief Susytame. He went along with A. P. Miller and old Jim Mahone in search of the gold-filled clay.

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

HACKETT ELMORE saw the circling vultures while descending east out of the Mojave Mountains onto the desert. Realizing they were attracted by carrion, he continued riding his burro and driving another directly to the site. Grounded vultures winged lazily away as he crossed the sand to the prospector's body. It lay in his last camp, a bullet hole in the back of the head. On the south side two hobbled burros had also been shot.

Except for a blackened coffee pot and a Dutch oven, the dead man's equipment and supplies had been taken. The trousers pockets were turned wrong side out.

Although the stench was nauseating, Elmore procured his short-handled shovel from the burro's pack and dug a deep grave in the sand. A hurried last-minute check of the victim's clothing revealed nothing in the way of identification, but in the denim shirt pocket Elmore found two large gold nuggets concealed under loose smoking tobacco.

Ground sign revealed that there had been two killers. After the body was buried, Elmore found the spot from where the fatal shot was fired. The killing, he decided, had taken place after sundown. The murderers had come into camp, consumed a meal, then walked to where their horses had been tied some distance away. After committing the sorry deed the pair had ridden north on a course parallel to the mountains. That route would lead them to Topock on the Arizona side of the Colorado River.

A prospector himself, the red-whiskered Elmore decided to check out those nuggets. From the death camp he back-

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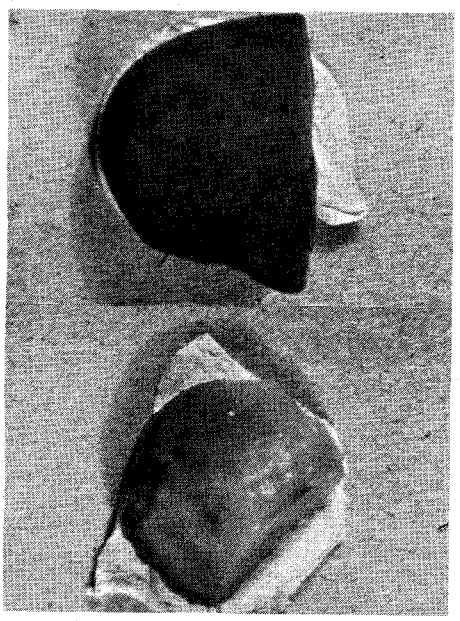

tracked the bushwhacked stranger and his burros east into the worst of the wastelands. When sundown caught Elmore ten miles out, he dry-camped for the night.

The next morning at ten o'clock he came upon a small desert oasis. At least he considered it one, for some grass grew in the tiny flat where water seeped out of a clay bank overlaid with sand and rock. Evidence revealed that the dead prospector had camped there for some time. In addition old, scattered cooking-fire beds and empty tin cans suggested that he or someone else had been there several times before.

While examining the oasis Elmore came to a place under the ridge that had been dug into and then concealed. It was a mass of yellow, dry clay. Out of curiosity he dug in the same place. Nothing came to light until he came to untouched clay in a layer about twenty inches thick. The dry clods, mixed with some sand, broke apart easily. To his astonishment he stood looking at a number of large gold nuggets. Extremely dark yellow, they varied in size from a grain of corn to a walnut. The clay was so filled with them that during the time the murdered prospector had been there he must have taken out a fortune.

Excited over the discovery, Elmore dug out a pile of clay with his pick. Panning wasn't necessary to recover the gold. Besides, there wasn't enough water

Above, after being ambushed and subsequently shot in the chest and leg, Elmore managed to make his escape on his riding burro. On reaching the small general store and hotel at Yucca (above), he had to be lifted off the animal. Below, A. P. Miller (left), and Jim Mahone. At left, the two dark yellow nuggets given Miller by Jonathan Elmore.

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in the catch hole into which the seep dripped.

During three days of picking and breaking the clods apart, he estimated his haul was at least $40,000 in dark gold nuggets. Since this amount weighed considerable he decided to call a halt.

Elmore had to forego posting claim markers. They would be a dead giveaway. And although within a fifty-square-mile area there probably weren't ten prospectors or desert rats—among them, as already demonstrated, were men who would kill to get their hands on gold.

Before pulling out, Elmore spent a day carefully camouflaging his diggings. He buried all campfire ashes and charcoal. He also covered the tin cans and every piece of debris that might suggest the oasis had been occupied over a period of time. When he got through, nothing remained to arouse suspicion that gold existed in the peculiar dark yellow clay formation.

PASSING to the north Elmore angled in against the mountain base. Beyond Topock he crossed the river over the railroad bridge into California, camping one night in the hills. He then proceeded to Needles where he knew a banker.

Entering the man's office he unloaded the several small sacks of gold. The banker picked up a large nugget, examining it critically. "Why, this is exactly like some I sent out for two miners several days ago!" he exclaimed. At Elmore's mildly puzzled expression he explained. Their nuggets, like Elmore's, were dull, not shiny like gold usually was. Very dark in color, the gold was sixteen carats fine.

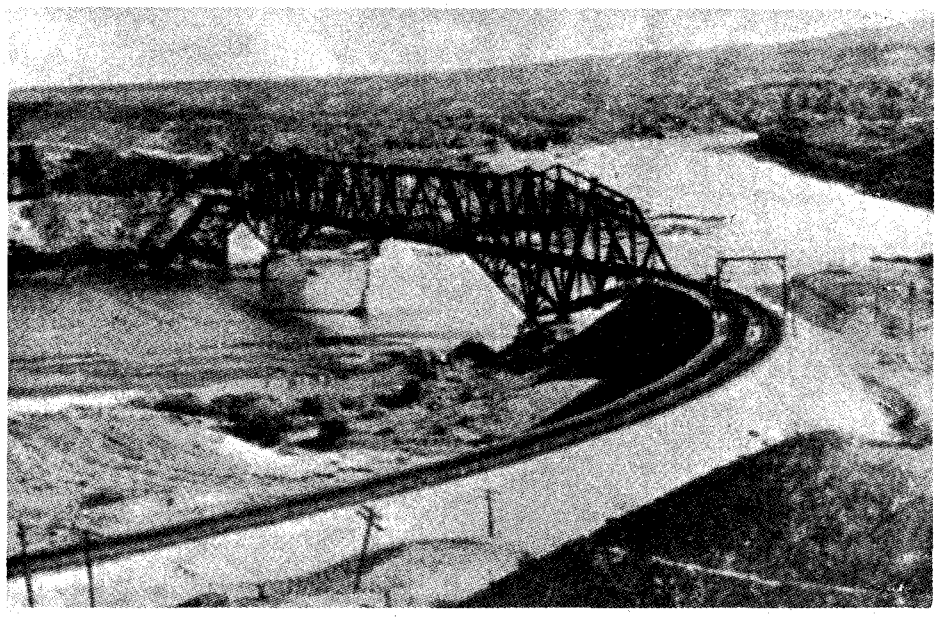
"Who were they?" Elmore asked thoughtfully.

From a weight sheet the banker read off, "Silas Yokum and Bill Franks," adding, "they are still around town. The return on their shipment came in only today. They picked up the money this very afternoon."

Merely nodding his head, Elmore completed his transaction. The banker would hold the check for him when it came from the gold brokers in Los Angeles.

That night he made the rounds of the several saloons and had no difficulty locating Yokum and Franks. They were throwing money around, buying drinks for everybody and talking drunkenly. Yokum was spindling, about six feet tall with rusty whiskers covering his face. Franks was burly, a glowering man and a loudmouth.

Hunting up the local deputy sheriff, a man assigned there from the county seat at distant San Bernardino, Elmore told him his suspicions. That is, he detailed finding the prospector's body, of reading sign and following the tracks of the two suspects.



Above, the Santa Fe Railroad bridge at Tonopah, over which Elmore crossed. Opposite page, unidentified desert prospectors with their burros.

"Friend, you're on the wrong side of the river," the deputy told him. "It's a case for Arizona officers."

"But you could question and hold them! Man, murder has been done!"

"That's what *you* claim. Maybe they just found a rich mine in Arizona like they been telling everybody."

"Ask them to prove it. That pair of snakes killed a man for that gold they're throwing around!"

"Well," the deputy mumbled tolerantly, "guess that wouldn't do any harm."

Returning to his camp outside the town, Elmore stayed out of sight until the next noon. The first man he saw was the deputy sheriff, who reported that Yokum and Franks swore they had staked a mine *north* of Needles on the Arizona side of the river.

"They're lying," Elmore replied. "Better check with the county recorder and the sheriff at Kingman."

"I'm not bothering more with it, friend. Say, I hear *you* sold some gold too. For all I know you might have killed the prospector you claim to have buried."

"I put him under and I found the tracks of his two killers. I can identify their sign and that of their horses."

"Yeah? Well you better watch it. Yokum and Franks are real mad to think that somebody is questioning how they got that gold. They're a tough pair."

Shrugging his shoulders, Elmore walked away. He brought in his burros, bought some supplies—including an extra box of rifle cartridges—and recrossed the river into Arizona.

The deputy sheriff was right. Yokum and Franks were killers, and even if the officer had not described Elmore to them, it wouldn't take long to figure out who he was. The chances were good that they would try to close his mouth.

ON reaching the lonely store and station at Topock, Elmore kept moving east along the railroad right-of-way. That night he ate a hurried meal and hid out where he could watch his camp. The two did not put in an appearance.

Continuing east, on the night of August 14, 1897 he camped two miles south of Yucca station. Again after cooking and eating, he slipped into the darkness of the desert night. He lay alert on a blanket behind a clump of low brush. If Yokum and Franks again failed to show up, he would head south into the desert for the clay gold.

The killers did not appear that night either. Elmore could only guess that either they abandoned any idea of rubbing him out to close his mouth or they would be waiting somewhere far south in the desert wastes. But before he could mount and lead out that morning, six-guns blasted from the sagebrush west. Yokum and Franks had left their horses at a distance and crawled in on him!

Two bullets struck the forty-year-old Elmore. One smashed into his left chest and the other broke his lower right leg. Falling, he managed to pry himself upward on his elbows, six-gun out.

Yokum and Franks were plainly visible as they charged toward him. His gun spewing lead, Elmore watched Franks fall to the ground and heard his squalling. Yokum sought safety behind some sagebrush.

Franks kept yelling and screaming for help. Yokum cursed and ordered him to shut up. Then when the howling man did quieten, the sound of an object being dragged through the brush reached Elmore's ears.

Part of the time the prospector was unaware of what was going on. Later he supposed the two had retreated into a dry wash where their mounts might have been concealed.

Blood ceased to flow from his wounds. By the time the sun rode high overhead, Elmore realized that something must be done to help himself. Crawling to the packed burro he managed to extract his pick, and hammer out the handle with a rock. Then with strips torn from his shirt he tied the handle tightly to his broken leg. It was a while before Elmore could mount the riding burro, and when he moved away it was at a bare walk with the pack burro following.

On reaching the small general store

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and "hotel" at Yucca he had to be lifted out of the saddle. The next train headed west, a freight, was flagged down and Elmore was taken to the Santa Fe Railroad hospital in Needles.

Although his leg was splinted and his chest wound attended to, Elmore still did not respond well to treatment. On the fourth day the doctor admitted to him that his condition was approaching the critical stage. Elmore then had his older brother, Jonathan, telegraphed in Los Angeles. During the three days it took for him to arrive Elmore had grown much worse. The banker was called in and the check for the gold, slightly in excess of $41,000, was endorsed over to Jonathan. When the brothers were alone Elmore sketched a map of where the gold in the clay could be found.

"I'll get well," he declared confidently, "but this is just in case the unexpected happens. We'll get the gold together and you'll be much wealthier than you'll ever become in the clothing business!"

For a week Elmore's condition remained about the same, and in fact seemed to be improving a little. Finally Jonathan returned to Los Angeles. But he arrived home only to find a telegram awaiting him with the news of his brother's death.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY authorities advised Arizona officers that Elmore succumbed to gunshot wounds. The county sheriff and a deputy came over from Kingman, listened to accounts of witnesses to Elmore's statements, and took down a description of the suspects. But from that day, Yokum and Franks were never heard of again.

For some reason Jonathan Elmore did not try to find the golden clay until the fall of 1899. Arriving at Needles alone, he bought a horse to ride and a burro to pack. The following December he returned from the desert to Yucca station, nearly dead from misadventures. A train was flagged and he boarded it for Needles.

In the day-coach Jonathan became acquainted with a friendly trainman named A. P. Miller, who tried to make him comfortable in his deplorable condition. The short, stubby Miller already knew the story of Elmore's find and details of his death. In fact by that time desert prospectors on both sides of the Colorado River were trying to find the golden nuggets in the clay bank. Showing Miller a sack of gold brought out of the desert, Jonathan gave him two nuggets and said what he had found would bring about $30,000.

By using the map, Jonathan stated that he had been able to go directly to the gold in the clay. But he got into trouble while trying to come out of the desert. He was lost for two days without water. Then when he found a brackish pool, both he and his stock drank too much. Jonathan was deathly sick for several days, and the horse died. After the man was able to get around, he shifted his saddle to the pack burro that was already carrying the gold and supplies. Obviously he did not realize that the small animal was badly overburdened.

Between the Mojave and Buck Mountain Ranges the burro gave out. Lying down in exhaustion the little beast refused to travel another step. Jonathan set out walking, taking the gold and what he thought was enough food to get him to Topock. The second day he threw away what was left of the food, believing that Topock was just over the next hill. However, he wasn't headed for that station at all but toward Yucca.

Jonathan was so tired he was on the point of burying the gold when the smoke of a moving train appeared miraculously in the sky before him. Late that afternoon he staggered in at the Yucca hotel and store.

After resting over in Needles, Jonathan went on to Los Angeles.

MILLER, whose hobby was photography, knew the Mojave and Hualapai Indians well. They often boarded his train in the desert for some town along the line. (By agreement Indians could flag down and ride any train.)

Among Miller's Indian friends was Jim Mahone, with the Hualapai name of Nukahoinavie. A very old man even then (he died at age 114), in his youth he had been a scout for the Mexican Army and had discharge papers to prove it. In turn he was a scout for many years for the U. S. Army out of Fort Mojave.

When Miller told him about Elmore's gold in a clay bank he nodded his head solemnly. "Me know where it is. Long time me know."

Later on Miller, subsequently a train conductor, was to recall this statement. Meanwhile he expected Jonathan to return. Jonathan had said that he would, with help enough to clean out the clay bank.

It was not until 1903 that he showed up. Miller saw him one night in April on the street after coming off a train run. With him was a young man of about twenty whom he introduced as his son.

"We have outfitted here," Jonathan said. "We will go straight there, load two mules with all the gold we can dig out, and return." Jonathan did not believe they would be gone longer than three weeks at the most.

At the end of the month Miller began inquiring if they had been seen. When six whole weeks had gone by, Miller reported to Mojave County authorities at Kingman that the man and his son were missing.

A few days later the sheriff arrived in Topock where he assembled a four-man posse with two Indian trackers, and headed into the desert. At the end of a general search, taking about ten days, they found the dehydrated bodies of two men. Both had been shot through the back of the head. Their remains lay in what must have been their last camp. Their stock, equipment and supplies were gone. All ground sign had been erased by blowing sand. Identified by papers in the torn clothing, the remains were packed out and the family notified in California.

Because no clues were uncovered the crime went down as unsolved. It was believed by all desert prospectors that Jonathan and his son were carrying a fortune in gold. They had been overtaken and slain for it.

Miller suspected that whoever did the killing would eventually claim the clay

(Continued on page 50)

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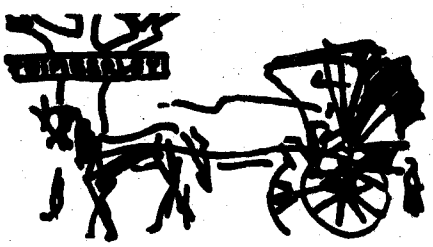
SOME STILL MAKE IT ON

By C. W. WIMBERLEY

Photos Courtesy Author



BACK in the hills of Wimberley is a hardy member of a rapidly diminishing legion, a Texan who still earns his livelihood from the land upon which he lives.

Though this land of ours was settled primarily by small landholders and though they did endure through hard times and drought, the productive little home places will soon belong to the pages of this nation's past. And it is a sad thing. Each day more and more such holdings are being turned into the real estate of suburban country-style living —clusters of "second" homes. Also at an alarming rate, the little farmer or rancher has been devoured—with government assist—by the giants of agribusiness where the pigs are slopped, the cows milked, the calves fed and the eggs gathered by automation.

But if you will search through these

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THE HOME PLACE

Luis McCuistion is one!

hills long enough you may still find one of those rare old-timers whose way of life has remained unchanged over the years. Luis McCuistion is such a man. He is a solid chunk from the ole back log of pioneer stock.

As of old, Luis still works his fields with a team of horses, and runs cattle and goats on the pasture land. The days of cotton are long since gone and now that the deer are too thick to raise any corn, today—by his own description—Luis sort of drags through and scratches down the middle to raise some sudan grass for summer graze and enough redtop cane to make the winter on. Just a couple of years back, it was something to see when he hooked ole Jigger (gelding, twenty-six years old), Ruth (mare, twenty-five years old) and Copie (mare, thirty-one years old) in a three-horse hitch to work in his fields.

Luis isn't too satisfied with the stock that replaced them. He belongs to an old school of horsemen who believe that, to be considered a good one, a horse has to be an all-around horse—work well anywhere you choose to put it—under the saddle or in front of the single-tree. Old Copie was gentle enough for kids to ride yet that old mare could head a cow in the brush, put you where you needed to be to throw a rope on a scared calf, or pull a wagon and still hold her own on her side of the planter tongue with Ruth and Jigger pulling at the other side.

Luis' triple-tree, double-tree, single-trees and breast yokes are hand-hewn from oak cut on his place. Planter and cultivator tongues have been replaced several times with green poles cut from wild China. In making his crop, he fudges a bit on the old methods in a couple of ways. By bedding and rebedding the land with a planter rigged with a solid sweeper, he avoids the slow drudgery of flat-breaking with a mud-board, and he does hire a tractor to pull his one-row rowbinder to harvest the cane in bundles —which, at his age, he finds much easier to handle than bales.

McCUISTION was a charter member of a bunch of old-timers who took the first steps in the creation of the modern rodeo when, years ago, they would gather in the old Billy Henson field south of the Wimberley square to race their cow-ponies and to rope or ride anything that wore hair on its back. By the 1920s practice sessions of goat roping were held in this field or at Fischer's Store on a weekly basis, and a rodeo of sorts

At left, Luis McCuistion and his team. Above, Mr. McCuistion as a young man, with a friend. Below, Wimberley, Texas about 1910.

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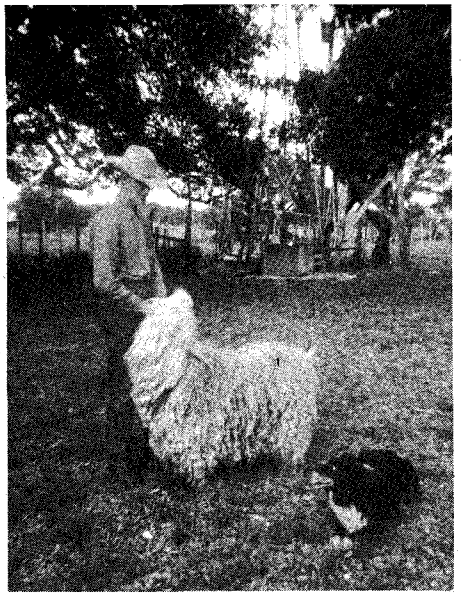
was held at Wimberley on the Fourth of July. Held in the open—without pens, chutes or stands—these affairs could get pretty wild. From the saddle it was "get him before he gets away" and it was up to the spectators to make an opening, should he head their way.

Spanish goats, released at a start-line on one side of the field, ran to a trailer parked on the other. Training these goats presented no great problem for they soon learned that once they had made it to the trailer they were no longer a target for the rope. One smart little goat earned the moniker of "Jelly Bean" by adding a trick of his own to the task. Running with one eye on the rider, Jelly Bean would lay his head on the ground as the rope was thrown. To get rid of this little cuss, a cash jackpot was put up as a prize, with the first man to put a rope on Jelly Bean winning the goat as well as the purse. By waiting until Jelly Bean was about to jump into the trailer, Luis threw the winning loop.

Gathered from Luis' memories, here is a partial list of goat ropers who used to gather at the Billy Henson field. From Wimberley: Gay Harris, Edward Dobie, Tommy Cowan, Grandpa Tom Cowan, Will Massey, Bob Lane, Arlon Bass, and Lewis Honeycutt. From Hays City: Joe Cruze. From Burnet: Wallace Riddell, present Burnet County Sheriff. From Llano County: Alex and Linn Hardin. From Gold in Gillespie County: Pike, Gould, and Hiram Davis.

Luis was one of the doughboys who went overseas with the 141st Infantry,



Luis with Trixie, his new dog.

36th Division during World War I. Though he was wounded during the second Argonne, he talks little of the war. He lists the local men he now remembers seeing "over there" with the 36th. From Jacob's Well: Lawson Deck. From Mt. Gaynor: Matt Quick. From Fischer's Store: Hayden George. From Wimberley: Ed Crapps, David and Damond Wimberley. From Dripping Springs: William Clawson, Ray Wilson, Jim Dye and Charlie Walders. Charlie was killed in action.

A good dog has always been a must about the McCuistion place. Daybo, a black and white cur, was known afar as the best dog in the country for trailing wounded deer. Daybo was kept busy during the deer season. On one occasion, after a hot race covering most of the hills around Jacob's Well, Daybo brought a big, slightly wounded buck to bay in the shallows below Moon Rocks on the Blanco. They were having at it when Luis arrived on the scene.

While cow trading in the Fredericksburg area, Gay Harris bought a border collie pup for Luis. After many years of faithful service working sheep and goats, this old dog Buck has been retired to a pallet at the ranch house door.

Luis was born in 1894 on the old McCuistion home place near Jacob's Well. He attended school at Mt. Olive and Jacob's Well, but the family got their mail at Yell. T. S. Bell was postmaster. Luis still lives on the Blanco City road, about a mile past the Fischer's Store cut-off, in a rock house right across the road from the old Byler place.

If these directions mean nothing to you, it would be better for you to drive over to Dripping [Springs] and wait at the domino game going on behind the grocery store. Luis is bound to show up there by Saturday evening and you might learn something about the game while you wait.

Luis and his team at work.

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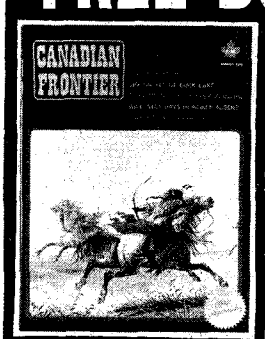

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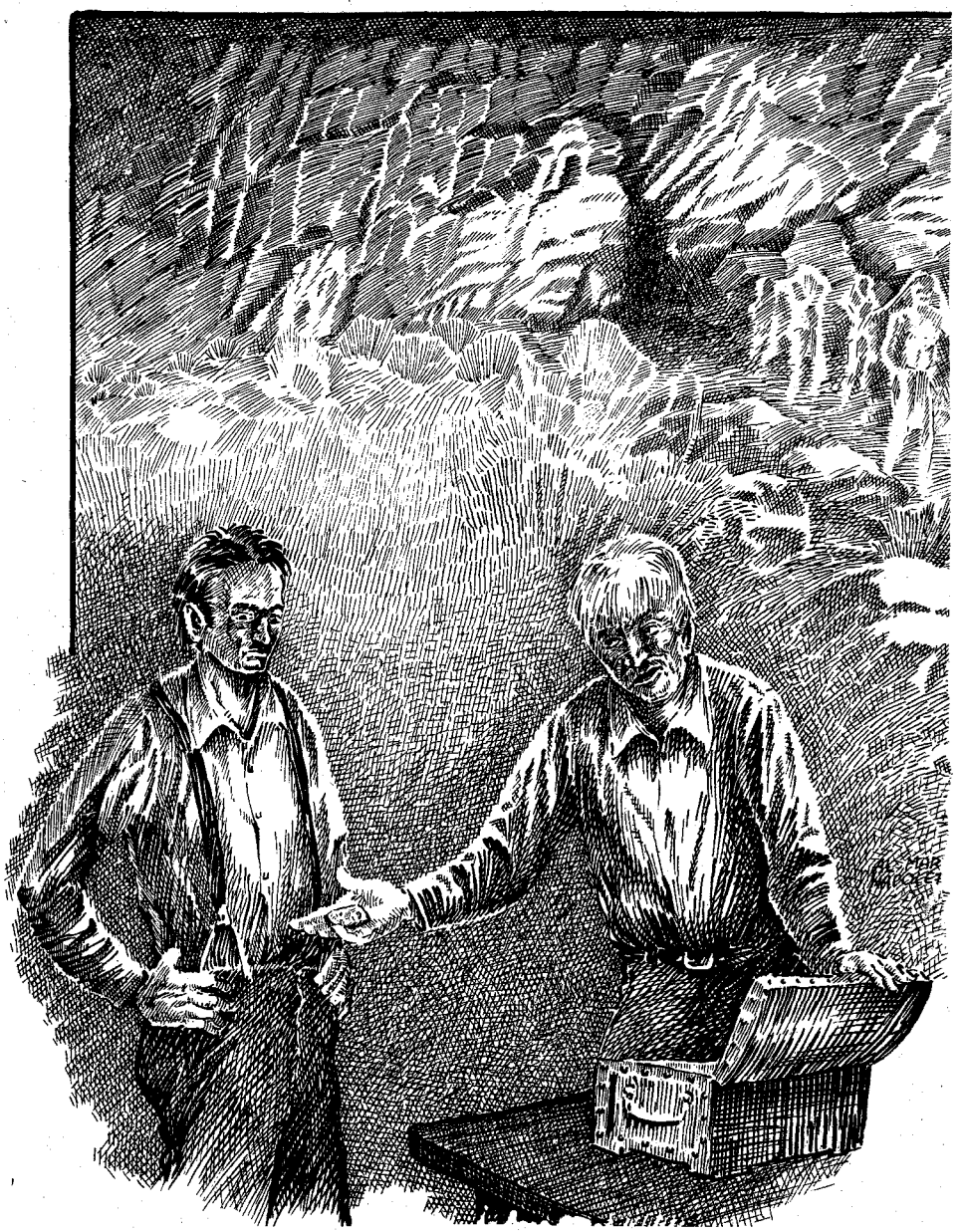
Author's Note: Arch Frame was a man of little academic background, but was a very devout church member. He would not have misrepresented anything, I'm sure. He really believed what he said, though he easily could have learned of his errors had he gone to some library. The Aztecs did not come into the States. It is doubtful that they got within five hundred miles of the border.

The Apaches had no transportation until the Spanish came. They had dogs (tame wolves) but did not use them as the Plains Indians did, for dragging travois. They carried their possessions on their backs. And they would never have mined gold. They are still superstitious to the extent that no Apache uses anything made of gold. They could pick up nuggets from the bed of a stream—that was not forbidden, but delving into the earth for them was.

If any Indians in this area smelted gold (which I doubt) it had to be the primitive tribes that the Apaches drove out when they came. There are ruins of old pueblos in the sands just west of the Sacramentos. One can trace the outline of the walls of small square rooms, etc. And there are many potsherds.

And the road ran on the west side of the Tularosa Basin at the foot of the Organs. Mr. Frame was like the Apaches in his distrust of books.

But many people told me they saw the things he claimed to have found in this excavation, which by air was not more than three miles from Alamogordo. By road it is perhaps twenty-two, and it is thirty to thirty-five from the White Sands.—Eve Ball



THE TREASURE OF ALAMO CANYON

IT HAS BEEN twenty-four years since I first heard rumors of treasure buried just below the rim of Alamo Canyon, overlooking the town of Alamogordo, New Mexico. Legends of this kind abound in the Southwest, and many believe that rich deposits of gold, the metal sacred to Ussen and which Apaches are forbidden to dig, are to be found on the Mescalero Apache Reservation. One very intelligent and well educated member of that tribe told me that if he knew where there were truckloads of it, he would not touch it.

But that wasn't true of the Spanish-American and Anglo people and they have hunted for treasure for hundreds—at least four hundred—years in this area.

This spring (1973) stories started circulating about a cave in White Sands or in the Malpais (badlands west of the White Mountain Range) in which an enormous store of gold is cached. In the latter part of May, the El Paso *Times* ran an article indicating that such rumors had reached not only the Depart-

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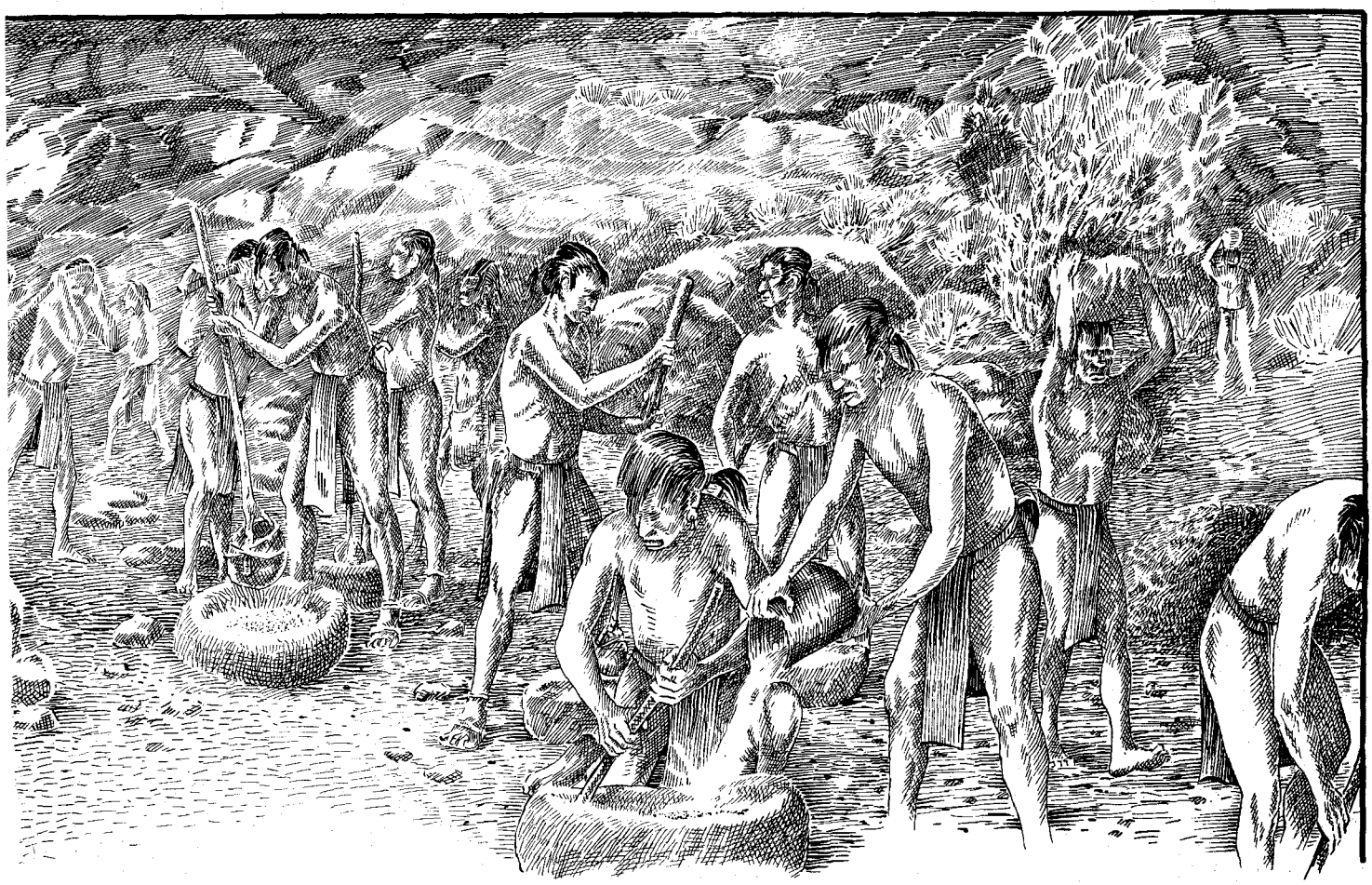

By ARCH FRAME as told to EVE BALL — Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

ment of the Treasury, but the press. Moreover, this gold was said to have been smelted by very primitive methods, containing enough iron to cause the bars to rust.

These bars were also described as small enough to have been molded in a split section of hollow cane; whereas those I heard about earlier were said to have been so large that two of them made a good load for a burro.

All of this brought to mind the story told me many years ago by Arch Frame, his wife, his sister-in-law, and a man from Oregon whose name I do not recall.

The latter came to Ruidoso searching for the Frames long after they had forsaken the search and left for California. He stated that he had invested over $20,000 in the search and was willing to risk more, provided that he could locate Mr. Frame.

Arch Frame, before the family left, told me that if they did not return and resume operations within seven years, I was at liberty to publish his story.

MR. FRAME had none of the glamor usually associated with the idea of buried treasure. He was a good neighbor, courteous and hospitable in the way of the Old West. He spent his winters in the community, doing odd jobs and repair work, always undercharging and accepting his pay with obvious embarrassment. Anyone, he said, was glad to rake a yard or mend a screen for a friend. His wife, a registered nurse, was equally generous in her services to the neighbors.

When Mrs. Frame had a brief interval between private assignments, she and her husband spent their time in a study of the Bible, making notes, and working on some sort of chart which nobody saw. For a man of little schooling, Frame had an amazing fund of information on a variety of subjects: mining and minerology; astrology and numerology; Indians and history (but not according to accepted versions). When I offered my copy of Prescott, he declined it. He was preparing for a camping trip in the mountains, and would read it upon his return. Anyway, Prescott had been in error on a number of things, he said, including the scope of territory covered by the Aztecs. They had not stopped at Monterrey, but had penetrated the Sacramentos, and had five mines and a smelter there.

How could he be sure of that? The stars had told him. What better evidence could one ask?

Winter set in earlier than usual and Frame returned, obviously discouraged. They were leaving, and he wished to take care of any badly needed repairs before going. And they had abandoned the project upon which he had worked twenty-two summers. They were within sight of their goal, but could no longer finance the operation. Mrs. Frame said she was willing to continue working, as she had for many years, to enable him to complete the search, but they were getting up in years and if they were to have a life together, it must be soon. She had no doubt that the treasure was there, for she had seen the Chart Stone, and also the markers put there for the guidance of its possessor. She had cooked for him and the workmen one summer, and she had seen the replicas of the Chart Stone as they were excavated.

The treasure was there; there could be no doubt about that. But they could not go on digging. It might be possible to interest investors; one man had already put $20,000 into the venture. But the stars had spoken—they must discontinue the search either until they got contrary instructions or seven years had passed. If, by that time, they did not resume operations, the story could be told. They would have abandoned the project. It has

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been more than double that time since they left.

This is what Mr. Frame told:

AS a boy I lived on a ranch near Clyde, Texas. There was no hotel there, but a Mr. Ward kept people, usually only overnight, and his wife served meals. A man whom they took to be a Mexican came. He brought only a small, leather-covered chest, too small to be called a trunk. He paid $10 a week for room and food, in advance, and purchased a mule and miner's equipment. He took a bedroll and sometimes stayed away overnight. People were curious, but sixty years ago nobody asked personal questions. It was known that he went to a grove a few miles out, one that for some unknown reason had larger trees than any others.

After several weeks he said to Ward, "I'd like to leave my things here while I'm away. I won't be gone long. My wife is in Mexico. We're Spanish but she has relatives there. I'd like to borrow a little money. I will leave you something very valuable as security."

He unlocked the chest and took out a flat piece of stone upon which were cut signs or symbols that looked something like those in the almanac. Mr. Ward said he thought they might be picture-writing, and the stranger gave him permission to read them.

"I can't," said Mr. Ward. "It's no good to me; but I'll let you have a little money, and we'll take care of your mule till you get back."

"That stone's valuable," said the man. "It has cost me hundreds of dollars." (Archie Frame had a copy of that stone.)

Those symbols are not our Zodiac. They are not Egyptian, but something the Aztecs worked out centuries ago. No, I never read Valliant; but no historian would have had this information, and it's a waste of time to read them.

Mr. Ward got interested. The Spaniard agreed to wait a week before leaving, and they went over his findings. One was a little flat stone with three little holes drilled in it. The Spaniard said three must have been a sacred number, for they rarely used any other in marking buried treasure. Never did they use two; and if one were found, inevitably two more would be close.

Mr. Ward very much wanted to read the chart, but he knew no Spanish. The owner said that was of no importance; it was written in Aztec. He said the Aztecs used a unit of measurement corresponding to the Spanish *vara*, the short yard. He said the stone gave directions for finding treasure, but that, first, other similar ones must be found before the exact location would be revealed. He had already found one on the Pecos. It gave directions for another in the Sacramentos. All they had to do was unearth the one near Clyde. Then—excavate the treasure!

WARD went as far as the Pecos with the Spaniard, and verified the report of the stone. There it was, as he had been told, with three little holes bored in it.

The Spaniard returned, as he had promised, and worked feverishly several weeks without locating a marker. He finally became despondent and committed suicide. Mr. Ward continued the search, patiently following the directions on the Chart Stone. First he sought the three silver bars imbedded in trunks of trees equidistant. In the center of the equilateral triangle of which they formed the points, another Chart Stone was buried.

In the grove in which the stranger had worked, Mr. Ward found a peculiar formation of red clay, enclosing approximately three acres and having a large oak at one point. This clay was obviously the top of a wall, about eighteen inches wide. He dug down several feet, and found that it extended several feet into the earth. From the clay walls the land tapered slightly to the center. He followed the red streaks to stumps of trees, recently cut, but the trunks had been removed.

The trees within the triangle were larger than any others in the surrounding territory. Ward concluded that the clay walls had held the rain that fell, thus causing more rapid growth of the trees. He began to attempt the location of the ones that had been cut. There was no sawmill in the country; few people had fireplaces. The only place likely to buy much wood was the cotton gin. He inquired of the fireman if he had seen any splints in the oak he burned. A month or so ago one had been found; he didn't know what became of it, but there was a tree out there with the end of another sticking out—he'd noticed it when the logs were unloaded—didn't want a saw broken on it.

Ward hired a team, pulled that log out and split it. He found the silver bar. The man who had done the hauling had brought it from one corner of his triangle!

He bisected the sides of the triangle and drew intersecting lines to establish the center. The ground was soft, and he quickly reached a familiar red clay six feet below the surface. He excavated a mass of it, 2′ in diameter and about a yard in depth. Under it was white sand, another chart, and a ruby the size of a quarter. Ward was so excited he could hardly control himself. The chart called for forty muleloads of gold hidden within that triangle! It called for silver and other treasure. His resources were almost exhausted; yet he hesitated to attempt to sell the ruby for fear that this quest would be known, or that his ownership might be questioned. Then he attempted to borrow money at the bank, and to get it he had to tell his story. It was not believed.

"Second time this week ole "Stonebelly" has busted out. They ought to slap his hands!"

"I'd like to see your ruby," said the banker. "I don't take any stock in your old signs; but if that ruby's genuine—" It was. Ward got enough money to continue work for two years. He hired labor for the excavating and he went over that place carefully without finding any indication of other excavation. He set up a sidewalk sales stand on the street near the bank and began selling stock in his project.

I JOINED a Saturday group and heard him talk. There had been rumors since the arrival of the Spaniard, but no details had been publicized. I begged my father to let me put $50 into the project, but he refused. I borrowed it from the bank, gave my horse and saddle as security, and did some visiting with Mr. Ward.

"Where did this gold and silver come from?" I asked.

"The Sacramentos in New Mexico. The Indians mined the ore there; they smelted it high in the mountains where there is wood and water for making charcoal. There are five gold mines in those mountains. The silver may have been carried on their backs from other sources. It was easier to transport rich ore than wood or water. They took it to the smelter."

"Smelter?"

"Yes, and arrastres. On a mesa a mile above the Tularosa Basin there are huge pines and water. These arrastres are grinding vats hollowed out of stone. The Indians put the ore into them, fastened a pine pole to a smaller stone, and used it to crush the ore. They propelled it by manpower. When it was reduced to a powder, they used a similar bed for extracting the ore. They put down a layer of ore, then one of salt until it was nearly full. Then they ran water into it and stirred it until the rock compound was held in solution. They dipped that off, leaving the metal. They packed the dust into skin bags until they were ready for the smelting. They had made little vats of rock and clay, conical ones. They left holes for applying a bellows. They melted the ore with charcoal and ran the molten stuff into little stone moulds. A bar weighed about a hundred pounds.

"It would be impossible to estimate the years required for mining and smelting the immense quantity they prepared. Only the Aztecs could have done it. The Apaches did no metal work. They have a superstition about the Sun God and the vengeance he exacts of those who disturb his symbol [gold]. The Aztecs learned of the coming of the white man.

(Continued on page 52)

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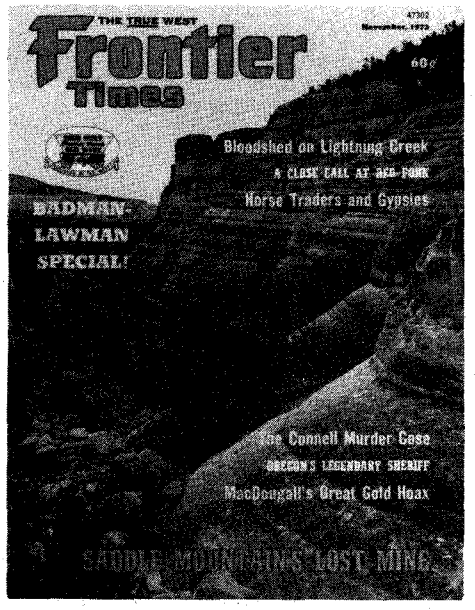

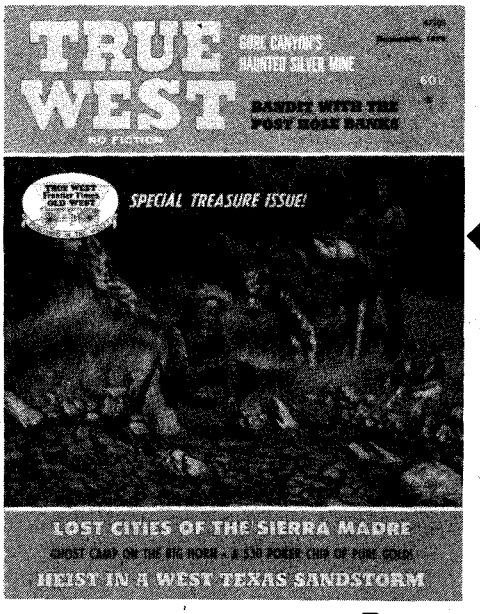

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By PAMELA PATRICK-DAVIS
Photos Courtesy Author

If you're a lucky kind of cuss, two long-dead brothers won't be able to keep you from finding it. They may try—but just keep telling yourself that there's no such thing as a ghost!

"AIN'T no ghosts gonna keep me from gittin' that silver up there. No siree!" The wizened prospector squinted into the dying fire, mumbling to himself. One gnarled hand scrubbed at the other, as if to brush away the fearful legends surrounding Gore Canyon and its lost treasure. The sound of his own voice was the only break in the mountain stillness.

Finally he rose, his aging joints stiff with the evening dampness, and slowly doused the fire. Caught in his dreams of wealth, he found his place on the rotted stump once again, and gazed, half-dozing, into the blue wisps of smoke curling high in the evening chill.

Suddenly his head rolled back. The slits that were his eyes opened, and his stubbled chin fell, then quivered uncontrollably. Before him in the darkness, a full ten feet above the ground, hovered the bluish image of a mountain man. Bearded and barely covered by ragged buckskin, the massive man bore witness to many a damp and filthy year underground.

The wretched treasure hunter scrambled to his feet and half-ran, half-crawled down the rugged mountain path. As he fled, deep bellowing laughter rumbled and rolled after him, sounding and resounding off the rocky peaks. That haunting, mocking laugh burned in the old man's ears all the way back to Leadville.

Some say the ghostly mountain man was Daniel Recen or his brother Andrew. Others say there's no truth to the tales the old-timers spin about the spirits of the two men in Gore Canyon. But it is a fact that somewhere up Gore Canyon there's a lost silver mine holding a fortune in high-grade ore. And it's a fact that five miles up Gore Canyon from the Vail Pass Campground on Highway 6 lie the remains of a tiny cabin. And not seventy-five feet from what was the cabin lie the remains of the Recen brothers.

IN life, the Recen brothers played a constant game of hide and seek with wealth and success. Like a recurring nightmare, just as they reached the threshold, they were swept away by the forces of fate. In death, they stand firmly within that threshold barring passage to those who would invade their dreams.

The two were born in the valley of Dal-peel in Sweden, Andrew in 1842 and Daniel in 1852. Young and looking for wealth and adventure, the brothers couldn't resist when in 1874 a third brother, Henry, returned to Sweden with news of successful placer mining in Colorado's Lake and Summit Counties.

As soon as Henry married his long-time fianceé, the four were bound for America. By ship, by train, and finally by wagon and horseback, they made their way to Colorado. And all the while, one dream held them together and kept them going—that of wealth under their feet.

Even with all their determination and effort, the journey over rough, sometimes uncharted, country took months. They stopped only when absolutely necessary—every few days for provisions, once in Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas for a sturdy chest and a few other pieces of furniture they needed, then in Denver to gear up for the toughest part of the trip.

When the group arrived in Summit County, it had been almost a year since Henry left Colorado for Sweden to marry his sweetheart. But his placer claims were there, just as he had described them to brothers Dan and Andrew. The three wasted no time in establishing what they hoped would be an empire.

After a few unsuccessful distractions from placer mining, the brothers put down the strongest roots they were to have in this country. In 1879 they surveyed the area encompassed by Henry's placer claims and divided it into plats. The following spring they rode together to Breckenridge, county seat of Summit County, and incorporated the town of Recen.

Lured by the fading rumors of the placer boom of the 1860s, miners still trickled into the valley. By 1880 there were 900 people living in the newly incorporated town of Recen, and nearly 5,000 miners wandering the hills around it. But for twenty years the ground had kept the secret of its wealth to itself, yielding only vague clues and hints that a fortune lay just over the next rise or five feet deeper in the shaft. It left enough hope to keep scores of prospectors scrambling over the countryside from the moment the last snow trickled into spring's rivulets until early fall blizzards forced the men back to their tiny shacks.

Above, Daniel Recen (left) at the mouth of the Queen of the West Mine on Jacques Mountain. Man next to him is not identified. At right, the Recen cabin as it looked just after the death of Daniel in 1917. The brothers' graves are under the tree on the right. Today, the rock covered graves remain, but only the bottom row of logs are left of the cabin. Below, the spot under the tree where Daniel and Andrew Recen are buried. The sign indicates that the year of Andrew's death was 1912, but Recen family records give the correct date as 1907.

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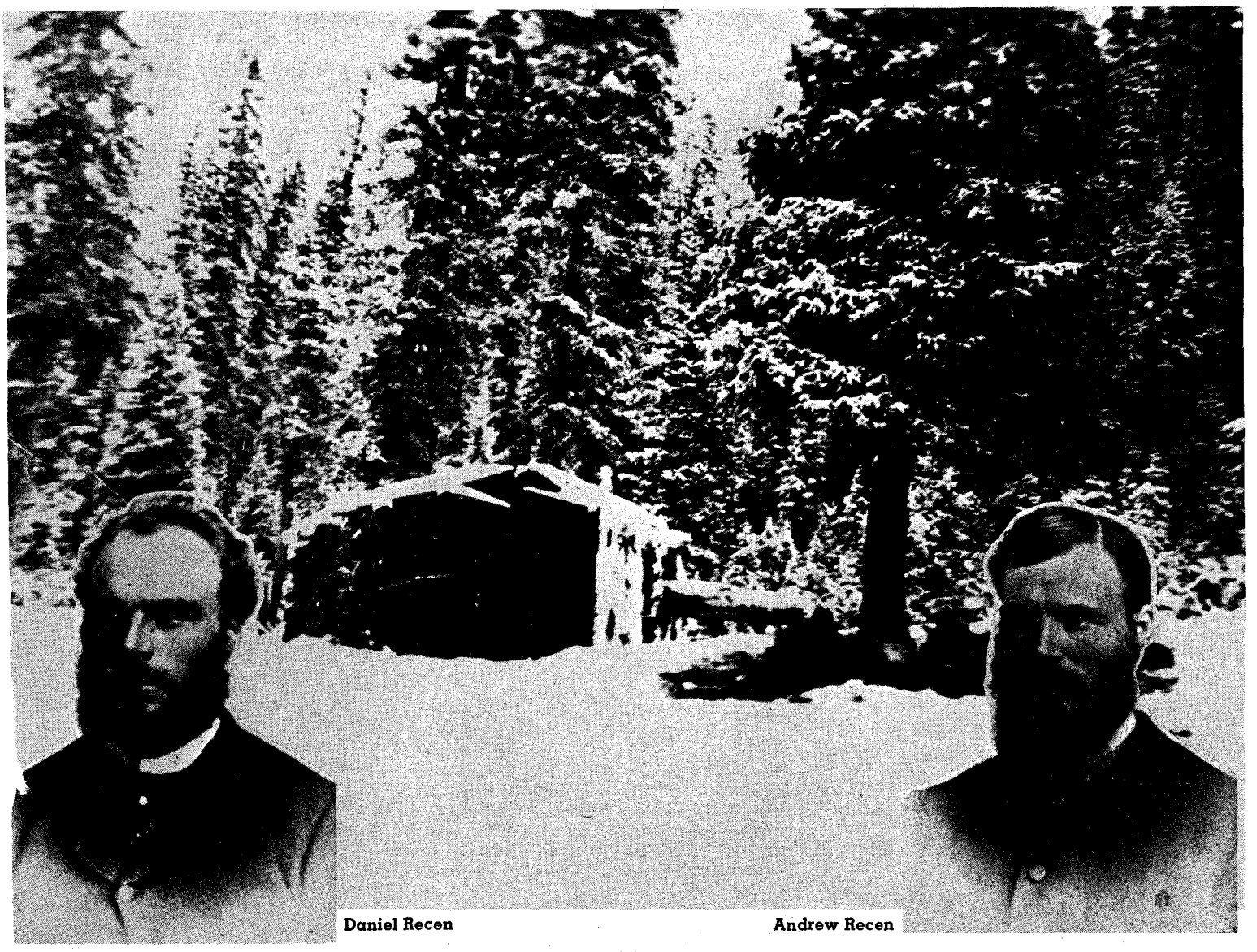

Daniel Recen Andrew Recen

CANYON'S HAUNTED SILVER MINE

DANIEL and Andrew Recen were no different. Every morning the two men and their partner, Mathew Graff, set out with picks and shovels, sure that this would be the day they'd strike. Dogged determination and dreams kept them going until the reality of a strike a few miles up the valley whipped mining around Recen to a fever pitch.

Carbonate of silver had been found around Leadville, and a few miles below the boom town, near Robinson, igneous rocks from nearby volcanoes had intruded the sedimentary limestone in the area. As the intrusions cooled, they deposited metals, replacing the limestone. As if planning for the miners who would come millions of years later, the elements beat away, staining the surrounding rocks a tell-tale red. The silver lay exposed, becoming richer by the year through its contact with the air.

All a man had to do was search out those red-stained rocks. One wagonload of the rich surface ore around Robinson could make him wealthy for life. The silver was lying there in wide veins in a concentration of about 1,000 ounces per ton. Silver was selling for $3 an ounce then, in value equivalent to ten times that much today.

As the brown patches of earth widened between dirty white strips of snow in the spring of 1881, Daniel and Andrew Recen and Mathew Graff sought their fortunes once again. This time they took to Jacques Mountain, rising to the sky just to the west of the town of Recen.

It had been a long miserable winter. And all those evenings of swapping tales by the fire with other miners about the lucky ones who had made their strikes the year before had only heightened their desire to keep on. If prospectors just a few miles up the valley had done it, by golly, they could too.

So the first glimpse of bare ground beckoned the Recens and Graff to scratch at the surface of the mountain. Early spring breezes still had the bite of winter to them now and then. Along the way they stopped for a moment in the dappled clearings, relishing what little warmth there was from the still-weak sun.

The men fanned out to cover more territory and climbed for hours, their eyes combing the ground for outcroppings of quartz or other igneous rocks through the crumbly limestone. Each one's heart leaped to his throat at the glimpse of what could be a red-stained rock, then fell to his boots when he found it was only the angle of the sun that made the rock look that way.

Late in the afternoon the lush forest

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gave way to barren no-man's land. Even the hearty pine and spruce gave up the fight here. The few that remained were nearly bare on the north side from the battering of season after season of savage blizzards.

AS the Recens and Graff came through the thinning trees, the thought of home and a glowing stove about to draw them back down the mountain, Dan spotted it—a swath of red-stained rocks leading toward the barren land above. The wind had swept away the blanket of pine needles, laying bare the rocks that signaled a fortune.

Afraid to spoil their dream by looking, yet afraid to turn away, the three prospectors slowly, almost nonchalantly, bent to split a few of the red rocks. The limestone fell apart easily, revealing the precious white metal. Silver! The way down the mountain through the gathering dusk that evening was shorter than the way home had ever been before.

Andrew and Dan made their claim on the Queen of the West mine with Mathew Graff as their partner. They set out working the single shaft on 4.94 acres of land in the Ten Mile Consolidated Mining District. Their first shipment went out in October 1881.

Their toil had been fruitful. After a journey of thousands of miles, and years of searching the valley for silver, it seemed they had made it. They were on the threshold of the grand life they had dreamed of for years. Then tragedy struck.

On the evening of October 14, 1881 a kerosene lamp exploded somewhere in the town of Recen. The shaky buildings which barely made it through each winter ignited like matchsticks. The fire soon spread out of control up one side of Ten Mile Avenue, the main street in town, and down the other. Tabor Hose, Humphrey Hose and the Harrison Hook and Ladder Company rushed to the scene, but too late and with too little water to control the situation. When the flames died, eighty families were homeless, the *Summit County Times* with its new automatic presses was a total loss, and the Breckenridge *Daily Journal* said the town "looked like a sheet of brown paper." The damage was estimated at $250,000 to $400,000.

The Recens and Graff, with the rest of the citizens, set about the grim task of rebuilding. But winter slowed them, and by spring some interest was gone. The town never was completely rebuilt. Some of the spirit of the place was swept away with the fire. The destruction was the first blow to the Recens' burgeoning empire.

Work resumed at the mine as soon as possible. Now the three partners could afford help in working the Queen of the West, and they paid $2.50 for a ten-hour day to as many as fifty men to haul their fortune from the earth. With sledge hammers and picks, these laborers, usually with Daniel, Andrew and Mathew sweating alongside them, worked their way nearly 400 feet into the mountain. The deeper they went, the poorer the ore samples were.

Convinced that there was richer silver in the mine if they could just go a little deeper, the three engineered a plan for a tunnel to enter the mountain nearly as low as the town. The tunnel was to intersect the vein they were working at a depth of 600 feet. Yet despite the toil and money invested in the project, it was a failure. Ironically, the richest ore had been the samples they found years before, lying on the ground at timberline.

BY 1886 Daniel, the dandy of the family, was eager to try the monied life in style. He took a room in Leadville, on the main street, and began seventeen years of hilarity and money-spending. His interest had waned in the back-breaking work of the mine, and in 1888 the three partners mutually agreed to sell out to a stock company and go their separate ways.

The sale was a fateful decision. Only five years later, in 1893, the U. S. government demonetized silver and its value plummeted from $3 to 50c an ounce. The sale of the Queen of the West brought each of the partners $50,000, the equivalent of half a million dollars each today. It was a good mine, and it gave the brothers some of the wealth they wanted so badly. But the Queen of the West never reached the magnitude of the really big mines in the area. A few years after its purchase, the stock company that bought the Queen of the West went broke.

Daniel set himself up in Leadville. He bought the Keystone Block, a rooming house at the corner of 5th and Poplar, just half a block from the famed H. A. W. Tabor residence. Resplendent with gleaming rosewood and walnut furniture, damask curtains and Brussels carpets, the Keystone was a bastion of glamour in a city where the extremely wealthy and the unbelievably poor lived side by side. Dashing Daniel Recen fit the mood of his rooming house perfectly.

Quiet, Puritan-like Andrew, unmindful of the coming devaluation of silver, struck out on his own up the Gore Canyon in search of silver again. There he resumed the pattern of searching for buried wealth he had followed so many years before. In a tiny cabin, miles from the nearest human being, he spent seventeen years alone but for an occasional prospector or trapper passing through.

In October 1907 a group of prospectors found Andrew sprawled on the wood pile next to his cabin. He was dead—they guessed, of a heart attack. The men buried Andrew beneath a giant pine a few feet east of the cabin.

What the prospectors found inside the cabin was more of a surprise than the sixty-five-year-old man's death. Three chunks of rock lay on the table, each heavy with high-grade silver ore!

Upon receiving the news of his brother's death, Daniel decided to move to the cabin and search out the strike his brother apparently had made. Although Daniel was fifty-five years old, his fortune was dwindling and he felt the need of additional funds.

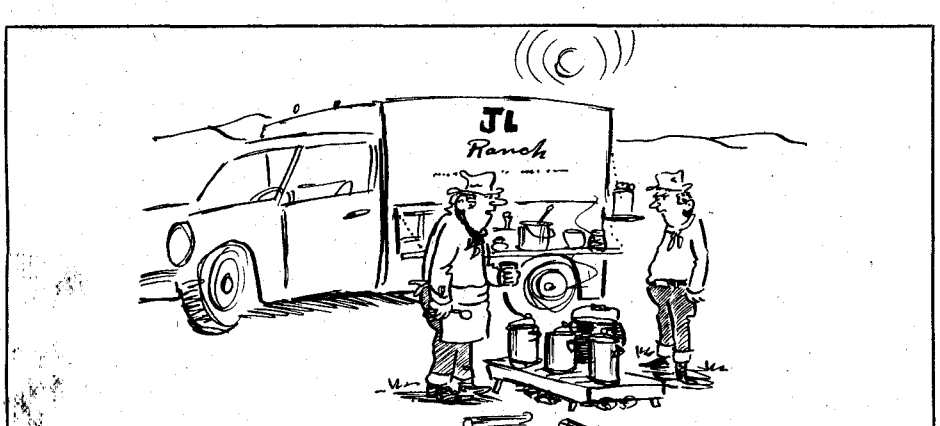
WHEN spring allowed travel up rugged Gore Canyon once again, Daniel set out alone with his meager provisions and his perpetual optimism to make a home in the bare wooden cabin.

If he ever did find the vein from where his brother took the high-grade sample, Daniel kept it to himself. He lived his last ten years in stark contrast to the seventeen riotous ones he had spent in Leadville. In October 1917, ten years to the month after Andrew was found dead, two of Daniel's nephews were fishing in nearby Gore Creek. The boys dropped by their uncle's cabin only to find him dead in bed.

Winter descends on Gore Canyon early and fiercely. The boys were forced to bury Daniel hurriedly next to his brother. Snapping at the boys' heels was a blizzard that closed the entire area until the spring of 1918.

Today, Daniel and Andrew Recen lie in rock-covered graves beneath the tall pine. The foundation of the cabin is still there, but the cabin itself has long since given in to the devastating winters. Some say the mine is still there. High on the rocky southern slope of the canyon, they say, lies a vein of silver deep enough and rich enough to make a man wealthy.

And some say, too, that the Recen brothers really did make their biggest strike in Gore Canyon, that they were on the threshold of the richest mine in the area. That's why, they say, prospectors desperate for their last stab at wealth hear that haunting laughter rumbling through the canyon—or feel that uneasy guilt a man suffers when he's walking on another man's claim.



"You want coffee and trail dust, water and trail dust, or just plain trail dust?"

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HEIST IN A WEST TEXAS SANDSTORM

Seminole, Texas about 1912. The Seminole National Bank is at left (arrow).

Courtesy Museum of Texas Tech University, Lubbock

Although an awful lot of kitchen table and front porch "detecting" followed this bank robbery, and there wasn't a man for miles around who didn't have a pretty good idea that he was "keeping to himself," the bank holdup never was solved and probably never will be...

By JERRY M. SULLIVAN

Photo Courtesy Author

THE TWO MEN entered town with their backs to a biting southwestern wind that hurled rivulets of sand along the rutted, deserted street and sent the February chill straight to the bone. Not a single brave soul was on the street to witness the strangers emerging from the dust boiling up South Main. Nor were they seen hitching their horses behind the frame building on the corner. The Seminole National Bank was about to be robbed!

In 1912, while much of Texas had been well launched into the 20th century, the Llano Estacado remained firmly 19th as far as lifestyle was concerned—a veritable frontier. It had been less than forty years since the last Indians had been forced out from that part of the plains by Colonel William R. Shafter who, in 1875, led a "clean-up" expedition into the region. Shafter's command discovered three groups of shallow, water-filled depressions in draws near the center of what was to become Gaines County. These spots of water became known as Ward's Wells, McLean's Wells, and Seminole Wells, the latter named for the famous group of Seminole-Negro scouts serving in Shafter's command.

After the removal of the Indians, ranchers moved onto the lush virgin grasslands of the plains, and by 1890 much of Gaines County was owned or under lease to Colonel C. C. Slaughter's Long S Ranch, with several small and medium-sized outfits scattered around Slaughter's spread. Not until 1905 was the area around the "wells" populated enough to organize a county, at which time the tiny settlement of Seminole was chosen the seat of government.

SEVEN years later, at 2:30 on the cold, wind-blown Thursday afternoon of February 15, 1912, the two men entered the bank where John Haney was working alone. Usually, the bank manager, Jim Williams, and a clerk, Alice Eidson, were on duty at that time, but Williams was sick and Miss Eidson was having a delayed lunch.

One of the men had his face covered, and the other wore a red beard, believed by some to be false. They ordered Haney to face the wall while saddle bags were filled quickly with $3,500 in cash; then they locked Haney in the vault and disappeared into the sandstorm.

Not long after leaving the little town, the robbers spotted a rider, driving a bull, and skirted around him to avoid contact. Cleve Cobb, the local rancher, thought at the time the pair behaved oddly. By the time he arrived in Seminole, the town was in an uproar.

About a half-hour after the robbery, a Mr. White entered the bank on business, discovered what had happened, and summoned Sheriff Frank Lord. Sheriff Lord hastily assembled a posse and gave pursuit. Several of those pressed into service soon gave up and returned to Seminole, but Lord and his deputy, Dick Cousineau, continued the chase, catching sight of the two but losing them in the blowing sand after Cousineau's horse gave out.

The lawmen walked to C. M. Breckon's ranch house nearby, spent the night, and resumed the chase the next day, riding several miles into New Mexico before turning back to Texas.

When Lord and Cousineau returned to Seminole, the townspeople were up in arms, and had started carrying side-arms in the old style. All telephone wires out of town had been cut except the one which led to the northwest, and the

(Continued on page 46)

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Wild Old Days!

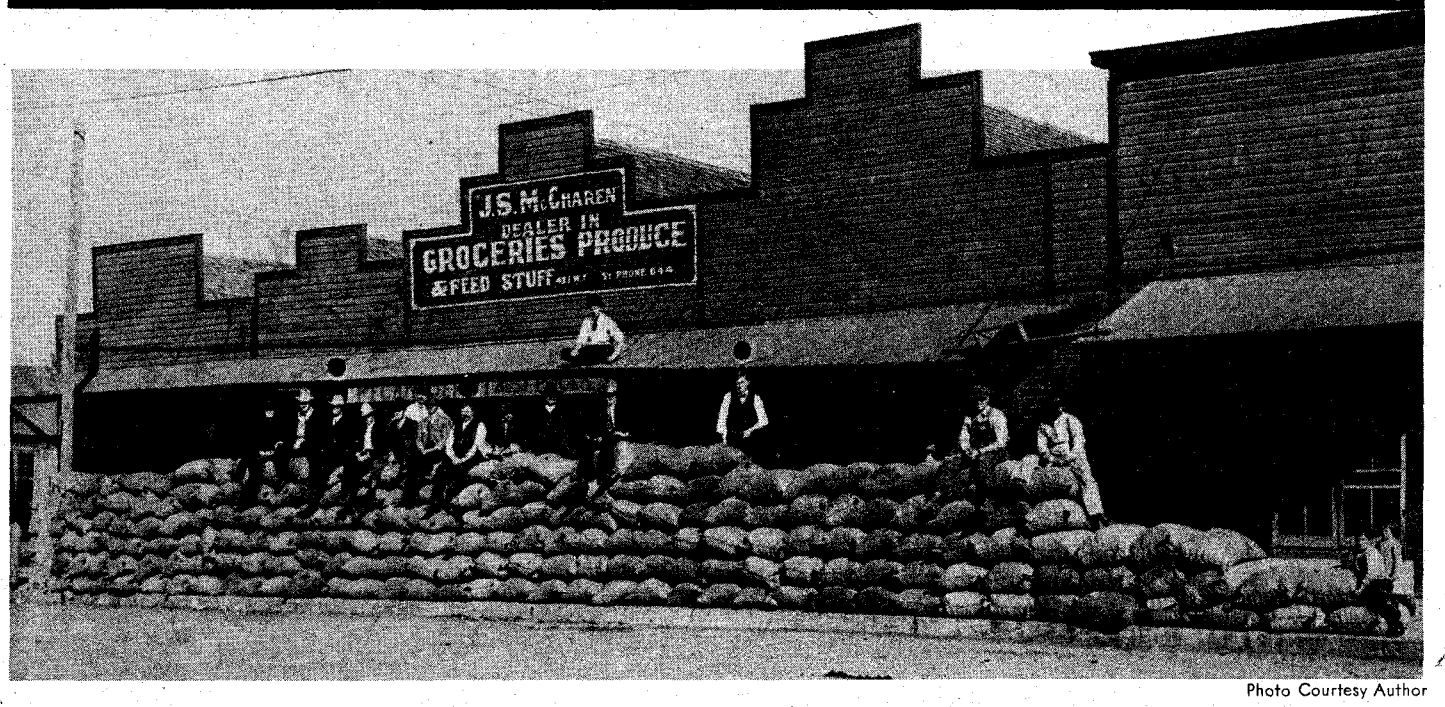

Photo Courtesy Author

This is the 40th carload of pecans shipped by J. S. McCharen in 1910 to Funsten Fur Company in St. Louis, Missouri. The total weight of the pecans shown was 42,385 pounds. *From right to left: Jim Boyette, J. B. (Barney) McCharen, Ben Holt, J. S. McCharen (in dark suit, tie and white hat), owner of the produce house and father of Barney McCharen. Up on roof is Gilbert "Red" Palmer, an employee of J. S. McCharen. The short, heavy man in dark vest and trousers, wearing a white shirt, is Porter Staples, owner of the grocery store next to the produce house. Mr. Staples was an early day pioneer businessman in Indian Territory days as well as during the early days of statehood. There is a story about Jim Staples, his father. It is said that Ardmore's main street was marked off in 1887 by a man named Jim Staples, using a plow tongue to scratch a furrow into the prairie for a quarter of a mile west of the railroad tracks.*

CASH CROP IN THE SHELL

By J. B. (Barney) McCharen
As told to Louise Riotte

MY FATHER, J. S. McCharen, who was one of the pioneer businessmen of Ardmore, Oklahoma during the days before statehood, bought pecans from several hundred miles around and was probably the largest purchaser in Indian Territory.

When the Santa Fe in 1887 extended its line north of Gainesville, Texas into the territory, the townsite was still occupied by the old "700 Ranch." This was the only habitation and meeting point for miles around. The ranch was established by John Washington in the late 1870s.

Ardmore, as a city, began in July 1887 when the Santa Fe established a station at that point and named it "Ardmore" after a town in Pennsylvania. Thomas W. Jackson, general land agent for the Santa Fe, chose the name. The first train arrived on July 28, 1887.

Not long after that a drug store, a doctor's office, a hardware store, a livery stable, a hotel, and in 1888 a small schoolhouse were built.

Ardmore in the early days was the marketplace for a tremendous trade territory. The Santa Fe was the only rail outlet, and cotton and produce wagons came as far as 100 miles to sell the crops and trade.

My father came to the Territory before the turn of the century and went into the grocery and produce business. Around 1910 his business was located at 421 West Main Street. And it was here that his huge trade in pecans was established. He bought pecans from all over Southern Oklahoma—as far away as Pauls Valley, Madill and Addington. Many Negroes who had settled around Milo, Oklahoma brought in pecans from their little farms.

Back in 1910 pecans were bought at 3¢ a pound but, at that early date, all the pecans were natives; no work had been done as yet with grafting or improving the species. The trees grew in great profusion along the rich river valleys and it was simply a matter of gathering, sacking and selling. Even at 3¢ a pound if a man and his family worked at it in the fall of the year they could make quite a bit of money and, of course, the money he made had more purchasing power then than now.

ALONG with the pecans my dad bought a lot of rocks! He had a pile of these that he used to show people—some that he had saved out of the pecan sacks he had opened up and emptied out when, on occasion, he had gotten just a little suspicious. "Cost me about $15.00," he would say jokingly. That was a lot of money in those days.

Dad would usually get taken like this when we were in a big rush. In the fall it seemed that everybody would come in at one time with the pecans they had gathered. They would be waiting around for the sacks to be weighed, and anxious to get paid for them, and there was simply no time to empty every sack that came in and look at the contents. We just weighed the sacks, and people were paid according to the number of pounds the scales showed. When things slacked up a little, suspected sacks would be emptied before payment and if rocks were in the sacks along with the pecans the owner would invariably put on an innocent face and say, "I just don't know how them rocks got in there!"

The pecans shown in the picture were shipped in sacks from South America which had been used originally for coffee. Dad bought them because they were heavy and well made. The sacks were filled as uniformly as possible, each weighing about 180 pounds. The pecans

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were shipped to—and purchased by—the Funsten Fur Company located in St. Louis, Missouri. And it is interesting to know that the Funsten Fur Company is still doing business in that city.

One year business was exceptionally good. The weather had been just right and the pecan crop exceeded all expectations. That morning Dad remarked, "If we buy a carload of pecans today, and we make enough money, I am going to buy a new Dodge automobile."

All day long the pecans poured in in a veritable floodtide, wagon after loaded wagon rolling up to the scales with sacks to be weighed and paid for. Dad began to grin and, as the day wore on, his smile got broader and broader. I was excited, too, as I watched him total up the receipts.

At last he dropped his pencil and looked up. "Call up the Patterson Motor Company," he said, "and tell them not to close up yet. You and I are going over and buy us a new Dodge!" We went over and Dad picked out the fanciest and biggest model they had on the floor—and it cost all of $740! The first thing he did when we got back to the store was to call Howard Fonville and have him come over and take a picture of the pecan sacks stacked up out in front.

MY STORY of the early days when we bought so many pecans just wouldn't be complete if I didn't tell about one more incident that happened that same day. Gilbert "Red" Palmer was one of my dad's employes and one of the best workers he had, quick and energetic. He had been helping unload wagons all day when this wagon with a Negro driver pulled slowly up in front, seemingly not quite sure of where he was going or exactly what he was doing.

Red, as usual, was on the ball. Every wagon that had come in since morning had been loaded with pecans, and naturally Red supposed this one was also. With one quick leap he jumped up on the side of the wagon and pulled back the tarpaulin all in one fast motion to get a look at the pecans and get them unloaded as soon as possible. He received a shock—instead of pecans he was looking at a pine coffin!

This really shook Red up. He went back in the store and sat down for a while, very quiet and pale under his multitudinous freckles and fiery red hair. He didn't come back out for quite a time and Dad just let him rest a little. I guess Dad figured he deserved it.

Bringing the dead to Ardmore for burial was not unusual, as the town had the only ground formally set aside for a cemetery for miles around. Apparently the man who was driving the wagon was unfamiliar with Ardmore and, possibly grieving and confused, he had just pulled up to ask for information when Red jumped on the wagon and pulled back the cover.

PECANS have continued to be a good cash crop in Southern Oklahoma; in 1924 the Oklahoma Pecan Growers Association was formed at Ardmore. Most of the charter members and officials were local men. Annual meetings were held here for many years and then the headquarters of the Association were moved to Oklahoma A & M College at Stillwater and the meetings were rotated to various pecan-producing sections of the state.

Carter County is still one of the main producing counties in Oklahoma and helped pioneer pecan improvement in this state. Thirty to forty years ago, transplanting and grafting and budding were practiced in the Ardmore area. One of the famous original papershell pecans, a tree called the "Oklahoma" variety, is located a few miles northwest of town. Present research is carried on by the Samuel Roberts Noble Foundation.

But somehow, in my opinion, there is no improved variety—larger though they may be—that quite equals the flavor of the little natives that used to come in by the wagonload to my father's produce station.

THE BUFFALO HUNTERS

Submitted by Robert W. Richmond

FROM the Hutchinson, Kansas *News*, October 31, 1872: While seated to write another rambling letter there passes through Main street a half dozen wagons which the experienced observer at once identifies as belonging to "Buffalo Hunters."

It is easy enough to distinguish such a party from the snugly rigged outfit of immigrants. The latter travel with closely drawn wagon covers, and their loading is arranged with care. But the hunter's outfit is simple enough. Into an ordinary two horse wagon he tumbles a little hay, a little corn, a little wood, a little flour, a little bacon, a little sugar and baking powder and other luxuries of camp life according to his means, a coffee pot, a long handled frying pan, a roll of blankets or perhaps a bed quilt or two, lariat ropes, picket pins and ax to drive them, and with his trusty gun and ammunition, a box of matches securely stowed away, our hardy prairie farmer is ready for a cruise into buffalo land. I am not now speaking of spruce city chaps who leave us with such magnificent preparations and return with wonderful stories, and a beggarly display of robes and buffalo meat, but I am talking about the pioneer settlers of this famous Arkansas Valley who go to the hunt not for fun but for profit, not for the sake of slaughtering the noble game but for the hides which they sell and the meat which they eat.

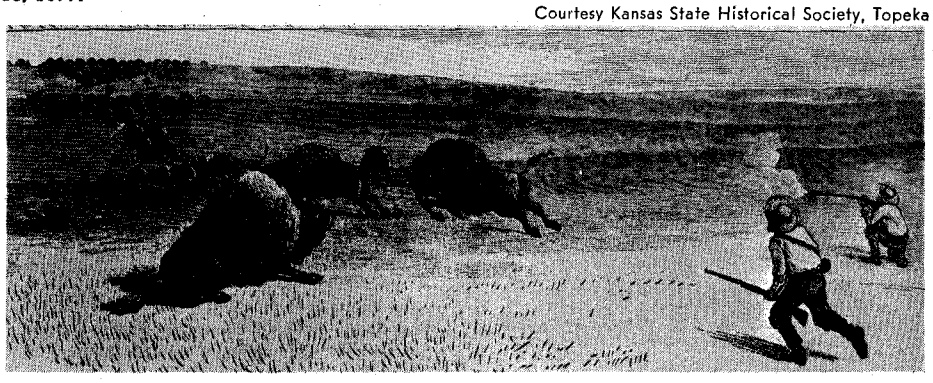
One year ago last month, in company with Mr. Horner and S. T. Kelsey I made my first visit to Reno county and we camped on section 19 which corners with the south east of our city plot. The next day we drove westward and soon saw a buffalo at which we all fired and as it expired after receiving fifteen or twenty shots, we each claimed the honor of the game. It will never be settled as to who killed that buffalo, but it is certain that it was killed within or very near to the present limits of this city. That, let it be remembered by our eastern readers, was but one year ago and now the space allotted to this letter is too limited to begin to tell what we have here and what the industrious farmers are doing all over this vast country, then but a dreary solitude in almost every direction.

That was a very good note which the Atchison *Champion* made, when it said that "the people of Reno county having driven the buffalo from their public square were erecting an $18,000 Court House." It is therefore needless to say that buffalo hunters now go outside the city limits when they look for American Bison.

USUALLY they go about twenty or thirty miles southwest across the Arkansas River on the head waters of the greatly admired Nennescah river, which Osage Indian name, being interpreted, means Good Water. Here they camp and proceed to business. They pursue the game on foot as they can thus approach much nearer than when mounted, and can kill more in a day. Hunted on horseback the herd takes to flight, and no considerable number can be slaughtered, but by creeping and crawling up on them, and using a breech loading gun so as not to raise much above the ground in loading, a hunter will sometimes bring down ten or a dozen before the herd gets away. A wounded buffalo is a dangerous animal if he once gets full view of his enemy, but they are said never to find the hunter who lies flat upon the ground. Hunters often tell of being pursued and escaping by throwing themselves on the ground under cover of a little bunch of weeds or grass.

"A Day's Still Hunting After Buffalo" by S. E. Waller, from *Harper's Weekly*, March 10, 1877.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



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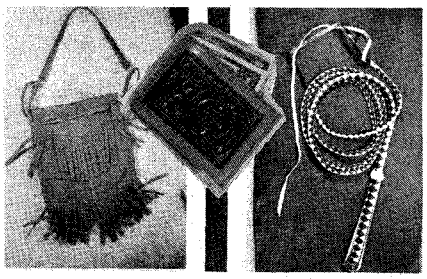

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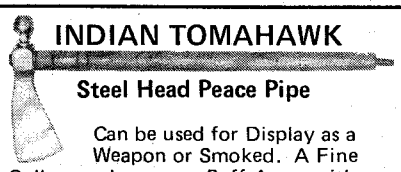

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The slaughter of buffalo in Kansas has this year been immense. Probably a hundred thousand or more will be killed before winter, and but a small portion of the meat will be saved. The hides are sold at $1.50 to $2.50 each, and are shipped to England where they are tanned and used chiefly for military accoutrements. To tan a buffalo hide so as to make a soft robe is a long and tedious task which has never to any great extent been performed by civilized labor. There is in this a splendid field for inventive Yankee genius. The genuine Indian tanned robe is soft, even after a thorough wetting, and it is the result of protracted and tedious toil on the part of some tired squaw, whose lazy lout of a lord smokes his pipe in luxurious ease. These robes after long soaking are sprinkled inside with the brains of buffalo, then rolled up and laid away for a time, after which they are stretched between stakes and rubbed and scrubbed, and thumped with some iron instrument, oftentimes an ordinary grubbing hoe. This process is repeated many times over until the skin is perfectly soft and pliable, and always remains so.

A VAST deal of useless sentiment is wasted upon this matter of slaughter of buffalo for their hides. It is the very use to which the animals can be put except such of them as are slaughtered for their meat. It is useless to talk about preserving them. They cannot be preserved and kept within reach of settlements. If they could be held for a supply of meat, hovering constantly on the border of civilization and feeding the frontiersman and his family, it would be different but they are certain to retreat at once to the remote plains where it will not pay the settler to pursue.

Flocks of sheep are often slaughtered in the Eastern States for their hides and tallow, the carcass being an entire waste, and in dairy regions calves are killed before they become fit for food. Certainly all this is as grievous a waste of the material which may be used to support life, as is the slaughter of buffalo for their hides alone, and in a humanitarian point of view it is less excusable. It is impossible for buffalo to be made valuable to man in any other way than that so adopted, and all that is now acquired in this way by the frontier settler is so much clear gain, and is a great help.

Many of the homestead settlers in this region as well as in all other new countries are very poor. They are making a desperate struggle for a home. By proper effort they manage to plant twenty or thirty acres of sod corn, and if put in early enough and not too early, and planted thick enough and not too thick, it yields thirty to fifty bushels of very good corn per acre. They also grow a few vegetables, and then for meat, here are the prairie chickens, the geese, brants and ducks, and other fowl of fall and spring, and chiefly, the buffalo. This meat is healthy, nutritious and palatable. A buffalo hump steak, cooked on the end of a stick held to the fire, is the sweetest and most satisfactory meat I ever ate. When dried it has a peculiar flavor unlike anything else, which is very toothsome to many people. It will certainly sustain life, and taken with a plenty of corn bread and vegetables, although not such a repast as might be selected for a regular diet, it is not to be despised by one who is battling for a home and hearthstone in this fertile and healthy valley.

The sale of the hides is bringing a great deal of money into pockets . . . and will shoe many a little foot, and bring a morsel of comfort to many a suffering, patient wife and mother, and for one I am heartily glad that so good use can be made of the rapidly retreating buffalo.—C. C. H.

At Home, October 28, 1872.

TREASURE ISLAND?

By Bill Rosson

IN 1907 my father was engaged in the development of a ranch near the town of Star in Mills County, Texas. This property bordered on a stream known as Bennett Creek, and part of the development included the clearing of an island.

The initial plowing of this land revealed an amazing array of Indian artifacts—arrowheads, scrapers, broken pottery and grinding stones, along with numerous human skeletons and stones bearing odd markings. Also found were chipped stone figures laid out in the shape of a casket and underlaid with three or four inches of charcoal. These discoveries, coupled with the common knowledge of early Spanish activities in this district, created a wave of excitement among the local buried treasure enthusiasts. Divining rods and other devices were employed, but no treasure was found.

In the face of these failures someone hired a man named Thornhill, supposedly from Mexico City, to trace out the lines believed to lead to the buried treasure. The starting point was somewhere on the island. After studying the problem he ordered the treasure seekers to strike a line directly north so many *varas* (I use the word "ordered" deliberately, as he was quite arrogant). After the distance of about a mile had been carefully measured, he told them to dig down eighteen or twenty inches and they would find a flat stone some ten or twelve inches wide and eighteen inches long, chipped out in the shape of a casket. A little digging produced the stone, just as he predicted. Now his instructions were to go so many *varas* west, where a large pecan tree with a walnut wedge driven into it would be found. The tree was located. Some twenty feet up the trunk was a large rough scar. It was chopped into and found to be a wooden wedge made from the heart of black walnut. Obviously it had required many years for the tree to grow over the wedge.

His next orders were to go so many *varas* southeast, dig down about four feet and there find two human skeletons.

(Continued on page 66)

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Ghost Camp on the Big Horn

(Continued from page 23)

including "the use of a private saddle animal, free transportation to and from Cedarvale, a trip to Custer's Battlefield, fishing and camping and motor boating." He also guaranteed "refined surroundings . . . with the fullest assurance that no bad influence can enter their lives while there." Edith Barry was a Southerner and her gracious manner and thoughtfulness added to the charm of this western retreat.

VISITORS could relax in a yard with green lawns, shade trees—and no mosquitoes. Food was ample and well prepared. Most of it was produced on the ranch, the doctor realizing the advantages of a large garden and a herd of cows. Pure cold water was piped directly from a large spring. Ice was stored in the winter to refrigerate fresh meat throughout the summer. Game was often served, for the area abounded with wildlife—deer, mountain sheep, bear, grouse, sagehens, and other game birds. There was good trout fishing in the nearby mountain streams. Barry was one with the farsightedness to profit from the natural environment.

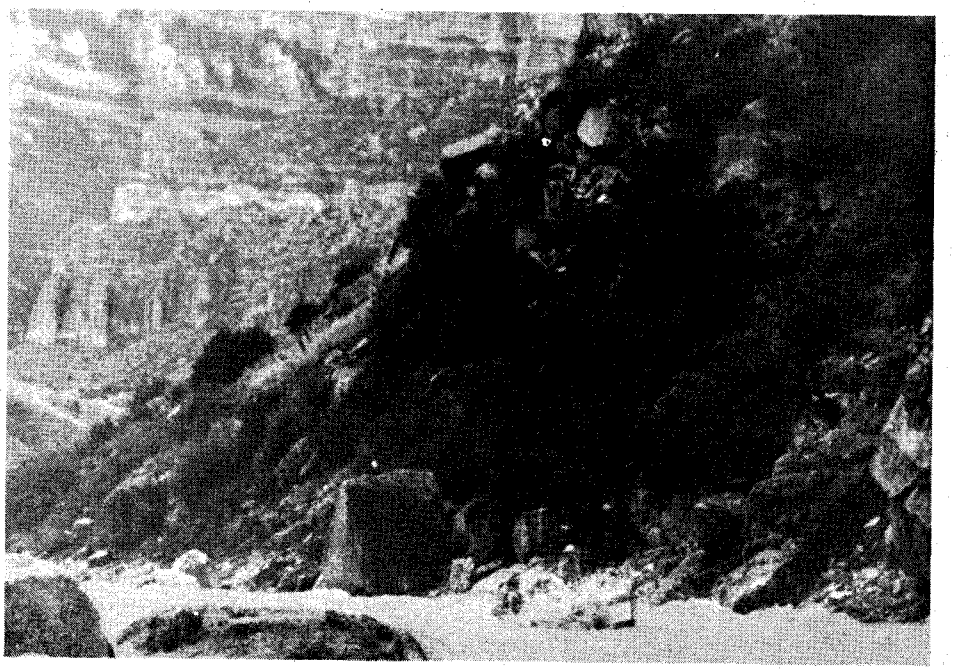
Rooms were added to the sprawling ranch house; fine silver and antique furniture belonging to the Barry family were brought from the East. Barry was a collector of first editions, and also had a large collection of oil paintings. Although he made the West his home he was not content to lose touch with the comforts and niceties of urban life. Hard work, he believed, earned a man the right to enjoy the things that he wanted.

As a sideline to his dude ranching, Barry turned to the breeding of English hackney horses. His step-son Claude was made manager of this enterprise, and it seems that these highly bred horses were ridden by the guests.

Along with the other operations there was silversmithing. Through friends back home, Dr. and Mrs. Barry heard of Eddie Hurlburt, orphaned in his youth, and invited him to Cedarvale. He became a permanent resident and made and marketed spurs, buckles, and other handcrafted silver pieces. In his later years Eddie was caretaker of Cedarvale.

Barry's dude ranching business continued until the late 1920s. Claude St. John was the Hillsboro postmaster when the nearby valleys became dotted with homestead cabins. A relative of Barry's, Mrs. Squires, came from the East and built a summer home on the north fork of Trail Creek.

TODAY only a few abandoned buildings remain of Cedarvale. Debris litters the sagging floors of the post office and the smithy. On the North Fork several stout cedar posts mark the site of what must have been a corral. And the waters of the Big Horn Lake have covered the last vestiges of the mining operations, the old dredge and rocker. The Bureau of Reclamation now controls the land that was Cedarvale Ranch, the home of an Easterner who transplanted all his hopes to this remote corner of the West.



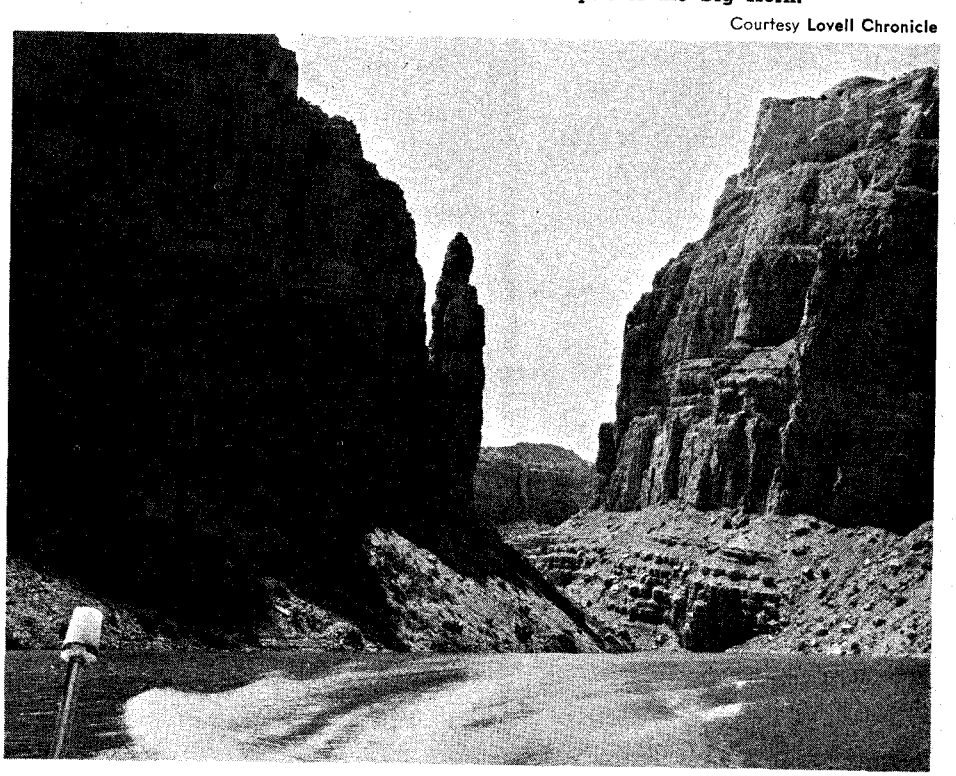
A boat navigating a rough expanse of water, before the filling of the reservoir.

Perhaps one of Dr. Barry's dreams—that this place be merited recognition as a recreation area—is coming true today. The waters of the Big Horn River, that unruly stream by which he brought his guests to Cedarvale, are now trapped by Yellowtail Dam, thirty miles below Trail Creek near Ft. Smith, Montana. Motorboating through those stupendous walls can be enjoyed now with safety, with one ramp at the mouth of Trail Creek called Barry's Landing after the doughty doctor who didn't live long enough to see the development of the potential he knew was there.

Perhaps this is just as well, for much that is sad has happened to Cedarvale over the years. In 1946 fire destroyed the main ranch house as well as all the valuable paintings, books, and antique furnishings. A new frame house was built by the St. Johns but it, too, burned in 1963. The house on North Fork has been razed. Time and vandals have completed the desolation and today there is little to show for the work, planning,

Looking down Devil's Canyon toward the main canyon of the Big Horn.

Courtesy Lovell Chronicle



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dedication, and hopes of the versatile New York physician. But he never knew, for he died in the early 1930s.

Dr. Barry diagnosed his own last illness and, when he wrote to the Mayo Clinic of Rochester, Minnesota describing his symptoms, his opinion was confirmed by the doctors there. He had a brain tumor, always fatal at that time. But he remained at his beloved Cedarvale until his last days. When hospitalization could be postponed no longer it was mid-winter, with roads impassable for anything but a wagon. Dr. Barry was bedded down in the wagon box which was tented over with a big tarpaulin. A small oil heater was placed inside. After traveling over the ten miles to the nearest railroad he was taken by train to a Billings hospital, where he spent his last days.

Those who remember Dr. Barry describe him as a big husky man, six feet two or three, who always wore a moustache. While in the West he never practiced medicine, but in emergencies he treated minor illnesses and set broken bones. He often preached the funeral services for neighbors.

Some of the local people claimed that he always wore a gun and was not a man to be crossed. There is the feeling that here was a stern, unyielding man when he had set his course. But there is evidence, too, that here was a man with a strong sense of justice. In 1906 one of his hired hands was found guilty of murder, with Barry's step-son who had seen the event, being the chief witness for the state. In spite of his certainty of the man's guilt, Dr. Barry hired a lawyer to defend him.

No doubt Barry was a man of great determination and driving ambition, but he seemed to have found time to make friends. In the possession of Mrs. St. John is a poem written by a guest of the ranch, extolling the wonders of Cedarvale. Signed simply C. E. W., the last lines are:

That golden-hearted matron
With her grand old southern style
And the sturdy old frontiersman
With a love for things worth while
Add to the joy of the traveller
Who tarries here by the Trail,
A life-long reminiscence
Of a day at "Cedarvale."

Heist in a West Texas Sandstorm

(Continued from page 41)

New Mexico authorities had been notified of the hold-up.

On Saturday, the 17th, a wire was received from Sheriff Steward of Eddy County, New Mexico, that two men fitting the description had been seen passing the Hobbs post office on Thursday, about 9:00 p.m., and again at a ranch house north of Monument Springs about two hours later. Steward said he was in the vicinity when he heard about the robbery and invesigated to no avail before returning to Eddy (present-day Carlsbad).

WITHIN a week $1,200 in rewards had been posted for the outlaws, $500 each by Governor Colquitt and the Texas Bankers Association, and $200 by the Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York, insurers of the bank.

Many of the citizens in the Seminole area believed that more than two men were involved in the robbery. This allegation was based on the belief that the two men probably knew that only one person would be in the bank, and because of the precaution they took of cutting the telephone wires. As a result, a member of a prominent area ranching family was indicted on March 26, but was acquitted for lack of evidence.

Two months passed without a clue; then a body was found on the San Simon Ranch northwest of Eunice, New Mexico, about fifty miles southwest of Seminole. The man was believed to be one of the robbers, killed for his share of the money. He was later identified as a man named Fuqua, but was never proven to have been one of the outlaws. Another body was found near Monument Springs, but again, no connection could be established with the Seminole robbery, nor was his murder ever solved.

It was not until October 1913 that any new evidence came to light in the crime. The sheriff of Brewster County, in the Big Bend region west of the Pecos River arrested a man near the Rio Grande who was thought to be one of the robbers. Sheriff J. M. Coker arrived in Seminole on October 14, from Sweetwater, with the man in custody. The suspect denied any part in the offense, and was confident he would be released as soon as he could get a hearing on a writ of *habeas corpus.*

A hearing was scheduled for November 19 in Seminole, with Circuit Judge Spencer presiding, but when the date came, defense witnesses did not appear. The hearing was rescheduled for December 4, and transferred to Lubbock, about eighty miles to the northeast.

After John Haney identified this man as one of the robbers, the application for writ of *habeas corpus* was withdrawn and he was held until the Gaines County court convened in the spring of 1914. But the case was again transferred to Lubbock, set for June 1, obviously due to problems in jury selection.

Things moved rapidly after that. The case was taken up by the District Court on June 2, and at 11:00 a.m. on the 4th it was turned over to the jury. At 3:00 that afternoon the jury asked to be dismissed, as it was hopelessly deadlocked at 6-6. The request was granted, and the case carried over to the fall term of the court.

When court was convened in the fall, the defense produced a witness who testified that the accused had been working with him in a railroad construction gang near Del Rio at the time of the Seminole National Bank robbery. The defendant was subsequently acquitted, but the residents of Seminole went home with many still believing that though others had a hand in the hold-up, the man just released was also guilty. So the truth remains hidden in the sand—stirred violently on that cold day in February.

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Bandit with the Post Hole Banks

(Continued from page 19)

BAILEY started his climb into the fraternity in the usual way—from the bottom. His first trips were as getaway driver where there was not too much chance of a disastrous slip-up. The experienced older heads handled the guns and made the plans.

Soon he was advanced to the job of scoop-up man, though others still handled the guns and did the planning. While they covered the victims Bailey's job was to get the money and stay out of the line of fire in case there was any shooting.

From there he went on to the gun-handling jobs and finally to the most important of all—the "front man." In this assignment he was running the whole bit: The first man in and the last man out. He had to watch his confederates as well as the bank people, acting as a balance wheel to keep down the shooting if possible. Most of the time the front man didn't want shooting by one of his men any more than he wanted some hero in the bank starting the fireworks.

At the end of 1920 Bailey was a full-fledged bank robber, with a yearly take of nearly six figures, if not more. By 1925 he was able to run the whole operation and call in other top-flight professionals to help with jobs as the occasion demanded. He had "arrived."

Several men had their own loose organizations, swapping people from one to the other so that very rarely were the same men in the same positions in successive robberies. Bailey or some other principal would decide to pull a job. After the location had been surveyed by him and another experienced man, they would get on long distance and put together a group to pull the job. After it was done, everyone would go his separate way for a week or ten days, and then by means of long distance decide where to get together again for the split. One outstanding thing about Harvey Bailey is the fact that he was always trusted to carry the whole proceeds of the holdup, no matter who else was present. Such trust by the underworld was almost unknown—truly a rare case of honor among thieves.

Bailey was an accepted and sought-after expert in the bank-robbing field all over the Midwest by 1925. It is generally conceded that his share of the take was never less than $100,000 a year after 1921, and before he was taken out of circulation it had climbed to several times that. He pulled from eight to twelve major holdups a year.

Bailey was identified as the getaway driver of the bunch who tapped the Denver mint for $200,000 in December 1922 while he was in his apprenticeship period. In September 1931, after somewhere between eighty and ninety jobs in between, he relieved the Lincoln National Bank of $2,000,000.

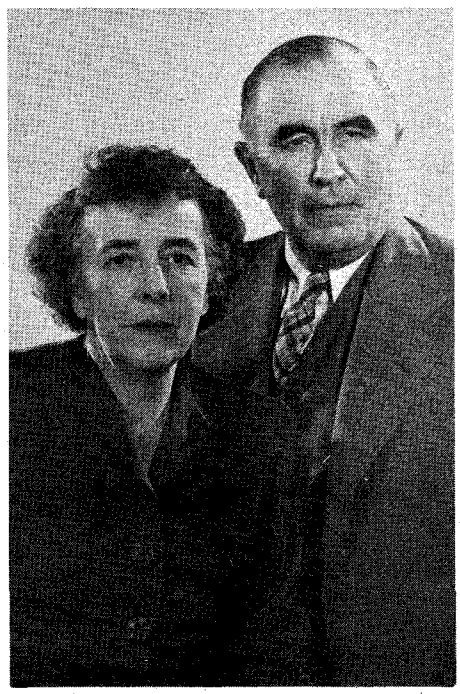
Harvey was identified as the leader of the men who robbed the Citizens National Bank of Fort Scott, Kansas in June 1932. He was always the professional. He ordered all the customers and employees to lie on the floor so they couldn't be seen, and also for safety if shooting should start. He wanted no gunplay at all, if possible.

Gus T. Jones in the 1930s, just after the capture of Harvey Bailey and the rest of the Urschel kidnappers.

HIS RANGE covered a wide area. There were hideouts from Wisconsin to West Texas—in Denver, Memphis, Hot Springs, St. Louis, and Chicago. When things got dull or too hot, there was always Florida or the West Coast. Along with several others of his circle he liked to play golf, and a golf course was a good place to cool off since few people, especially officers, associated these hot ones with this gentlemanly sport. With the kind of money Bailey had to spend it was not very hard to assume any kind of a pose that didn't take too much specialized education.

He took a real interest in investing in "real estate." The idea was to have a nest-egg in case of injury or other forced retirement; to take care of his family and close circle of friends he trusted; and to have a line of safe hideouts. Nobody will ever know just how many of these farms he set up. There were two on the Illinois and Wisconsin border, with easy means of crossing from one side to the other. There were at least two in West Texas, as well as several others in between. The main necessities were a good bed and shelter for a car with plenty of gas and oil.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Urschel.



But there was another use for these farms: Over the years Bailey had come to be known as the "post-hole" and/or the "thermos jug" banker. These numerous farms that he used for cooling-off had fenceposts that were handy as markers when burying gallon jugs filled with the proceeds from bank robberies. Such containers could be widely dispersed, so that one was never too far away in case of the need of a withdrawal.

Gus Jones said that nobody will ever know how many hundreds of thousands of dollars Harvey Bailey buried in this manner. Also he doubts that Bailey told anybody, even members of his family, where even a sizeable amount of this cash was hidden. It lay under the posts on farms all the way from Texas to Wisconsin.

Bailey's was a treasure several times greater than the buried loot of Captain Kidd—and more than the loot of Jesse James, the Daltons, and Sam Bass all put together. When Gus told me this, he just half-grinned and shook his head. In all probability, most of it is still waiting for a finder.

BY mid-1932 the meteoric career of Harvey Bailey was drawing to a close. The Fort Scott bank holdup in June brought about an alert for a bunch of government bonds, among other things.

About three weeks later two big-time Chicago hoods, Tom Holden and Francis Keating, with a companion were teeing off on the golf course at Kansas City when they were surrounded by a posse. These two were wanted for a shoot-out escape from Leavenworth over two years earlier. Their companion claimed to be just an innocent acquaintance, but when the police shook him down they found one of the Fort Scott government bonds with a surrender value of a thousand dollars. His fingerprints were those of Harvey Bailey, and employees of the Fort Scott bank identified him as the calm and efficient robber. It didn't take the judge and jury long to say "twenty-five years," which he started at Kansas State Prison at Lansing.

A man with the experience and connections of Harvey Bailey would not be long in learning the ropes of the "inside." Along with a number of others Harvey was put into a shop that manufactured twine out of sisal hemp. It was used for securing sheaves of corn and other grain, and was known as binder twine, a most necessary item on a farm.

One day in May 1933 one of the bales of hemp made life a little more interest-

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ing, for concealed inside it was a handsome gift of five .38 Smith & Wessons. A couple of days later Bailey's group and several more escaped with some hostages after a minor firefight in which Bailey was wounded in the leg. Eventually part of the gang made it to a hideout in Wise County, Texas. This farm was owned by a Mr. Shannon who had a well-known son-in-law by the name of George (Machine-gun) Kelly.

Soon Bailey was off to one of his own farms to pick up a supply of working cash and a new Ford V-8 which was quickly becoming the preferred transportation of the robber fraternity. The car was inconspicuous, plentiful, and FAST.

Soon after Harvey was back in circulation one of the historic crimes of this country took place—the Urschel kidnapping. Two men who were in the same league with Bailey, Machine-gun Kelly and Albert Bates, planned to get into the real big-time by kidnapping a rich Oklahoma oil man. Federal heat had been put on bank robbing and had cut down on its attraction.

True, the Lindbergh Law had just been passed, but there had been no conviction under it and it was still rather nebulous to the underworld. Bates and Kelly went to Oklahoma City and kidnapped Charles Urschel from the porch of his house about 9 p.m. on July 22, 1933. Mrs. Urschel immediately telephoned J. Edgar Hoover in Washington, setting in motion one of the big manhunts of all time.

The FBI men on the case were headed by Gus Jones, and they stood by until the ransom was paid and the oil man was freed. Then they got down to business. With the cooperation of Urschel, the federal investigation began to unearth some amazing facts. Though blindfolded during his captivity, Urschel heard a plane fly over every day, and managed to ask the time on several occasions. One day there was a thunderstorm and it did not fly.

He noted that one of the men talked about Texas politics. He also remembered certain details regarding the room in which he was held. By checking weather reports and airline schedules the location of the farm was spotted. More FBI investigation turned up the fact that the farm was owned by Boss Shannon, the father-in-law of Machine-gun Kelly who was wanted for a number of Federal violations. The FBI was ready to move.

IN the sixty days more or less that Bailey had been in circulation he had been pretty much on the move, and several times had spent the night at the Shannon farm as a guest but close enough to the operation to be asked to keep an eye on things while Kelly and Bates were off collecting the Urschel ransom money. Unluckily for him he was magnificently rewarded for this small service with a thousand dollars of the ransom money when the split-up was made.

The main kidnappers had left the farm just a few hours before the FBI posse headed by Gus Jones hit it, but Bailey had stayed on to get a night's sleep in the cool outdoors of the farmyard—with a .45 automatic under his pillow and a tommy-gun on the ground beside the cot. Gus Jones ran over to where Bailey was sleeping, picked up the machine gun and checked it, then roughly prodded its owner in the ribs with it.

There was a "looking match" for a minute or so before Bailey resignedly said, "Aw hell, Mr. Jones, a fellow has to sleep *sometime*." This was the submachinegun that Gus Jones kept for the rest of his service with the FBI, and he called it "Harvey."

Bailey was lodged in the Dallas County jail along with several of the Urschel kidnappers, but bribed a guard to let him escape. Soon, however, he was picked up in Ardmore, Oklahoma, from where it was not even necessary to extradite him for trial in Oklahoma City with the rest of the kidnappers. By the end of September they had all been rounded up, tried, and were headed for Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary—the leaders for life and Harvey Bailey for twenty-five years.

The prisoners served their sentences in various ways. In the fall of 1934 Harvey Bailey, along with a number of others, was transferred to newly opened Al-

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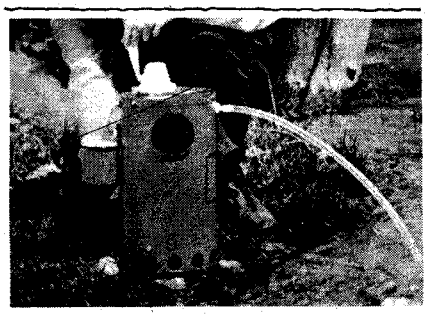

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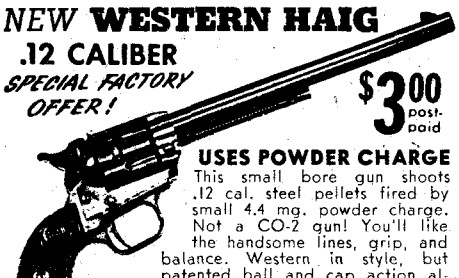

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catraz. Most of this bunch eventually returned to Leavenworth in 1952, Bailey among them because of the ransom money found in his pocket. By 1962 he had served his term for his part in the Urschel federal case, but then had to go to the Kansas State Penitentiary at Lansing to complete his sentence for the Fort Scott bank robbery of 1932—a sentence he had cut short in May 1933.

By 1962 he was a white-haired, seventy-six-year-old man, and only one deputy warden was needed to drive him those six miles between the prisons. A sad commentary on the man who had escaped from the "escape-proof" Dallas County jail in Texas.

About a year before Gus Jones died, he was reminiscing about the old days and that is when he made the remark that nobody would ever know how much loot Harvey Bailey buried, and "even poor old Harvey has probably forgotten where he buried most of it." So that will have to be the end of it, for Harvey Bailey, if still living, will be eighty-six years old, and those mile-posts will have taken their toll of the fence posts—both in desire and location.

The Golden Clay

(Continued from page 29)

bank gold. To that end he kept checking Mojave County records where the claim would have to be filed. No such claim ever showed up.

Miller's friend, Mahone, seemed assured that he could go directly to the gold filled clay, so when Miller's annual vacation time came, they and a young Hualapai, Claude Susytame, headed into the desert. Both Indians were experienced in the burning, waterless wastelands.

Old Mahone guided them directly to a tiny basin that he believed was the right one. But there was no clay bank under a ridge and no evidence that any prospector had ever been there. Test holes were dug to see if the debris buried by Hackett Elmore could be found.

Badly puzzled, Mahone led them to a second oasis and then to a third. All were mere pockets in which a little moisture appeared from the parched ground. Birds and a few wild animals watered there. None of them contained clay of any color.

Young Susytame, son of the famous chief of the same name, was perplexed too. The Hualapai Indians, at one time in their history, had occupied most of the waterholes in the Mojave Desert. If anyone knew the location of all the seeps and springs, Mahone was certainly that man. The morning they prepared to leave the third seep, the sun did not show. The sky was overcast and a low yellow haze covered the southwestern horizon.

"Come much sand," Mahone warned ominously. He advised that they hole up where they were until the approching storm blew out. Miller, however, had stayed longer than planned already; his wife would be waiting impatiently to spend the rest of their vacation in southern California.

At Miller's insistence the three men started riding north. At noon the first blowing sand hit them in a howler. In an hour they could see no landmark to guide them on. However, old Mahone took them directly through the blindness to a solid stone wall in low ground, which he said was on an ancient Indian trail. Waterless, unable to cook a bite to eat, they remained there until late the next day.

Starting on north again, Mahone sized up the situation and took them to an alkali waterhole. Beside it, dying, they found a bearded prospector. His wasted body showed days of privation. He was able to husk out a few words. "Found—Elmore's gold. Got—nuggets in burro pack."

An hour later they had him buried in the sand, a pile of rocks heaped over his grave to mark it. There was no burro around, and it would be impossible to track down the animal after the storm had riffled the wasteland's surface.

IN subsequent years Miller, with Mahone and several other Hualapai and Mojave Indians, searched the desert for Elmore's clay gold. So did scores of others, for the saga of the gold-filled clay had become widespread. Then, as today, it was known by several names—Lost Gold Nugget Mine, Lost Elmore Mine, Big Gold Nuggets and so on. Most desert prospectors always referred to it as the Golden Clay because of the peculiar deep color of both metal and soil.

At the time Mahone guided Miller into the desert, the old Indian was going blind. Miller always believed that fading eyesight alone prevented Mahone from finding the right oasis.

Claude Susytame, on the other hand, always believed the gold-laden clay was halfway between old Fort Mojave and Peach Springs, *north* of the Santa Fe Railroad. Several times he hunted there (I went with him twice) because his noted father always insisted that gold nuggets in clay could be found in that part of the desert.

Obviously there must be two such places of golden clay. Elmore's find is well documented. The Indian account of nuggets in the upper Mojave Desert is a tribal secret. The few who know about it are honest and truthful men and women who have sought it many times.

U. S. Highway 66, Interstate 40, has a road turning south from it to Topock. Today most hunters enter the desert from there, or from Lake Havasu City, farther south on the river. The search area is the southern vastness of the Mojave Desert from just north of Crossman Peak, 4,430 feet elevation, to Mojave Spring, and west of Buck Mountain Wash.

All the risks encountered in an unmarked desert, especially during the hot summer months, exist here. Greenhorns inexperienced in the wastelands should never attempt hunting this lost gold unless accompanied by men who know their way around. Lack of water, heat stroke and becoming lost are ever-present dangers. Many men have gone into the Mojave Desert who were never seen alive again.

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 5)

shot. Any information would be appreciated.—Walter A. Ford, 2717 Greenwood, Pueblo, Colorado 81003

Rice

I would like to correspond with anyone having information on descendants of Thomas Rice and Casandra (Littleton) Rice of North Carolina who lived in Butler, Bates County, Missouri in 1860 and moved to Texas during the Civil War. Their children married families of Hixson, Levlon, Brewer, Baldwin and others, from various states.—Mrs. Raymond Quigley, 351 West Carlton, Tracy, California 95376

Dawkins

I'd like very much to contact someone who can tell me something about a man named Wesly Dawkins who was gored to death by a bull on a ranch near Lampasas, Texas several years ago. I think he might have been my ex-brother-in-law. Any information will be appreciated.

Also, I would like to contact my old schoolteacher who read my story "The First Time I Saw Santa Claus" which was published in the Waco, Texas paper Christmas (1971).—Carl A. Osborn, Box 507, Rifle, Colorado 81650

Dutch Henry

I need background information on one "Dutch Henry" who was sixteen years old in 1855, went west, and developed into the most astute cattle and horse thief in a day when stock stealing was a capital offense. He was a partner in the Dutch Henry-Tom Owens gang of rustlers, operating in Kansas, and was an associate of Curry and Butch Cassidy. Dutch Henry later became a partner of Ben Tasker who murdered him in the vicinity of Desert Springs on the Old Spanish Trail to California and burned the body.—Eileen Conley Peters, 7465 Lawrence Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21222

Brandon

Would like to hear from descendants of Dennie, Jimmy Willie and Ada Brandon who originally came to Texas in the late 1890s or early 1900s from Cannon County, Woodbury, Tennessee.

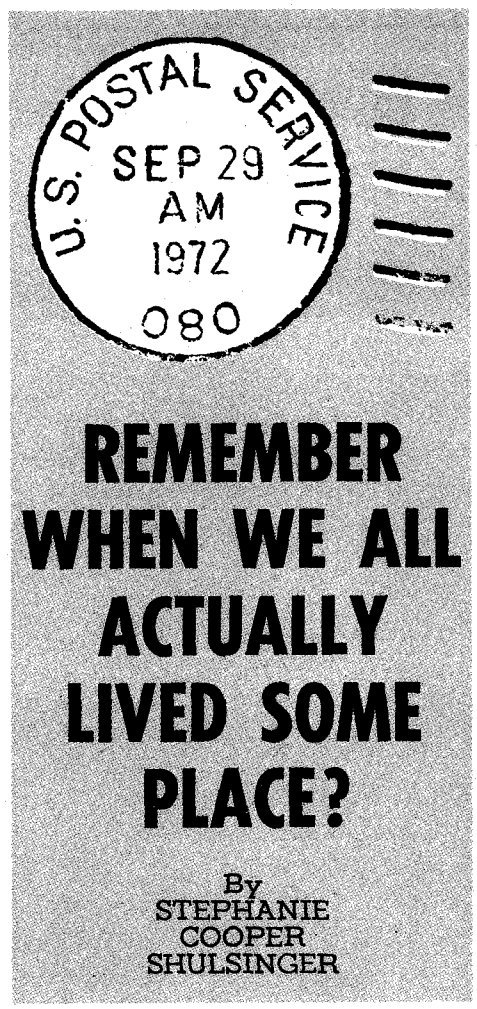
In checking family history, I find they are my great-aunt and uncles. Some are believed to have lived in or around Houston, Texas in 1915 or 1916; also one in Fannin County.

Ada married Dave Sneed. Their father was Richard Brandon. Can any of the Texas Brandons help me in tracing my family?—Ruth McClanahan, El Patio Motel, Spur, Texas 79370

Wilkinson-Van Landingham

My grandfather William Washington Wilkinson was the oldest of five brothers who came West from Missouri by wagon-train. The brothers were, as far as I can trace, James, Grant, Frank and Robert. William was married before he married my grandmother and his first wife passed

(Continued on page 72)



Part III
WASHINGTON

Anacortes (Skagit Co.)—a stylized version of the name of Anna Curtis, wife of the town's founder.

Artic (Grays Harbor Co.)—originally called "Arta" to honor a local lady, the town's name was later misspelled by post office officials.

Battle Ground (Clarke Co.)—site of an early Indian battle.

Bee (Pierce Co.)—so named for an apiary which was there.

Blockhouse (Klickitat Co.)—established in 1856 as a fort for government troops fighting the Indians.

Bow (Skagit Co.)—named after the Bow railroad station in London, England.

Bush Prairie (Thurston Co.)—named for George Bush, a pioneer black rancher.

Cle Elum (Kittitas Co.)—an Indian term meaning "swift waters."

Cougar (Cowlitz Co.)—apparently the local folks picked this name because it sounded good.

Dewatto (Mason Co.)—the local Indians' name for a place they considered haunted by spirits.

Dixie (Walla Walla Co.)—named for the favorite song of a couple of local musicians.

Duckabush (Kitsap Co.)—from an Indian word meaning "reddish face."

Enumclaw (King Co.)—an Indian word meaning "home of evil spirits."

Fishtrap (Lincoln Co.)—named for the Indians' method of fishing in a nearby lake.

Florence (Snohomish Co.)—named by a postmaster for an old flame.

Friday Harbor (San Juan Co.)—named after an old Kanaka (Hawaiian islander) sheepherder who insisted that his name was "Friday."

Gig Harbor (Pierce Co.)—so named because it accommodated small vessels.

Glenoma (Lewis Co.)—from "glen" meaning "valley" and "oma," a Hebrew word for "a measure of grain."

Humptulips (Grays Harbor Co.)—Indian word meaning "hard to pole."

Index (Snohomish Co.)—named for a finger-shaped rock formation.

Keller (Ferry Co.)—named for J. C. Keller's tent store, founded there in 1898.

Kettle Falls (Stevens Co.)—named for a kettle-shaped basket the Indians used for fishing.

Kitsap (Co.)—named for a fierce Indian war chief and medicine man.

Klickitat (Co.)—an Indian tribal name.

La Push (Clallam Co.)—in the Chinook jargon, means "mouth," a corruption of the French "la bouche" (the mouth).

Mukilteo (Snohomish Co.)—Indian word meaning "good campground."

Neah Bay (Clallam Co.)—from the name of a Makah Indian Chief.

Omak (Okanogan Co.)—from an Indian word, "omache," which means "powerful medicine," presumably referring to curative powers of local waters.

Palouse (Whitman Co.)—from the French "pelouse," meaning "grasslands."

Poulsbo (Kitsap Co.)—from the name of a small Norwegian town.

Puyallup (Pierce Co.)—an Indian name, meaning "generous people."

Pysht (Clallam Co.)—Chinook jargon for "fish."

Sedro-Woolley (Skagit Co.)—the combined names of two early towns which consolidated. Sedro was misspelled Spanish (cedro) for "cedar," and Woolley was the name of an early land developer.

Soap Lake (Grant Co.)—the nearby lake has very soapy water.

Steilacoom (Pierce Co.)—named for an Indian chief.

Steptoe (Whitman Co.)—named for Colonel E. J. Steptoe, who was defeated in battle by local Indians.

Tiger (Pend Oreille Co.)—named for an early settler, George Tiger.

Tukwila (King Co.)—an Indian word meaning "land of hazelnuts."

Tulalip (Snohomish Co.)—from an Indian word meaning "narrow-necked bay."

Usk (Pend Oreille Co.)—named for the Usk River in Wales.

Wenatchee (Chelan Co.)—from an Indian word meaning "river flowing from a canyon."

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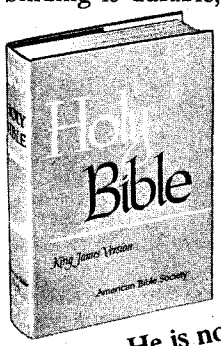

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The Treasure of Alamo Canyon

(Continued from page 36)

They must have been there for a long time after they got mules and burros. There is a canyon in the mountains where there are still numbers of black burros—a nuisance to the cattlemen. One mule could carry two of those bars.

"When the Indians [Aztecs] learned that the Spanish were coming to rob them, they started all the mules they had east with the gold bars; and this load they buried near Clyde. To conceal the rest, they buried it and tamped the opening with earth to make it look like a natural formation. They either thought it unnecessary to destroy the arrastres and vats, or had no time to do it, for they are there yet.

"But it is useless to go to the Sacramentos until we find another sign; the chart states that below the ruby there is much water."

"What good would it do?" I asked Ward.

"I don't know; but we must find everything for which the chart calls before going to the mountains."

WARD and his men excavated a well-like opening in the triangle to a layer of rock. When it was broken with dynamite, one man could hardly get out of the well before the water overtook him. It flooded the basin. Mr. Ward hired someone with a gas engine to pump it dry. He laid down planks and they resumed operations; but they found nothing.

Again he was short of operating funds. The banker who had invested when he saw the ruby, refused to risk more. Again he sold stock on the street and hit for the Sacramentos. The site was plainly marked on the chart. It was on a high mesa, one overlooking the White Sands. The chart found in the basin clearly indicated the location of the buried treasure, but the place looked so much like a natural formation that Mr. Ward was discouraged.

He checked and rechecked his directions. He was right; and he proceeded with his excavations. The summers were too short to accomplish much, and he knew it might require many to reach the treasure. He hired several men, and they set to work.

One evening a Mr. Johnson was hunting. In a crevice in a ledge of rock he found a silver stirrup, rusted but silver. Another workman found a bridle bit of the same metal. When cold weather caused them to stop work, Mr. Ward took those things to a museum in Los Angeles to have them identified. The scientists know of no workmanship corresponding to the design on them. It had been done by artists, but no known ones. The designs were unlike anything they had seen. They wished to analyze the metal and Mr. Ward let them cut a small piece. Analysis showed silver with a small amount of iron, enough to account for the rust.

The next spring, scientists visited the locale. One found an old irrigating ditch, which he estimated to date back 500 years. They found clay-lined conduits for water to the smelters. They examined the arrastres and retorts and agreed that it could have been a mining country long before 1492. But they were very skeptical as to there being treasure buried in the vicinity.

I joined Mr. Ward at Alamo Canyon, out of Alamogordo. We climbed the side of the hill and looked about. We found a cave with the opening sealed with masonry, or with an earthen fill. We got picks, shovels, and dynamite and blew down this enclosure. Inside, on the north wall of the cave, about 6′ above our heads, we saw a familiar object—a copy of the Chart Stone! That was like greeting an old friend. The identity of the cave was established. It was just where the directions had indicated, and it had an additional clue that caused Mr. Ward to say he couldn't get his breath. It said that there are forty burroloads of gold and thirty-three bars of silver hidden there, besides other treasure.

IN 1927 we had a steam shovel in there digging. Search at Las Alamegres had been active in 1907 and 1909, but if anything was found it was not made public. I did not know of Las Alamegres until I met Ward at Alamogordo.

We formed a company and began working. The first thing we did was to remove that Chart Stone and make a cast of it. It was already split into two parts, and neither was of any value without the other.

The people who made that chart did not use the signs of the compass as we do. To them colors indicated directions: red, north; blue, east; green, south; yellow, west. The placing of a colored stone indicates the direction to be taken. If two of different colors are found together, such as red and yellow, the northwest is indicated. At the end of the third red stone, we found a brown one, which meant we were to turn from north to west. As we went, we found aqueducts made of clay and bordered with sand in alternate layers. We knew we had not reached the proximity of the treasure, for there were too many signs yet to be found.

I began looking for something of importance; it turned out to be the Chart Stone again. With hammer and chisel I ran the surface rock and found a casting made for fusing iron ore and silica, and cast in the form of a disc two inches thick in the center. Tapering to the edges it was about one-fourth inch thick. It was 27″ in diameter and under it was a half-bushel of pure white sand. Under the sand was the Chart Stone imbedded in the solid rock in a niche prepared for it.

Under the Chart Stone was a small one, half black, half white. At the end of it was a splash of brown stain, edged with green indicating that the direction was to be southwest. After making this run, which was in the shape of a spiral, we came to a black stone. Inch by inch we made a search. Three weeks' work was required to find the hidden sign, a

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round hole in the wall containing the third chart made upon human skin. Tanned upon it had been burned the symbols on the Chart Stone. Back of it were three skulls, one of an owl, one of a hawk and another of a squirrel. The chart made no reference to these, but the people who did this work left nothing to chance. We decided that the meaning was that we were to work by day like a hawk, at night as an owl does, and provide for supplies as a squirrel. We were to work night and day, winter and summer; but conditions in cold weather made it impossible.

FROM the chart we had our directions and approximate time for the completion of our task. We were to continue excavation following a spiral into the mountain.

The excavation is almost horizontal. In three areas which we termed stories, there is division into three sections each. We went down 105′; at that depth we found another Chart Stone; then we went down another 35′. We followed a left-handed spiral; and at 78′ we reached a solid floor containing fossils. Do I think those were placed there? I surely do. Those people did nothing in half measures.

Under that layer of rock we found one of our strongest identifications. After putting in a round of shots and developing two angles to a corner which agreed with the compass, we found two arrows. We went on at an angle of 90 degrees. We struck masonry looking like slabs, set together with mortar. There we found yellow sand.

We followed through this 88′ and established two boundaries. One day our drill sank suddenly into some soft material and we knew we had gone through the strata. By placing a small shot at that strategic area, we uncovered another Chart Stone.

Winter came and we had to close down because of the conditions of the road. I paid Ward $2,700 for a half interest in this mine. When Ward and his three men were working outside in a little creek in the mountains, they found eleven bars of silver.

At 37′ I found a hidden sign on a ledge of limestone running through this smelter; it was about 3′ thick and the chart indicated a stone ledge. We worked the area over, 6′ each way, punched it out with a steel punch, hoping to find an engraved sign of some kind. Three days we spent in the examination; we went over it in 3″ squares and did it carefully.

On the afternoon of the third day my brother tapped the ledge with a prospector's pick. He got a hollow sound. We gathered 'round. He gave a fast tap and over came a core which was so neatly and nicely done that there was not the slightest seam to indicate it. Underneath this covering was an oval, 4½″ in diameter, filled with the white sand; and through it we found eleven silver nuggets.

The place had been a cave at one time, how deep we don't know, but we estimated that it would have taken 3,500 men

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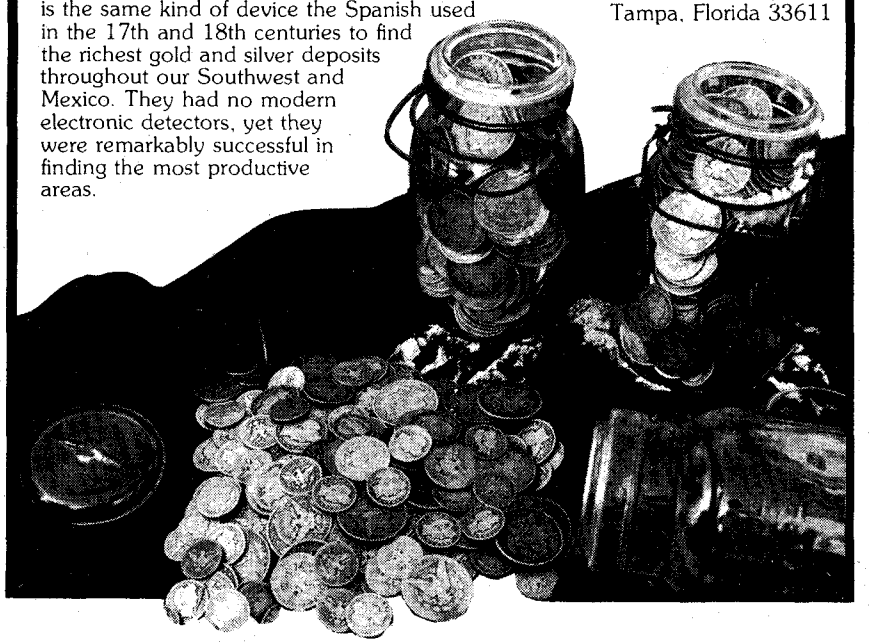

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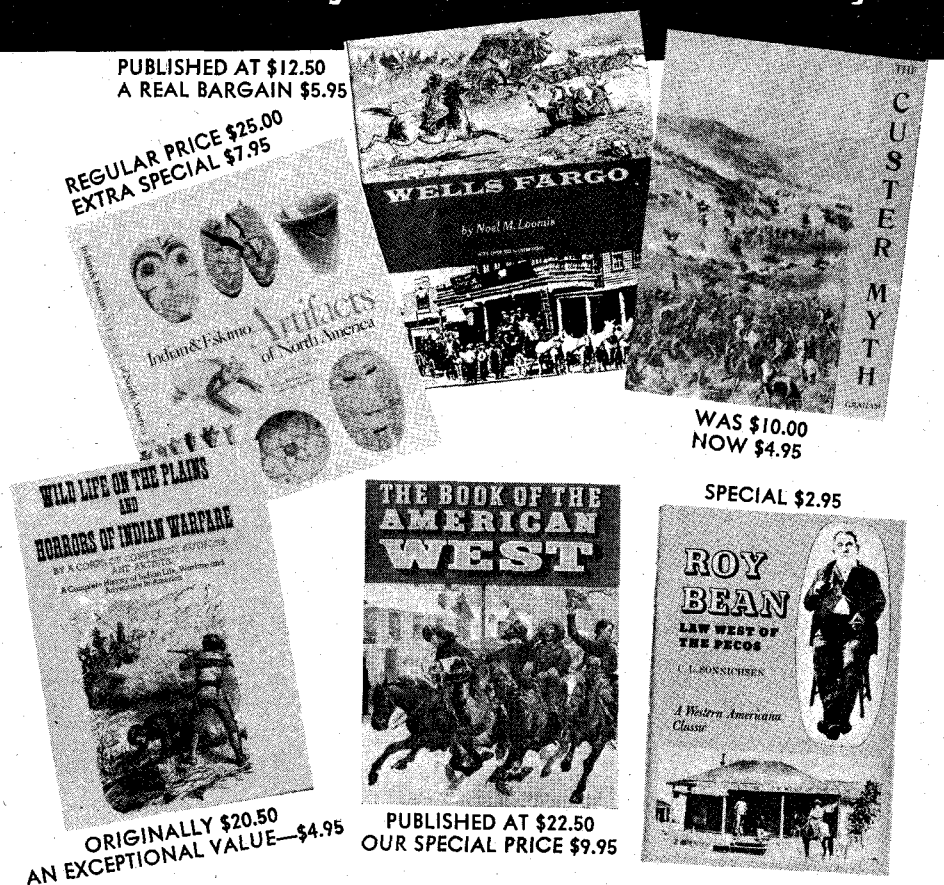

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three and a half years to fill and tamp it. We found it amazing. Hidden somewhere there is a stack of gold bars 10'x12'x16'.

In identifying colors of stones used to designate directions one has to use water. When dry, they show little change of color but when wet, the hues show. The hidden sign that I found was at 37'. A ledge of limestone running through the primitive smelter was about 3' thick. By consulting the Chart Stone we knew that we would run into a limestone ledge. I should explain that the original Chart Stone had been intentionally broken into two pieces and not buried together, but some distance apart. Without both pieces, nobody could have interpreted directions.

The caravan that took the gold toward the east—there was enough to have made a stack of gold bars 10'x12'x15'. This cargo was supposed to have reached central Texas. Did just part of this amount get through? Again, nobody knows. Some of it may have been cached in the White Sands; some in the Malpais; and some on the Pecos.

Of the men who worked there not one knew of my experience at Clyde, but one of these men drew exactly the same symbols I had seen at Clyde.

GOING back to the excavation in the Sacramentos: We went down 105' into the earth. There was not sufficient air for men to live, much less work at that depth without a pump. So we installed one.

We estimated that there must be 20 ox-cartloads in there and that we were very close to it. Then this man, I never knew his real name, we just called him Tex—well, he began talking of gold doubloons and a solid gold cross eight feet in height. But the Chart Stone had not called for that. And if it were true, it meant that the Spanish must have placed it there, for the Indians did not have either of these things.

I was so sure we were close that I began worrying about what we would do with the treasure when we got it. I investigated and found that the government takes 90%. That is a big chunk, but it would still leave us a fortune. The big problem was trying to keep a reasonable share for ourselves.

We weren't but about a hundred miles from Mexico, and if we could just get it across the line, we could sell it there. Then we wouldn't have to pay the government. I didn't want to cheat the government, but thought that if we took some of it out and reported what was left we'd still be doing more than what was right. So I considered getting an old beat-up car for carrying the stuff, one that no customs officer would suspect of having a valuable load.

Even so, it would take many loads, many trips, to transport a half, or even a third. The car would be heavy and we dared not take the risk of bogging down in the sand somewhere. There was a fence at that time on the border.

And then, too, there was the Catholic Church to consider. Nobody can be dishonest with a church. Nobody would dare to do that. So if we did find the cross, it must be restored to its original owners. And I wondered if the government would be as honest with them as we planned to be.

Do I think that Mexicans, fearing that the Spanish would rob them of their treasures, might have brought them to the top of this flat mountain and excavated this hiding place? I can't see why. They'd have had a good or better hiding place in their own country. And they'd have had to climb about a mile over a winding narrow trail via High Rolls and the rim to get this great bulk to the top. No. That's most impossible. Besides, there were mines in the Sacramentos, five of which we know. And the wood and water was there. It was much easier to carry the ore to the water, with which they could make charcoal for smelting the ore. Both the ore, water and gold were right there on top of this mesa.

Where did the Indians get drills? They had copper ones. We found some. If they did no metal work, they could have got them from the Mexicans. They used copper for many things—kettles, money, drills—lots of things.

Winter was coming; we were out of money to pay the men and though some of them would have stayed and worked for a percentage of the treasure, we could not even feed them. So we had to abandon the project.

Only one man could possibly have put up money to go on with the work; and us so close to the gold. That was the man from Seattle. But he'd already spent a lot, $20,000 I believe, and had lost faith in the venture.

So we're giving it up. Who can go against astrology? Had the stars suddenly gone bad on us? Oh, no. They were just in different positions; that's all.

* * * *

WHEN I had an opportunity to talk with Mrs. Frame, I found that she, who at times had been as enthusiastic as her husband, had also lost courage and wanted to quit. "When," she asked, "if we are ever to have a home and enjoy it, are we to do it? We are getting old and have made no provision for age because we have always thought the treasure would take care of us. Now I want to get far enough away that Arch won't be tempted to undertake another summer's work.

"I have the promise of a job in a hospital in a small town in California. I can stay at home and work. He can raise a garden and chickens. He can do repair work as he has here, and you know he is very efficient at it."

Many more than seven years elapsed before I wrote his story. Indirectly, I heard that Mr. Frame had died; Mrs. Frame was still employed in the hospital. When I asked their address, Mrs. Frame's sister replied that they had not wanted people to know where they were and that she could not give it. Mrs. Frame did not want anyone else to sacrifice a home and a normal life for treasure hunting.

And is the gold still there? Or was it ever there? I just don't know.

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The Frozen Priest of Pembina

(Continued from page 25)

ple in that part of the country. But Father Goiffon's party was not molested on that autumn day in 1860.

Not long after passing St. Cloud, the party approached St. Paul. They camped on the outskirts, hobbling the oxen to graze. At the camping place, Father Goiffon and the Morneaus met some people from the Red River settlement, in the area that is now the Canadian city of Winnipeg in Manitoba. They were Sam and Hugh Pritchard with their nephew Johnny Matheson, and it was arranged that all would make the return journey together. They would leave the first week in October, which would give Goiffon ten days in St. Paul.

During that time the young priest acquired a horse—a fine four-year-old. He also made a few purchases—things for the church and a few for himself, including the window sash—and had them carefully packed in his carts.

ALTHOUGH most of Goiffon's time was spent in business at the Bishop's Palace, when the day of the company's departure arrived, he had to send word that he was not ready. He suggested that if the Morneaus would wait one more day for him, they could leave together and would likely catch up with the larger party in a day or two. So the Red River people went ahead.

The next day the priest and his friends set off as planned, Father Goiffon riding beside the carts on his new horse. They made good progress the first day. It was warm, glorious autumn weather which was fortunate, as by mistake the cart with their tents had gone ahead with the Pritchards and they had to sleep in the open.

They were delayed for a day, replacing an axle that had given way, and although they hurried on, they still had not caught up with the party ahead after a week's travel.

After passing New Richardson there were more delays, caused by a broken wheel and more axle trouble, and Goiffon's anxiety at his long absence increased. His parishioners had now been without a priest over two months. There was no one to say Mass, no one to perform baptisms, no one to attend the old, the sick and the dying. Finally he told the Morneaus that he had decided to push ahead on his horse, which traveled so much faster than the oxen.

"The weather is fine and warm," he said. "My horse is a good one and I feel sure I can reach Pembina in about four days. I can delay no longer."

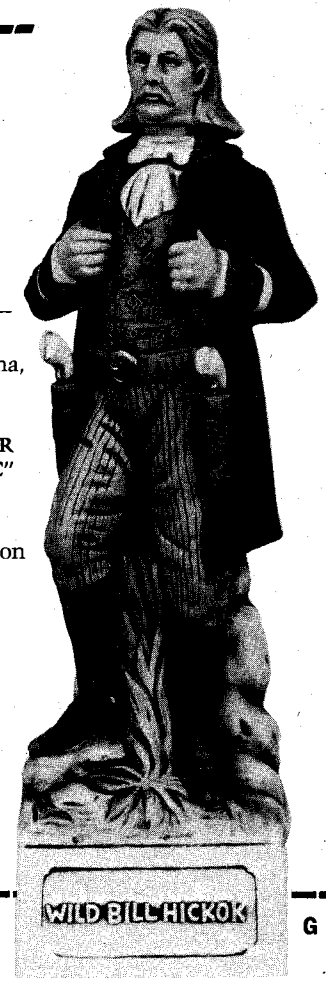
"But you cannot go alone, Father," said Paul Morneau. "You cannot carry the things you need."

"My people need me," Paul was told. "I must go on."

Charles joined his brother in the protest. "If the weather should break, you could be in trouble. You're not dressed warmly enough to travel by horse; you have only summer clothing. Please stay with the carts," he pleaded.

But Goiffon would not be persuaded.

HE WORE TWO PISTOLS-- EVEN WHEN HE SLEPT!



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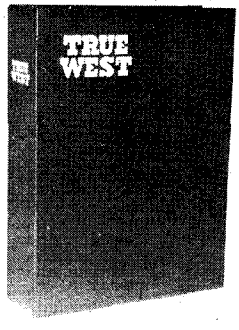

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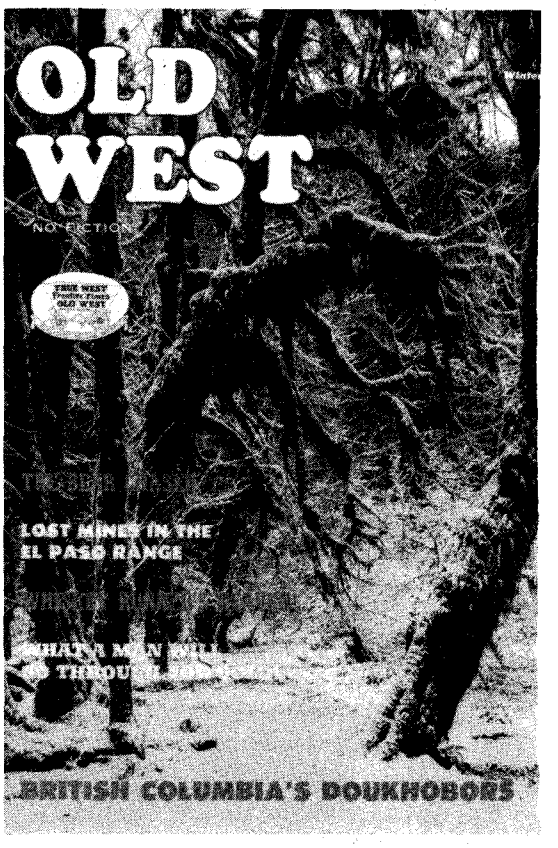

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"The weather cannot change that quickly," he said, glancing at the blue sky. "I will be in Pembina before it does."

So on Tuesday, taking a small supply of food for the four days' travel, and refusing more from the stores which had dwindled during the delays, the priest rode on ahead.

The weather had been exceptionally fine, clear and warm day after day. The Morneaus knew it couldn't last much longer. A quick drop in temperature could bring on snow and extreme cold and even a bad blizzard.

"God grant that the fine weather holds," said Paul as they watched Goiffon out of sight. "If it changes, what will become of him?" He was too inexperienced, too new to the country to go on alone.

The new horse traveled well and at sunset the priest made camp near a patch of brush. The next evening he reached Red Lake River and there met one of his parishioners, a Metis named Demarais, camping beside the river. Demarais had disquieting news. A sickness was going around and many of the people were ill. Paul Dubois was dead, and Pierre Leroux was holding to life only in the hope of seeing his beloved priest once again. The two men talked long in the warmth of the fire and slept that night by a clump of willows where the city of Grand Forks now stands.

The next day was All Saints' Day, November 1. The priest, more impatient than ever to reach Pembina, left early in the morning, his small supply of food supplemented by a handful of berries given to him by Demarais. All day he traveled in the sunshine, thinking of the Morneaus' fears about the weather.

Late that night he saw a large fire near the banks of the Great Salt River and realized he had caught up with the Red River party at last. They gave him a warm welcome but were surprised to find him alone. While he sat by the fire and drank hot tea, Goiffon told of the Morneaus' mishaps and his own anxiety to reach Pembina.

THE next morning a fine rain had set in, but the priest was still eager to press on. The Pritchards tried to dissuade him. He was lightly clad in a summer cassock, a light-weight capote, French boots and his French hat. With the rain, the Grand Traverse would be dangerous even for an experienced traveler.

"The rain will soon be over. I must go on," he said. "My horse travels quickly. I will reach Pembina tonight," he reassured them. The best they could do was to get him to promise that if the rain continued he would not try to cross the Grand Traverse alone.

"A daft lad," muttered Scottish Hugh Pritchard as Father Goiffon started off alone in the rain.

He covered the ten miles to Little Salt River in good time, but his light clothing was soon wet through. Nevertheless, he didn't take shelter, the picture of poor Pierre, clinging to life until he would come, erasing all else from his mind. At the Grand Traverse, though a solid wall of rain faced him, he was tempted to go on—but he remembered his promise to the Pritchards and camped overnight, wrapped in his buffalo robe.

When Father Goiffon roused the next morning, he was appalled to find that the rain had changed to snow. A heavy white blanket, eight or ten inches deep, lay over everything, blown into long ridges by a sharp northwest wind. He was worried, of course, but too inexperienced to realize the gravity of his situation, so remained determined to reach Pembina by Sunday.

Only a few handfuls of hay were left for his horse—his beautiful horse! Where would he get food, now that the grass was covered with snow? "And I am not much better off myself," he thought. "A few fragments of pemmican and Demarais' handful of *cenelles*. I cannot maintain a fire. With the snow I cannot find wood."

He decided to resume his journey. He felt sure the Red River party had been delayed and he really could wait no longer. Knowing that in such a storm he could not say his breviary on horseback as he had previously, he said short prayers committing himself to God's care, then mounted and started over the Grand Traverse.

THE STORM was worsening steadily. The horse turned his head several times as though knowing it would be better to turn back, but Father Goiffon was sure they were going in the right direction and urged the animal forward. Several times during the day the horse was halted by the heavy going, but after resting a little, went on. Toward dark, having traveled all day in swamp and snow with little food, it seemed imperative that both man and beast have a respite.

Ignoring the tales he had heard of the danger of traveling at night on the prairie, Goiffon pressed on until his horse became mired in a patch of swamp. Here they would have to stay. The night before, in the shelter of the brush, the priest had carefully covered his faithful companion. Now, in his agitation over the position in which he found himself, and being completely exhausted, he forgot to do so. Mechanically he took off the saddle and, as usual, put a long rope around the horse's neck so it could not stray. Then absent-mindedly Goiffon folded the horse's blanket and sat down on it. Of course the poor animal could not have strayed even had he wanted to. With his back to the storm he merely stood patiently. Later, in despair at his helplessness, the frail young priest crept under his buffalo robe and tried to sleep.

Near morning he had begun to say his prayers when he suddenly remembered that it was Sunday and he was not in Pembina. Somehow he had missed the way. (Actually Goiffon had gone in a circle the day before and was little closer to his destination than before.) Stiff and dazed he tried to free himself from the accumulation of snow on the buffalo robe. His poor horse stirred a little on seeing him move.

"We must continue our journey. I

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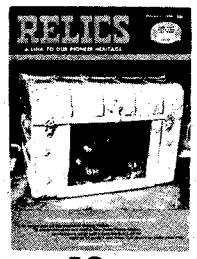
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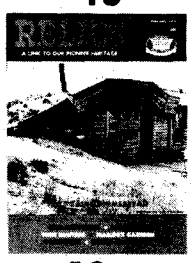
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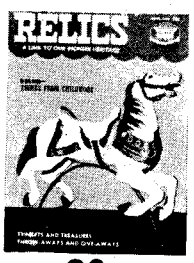
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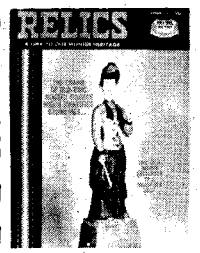
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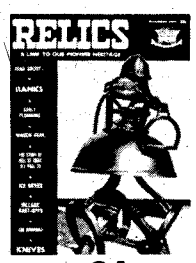
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must find my hat and go on," he thought. But the hat had disappeared under the snow and the icy crust that had formed over everything cut at his searching hands.

"I have no hat, no mitts. I can travel no farther while this weather lasts," he decided. Sadly he covered himself up again, too weak and exhausted to think of his horse.

He slept at intervals during the day and that night ate the last of the berries and drifted off to sleep again. The next morning a new tragedy awaited him—his horse was dead, the beautiful horse he had ridden so proudly out of St. Paul. Sorrowfully the priest crept under the buffalo robe and again dozed off in exhaustion.

When he awoke it was daylight once more. By then he had no idea of time except darkness and daylight, but believed it was now the fourth day of the storm. Presently he fancied it was abating. "My poor horse is dead and I am alone, but I must go on," he said to himself. Making a crude parcel of his breviary, his horse's bridle and cover, he staggered to his feet—which refused to hold him. Surprised, he then realized they were frozen. They had frozen while he slept. What could he do? Still not fully realizing the seriousness of his plight, he returned to the shelter of the buffalo robe, confident that someone would find him.

As the storm continued, the cold grew more intense. It was tempting to drift off into merciful sleep. Father Goiffon lifted the robe once to see if anyone had come, but, moist from the warmth of his body, it froze so hard he could not wrap it closely around him again.

DIMLY he realized that he was done for—unless a miracle occurred, unless God sent someone to his rescue. So again he prayed: "I know You will hear me. Send someone; send someone soon." Recalling the devotion of his parishioners in times of distress, when they promised Masses for souls in purgatory, he promised thirty-two in addition to the twenty-four assigned him by his superiors in St. Paul.

Again he slept. And again he wakened, confused, benumbed with exposure to the cold and with hunger. Suddenly a thought flashed through his mind, as if in answer to his desperate supplications. His horse could furnish food to keep him alive until help came!

Goiffon managed to get his hunting knife out, cut small pieces of flesh from the flank of the animal and eat them ravenously before again drifting off to sleep.

Then came the hallucinations. He called coaxingly to a beautiful child, but in vain. The boy would not come near. He shouted frantically to men who seemed to appear in the distance, but they only receded in the snow. He pleaded, his voice growing weaker—everything seemed so far away. People to whom he called disappeared into the storm, just as the sound of his own voice was swept away on the wind.

After he had been five nights and days out on the Grand Traverse, the Good Samaritans, as he afterward called them, passed by. His prayers had been answered. The Red River party on reaching Little Salt River had been astonished to find that the priest had not waited. He had started over the Grand Traverse alone! Alarmed, they hastened on, hoping to find him, but they too were halted by the blizzard. For the same five days and five nights, they also had huddled together for warmth, without a fire, with little food, and suffering great hardships.

At last, one morning the sky cleared and the wind abated. Helping his Uncle Hugh load the carts, young Johnny Matheson stopped and listened. "What is that noise?" he asked. "It sounds like a man calling."

But his uncle, anxious to go on, replied: "It is only a wolf. We have no time for wolves. The wretched creatures kept me awake in the night."

"No. I'm sure it is a man, Uncle." Hearing it again, Johnny dropped the blankets he was putting in the cart and raced off. His uncle followed more cautiously with his gun. Once more the boy stopped and listened, then ran on again. He saw a dark heap among the snowdrifts! Reaching it he bent down for a moment, waved his arms in excitement, and called: "It's a man! It's a man! It's the priest!"

Johnny's uncle soon was kneeling with the boy beside the form huddled against the dead horse. "Father Goiffon!" he gasped.

The poor young man, half frozen in the snow and delirious, simply held up a tatter of the horse's flesh and muttered in reply: "Eat it. Eat it."

Shouts summoned others in the party. They tried to lift Father Goiffon, but his clothing was frozen fast in the snow. He had to be cut loose from his icy bed. Both feet and his right leg were badly frozen. But lying on his left side in the shelter of the horse, his left leg had not suffered severely.

Gently the men wrapped him in blankets and carried him to their carts. They revived him as best they could with tea, and then started on the tortuous last lap to Pembina. The Red River cart was a rough-traveling vehicle and the priest suffered greatly as his frozen limbs began to thaw. Finally, within a few miles of home, young Johnny Matheson ran ahead and brought back Joseph Rolette—a man of means and one of Father Goiffon's parishioners—with a light wagon and horse.

They took the priest to the Rolette home where every care possible was given him. They put his frozen feet into a basin of snow to thaw them slowly; they rubbed his frozen limbs and gave him hot soup.

FOR THREE WEEKS Father Goiffon lay without a doctor. Gangrene set in and he suffered intensely. Madame Rolette, sick at heart, tended him constantly and watched him daily grow worse. His parishioners hovered around the house, sending messages: "He must get well. We all need him!"

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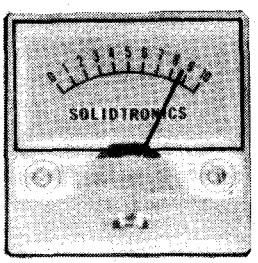

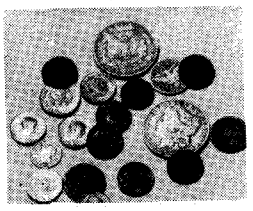

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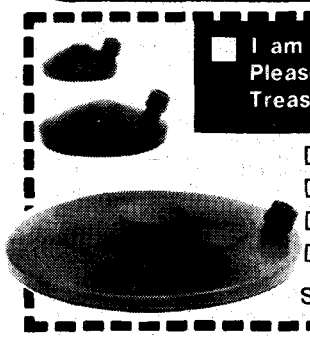

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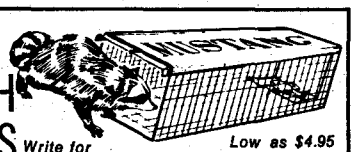

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Then a messenger arrived—Alex Goulet from the Red River settlement, sixty miles north of Pembina. The Mathesons had carried word of Father Goiffon's desperate plight to Father Lestance, acting administrator of the Diocese of St. Boniface during Archbishop Tache's absence on a visit to his northern missions. Father Lestance had sent Goulet to bring Father Goiffon to the Hudson's Bay Company doctors at the Red River settlement, Fort Garry.

Across the river from the settlement the twin spires of St. Boniface Cathedral stood high against the prairie sky. They were the towers that inspired the American poet Whittier to pen his well-known lines, telling how the bells of the mission called to the boatman on the river, the hunter on the plain.

The cathedral, the finest building in the Northwest, was 100′ x 60′ with 40′ walls surmounted by the twin spires. It had been completed just the year before, after nearly thirty years of labor by stone masons, parishioners and even the Sisters of the mission, especially Sister Lestance of the Grey Nuns, who had climbed ladders and scaffolds to paint a scheme of floral decorations on the vaulted ceiling and the walls. Adjoining it was the Bishop's Palace with its comfortable rooms, fine library and simple luxuries—a tiny outpost of civilization in the vast, unsettled land.

It was here that Alex Goulet delivered Father Goiffon after the grueling trip from Pembina. He traveled three days on a sled, for the roads were not fit for either cart or sleigh. Father Lestance and Sister Gosselin, his housekeeper, took charge, both full of concern for the suffering young priest. He was put in a room opposite that of Bishop Tache and beside that of Father Lestance so that he would never be unattended.

The doctors from the fort were summoned and, after a day's rest, Father Goiffon underwent surgery. His right leg was amputated.

He rallied well after the operation, and his condition improved so that on the eighth day the stitches were removed. The doctors expected to operate on the other limb shortly.

The following day, however, there was great alarm. Father Simonet was watching over the patient, replacing Father Lestance who had spent the night at the bedside. Suddenly he ran from the room.

"Send someone for the doctor!" he cried. "Father Goiffon is bleeding to death." There was a great rushing about. Sister Gosselin came with freshly torn sheets to try to stanch the bleeding. A large artery above the wound had broken open, resulting in a severe hemorrhage. There was nothing the doctors could do. Goiffon was too weak to stand another operation to tie off the artery. Lying there white and spent he was told his end was near. A solemn group gathered in the room and Father Lestance began the solemn last rites of the church.

IT WAS December 14, an intensely cold and stormy day, 25° below zero. To the dying man's ears came the sound of the howling wind, mingled with the murmur of Lestance's voice. It seemed to him that he was back on the prairie again, as his life ebbed away.

In the kitchen below Sister Gosselin had gone back to her household duties for the day. "Men must live as well as die," she sighed. She instructed the servant Ursule to put sixty pounds of buffalo grease in a large pot on the stove. "It is getting near Christmas; make candles for the holidays as well as for Father Goiffon's funeral," she ordered. "Poor man, he is dying."

Ursule obeyed, thoughtlessly putting the lid on the huge iron pot. Galarneau, the carpenter, came in with some lumber to make the coffin, and put it behind the stove to dry. For a few moments he stood and talked to Ursule about the young priest's sad fate, then both left the kitchen. Only a blind beggar, huddled near the stove for warmth, and Sister Gosselin remained.

She went along the corridor toward Father Mestre's room, to wake him as she had promised. She crossed herself as she passed the room where the wan figure of Father Goiffin lay, watched by Father Lestance and Father Simonet.

She knocked at Father Mestre's door, then turning, she smelled smoke—an alarming whiff!

Hurrying back to the kitchen, she found that the grease had overflowed onto the hot stove and caught fire. The nearby lumber was ablaze and there seemed to be fire everywhere.

Immediately the place was in turmoil, with people running frantically about. Warning cries of "Fire!" resounded throughout the palace and the cathedral. The bells clanged out a frantic alarm and parishioners living nearby came running.

Father Lestance rushed into the passageway, already filled with smoke. He knew that a priceless chalice, given Bishop Tache by Pope Gregory VI, was in the room across the way along with many other valuables. But his first thought was for their dying friend. He and Father Simonet dragged Goiffon on his thin mattress out into the bitterly cold morning, of necessity leaving him in the snow. Then they ran back to try to save what they could from the burning buildings.

Carried by the gale, the flames soon swept through the Bishop's Palace, the cathedral, and the adjoining buildings. Most of the parish archives and precious documents fell prey to the licking flames. The tabernacle and the sacred species, parts of the altar, stations of the cross, the organ and a statue of the Virgin Mary were saved. Risking her life, Sister Gosselin rescued sacred vessels and some vestments. Destroyed were the precious library, a grievous blow to the frontier community, oil paintings of Bishop Provencher and Sir E. P. Tache, plus all the gold and paper money owned by the diocese. Gone, too, were supplies for the winter. Only one life was lost—the blind beggar huddling in the warmth of the stove died quickly in the flames. But the fire that took one life saved another. A miracle *had* happened! What medical skill could not do, the icy blasts

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accomplished for Father Goiffon, lying on his thin mattress in the snow. The intense cold stopped the hemorrhage and the priest lived!

The doctors were amazed when they came to find him living, and they decided to leave the mass of congealed blood undisturbed and let nature finish the work of healing. Later they operated on his left foot and he made a good recovery. In time, Father Goiffon returned to Pembina and St. Joseph, amid great rejoicing by his parishioners, but he was soon transferred to a less strenuous parish in Minnesota.

A new cathedral was built and, in 1908, a magnificent basilica. At its blessing one who walked in the procession was an elderly priest with a wooden leg and lacking part of his remaining foot. It was Father Goiffon from Minnesota attending by special invitation!

Disappearance of Eugene Wilson

(Continued from page 16)

remains little chance that Eugene Wilson could still be living, Mrs. Thomas (no relation to A. E. Thomas) would find some relief in knowing what really happened to her brother.

Folks around Lake City and Powderhorn express various opinions concerning Wilson's disappearance. One person said: "I don't think his body is too far away. It may be on his own land. There are two cellars there that have caved in."

"I wish I had listened to him now!" reflects one old-timer. "He came over to my place a day or two before he disappeared and he wanted to talk about his trip to Utah. But I didn't think there was anything to it at the time. I don't believe his check was forged at all; I think he cashed it himself and went to Utah as planned to claim what he found on the first prospecting trip."

Someone else raised the question, "Could the unidentified body found at Moab, Utah be Wilson's? He could easily be identified by his thick gray hair, ruddy complexion, and his few remaining teeth."

Still another friend commented anxiously, "We all wish they could find what happened to him. He was such a nice person and we can't understand why anyone would want to harm him, but we feel that someone, somewhere, must know what has happened."

Though there are numerous theories as to the fate of the kind old bachelor, all who knew him fear that Eugene Wilson met with foul play.

"Looks like we aren't even to know where he might be buried," said his sister.

Since sportsmen from various parts of the United States vacation near the Lake Fork of the Gunnison River each year, perhaps someone will come up with information concerning the missing gray-eyed rancher who stood 5′ 8″ and weighed 160-175 pounds. The smallest clue may be the missing link that will solve the baffling mystery.

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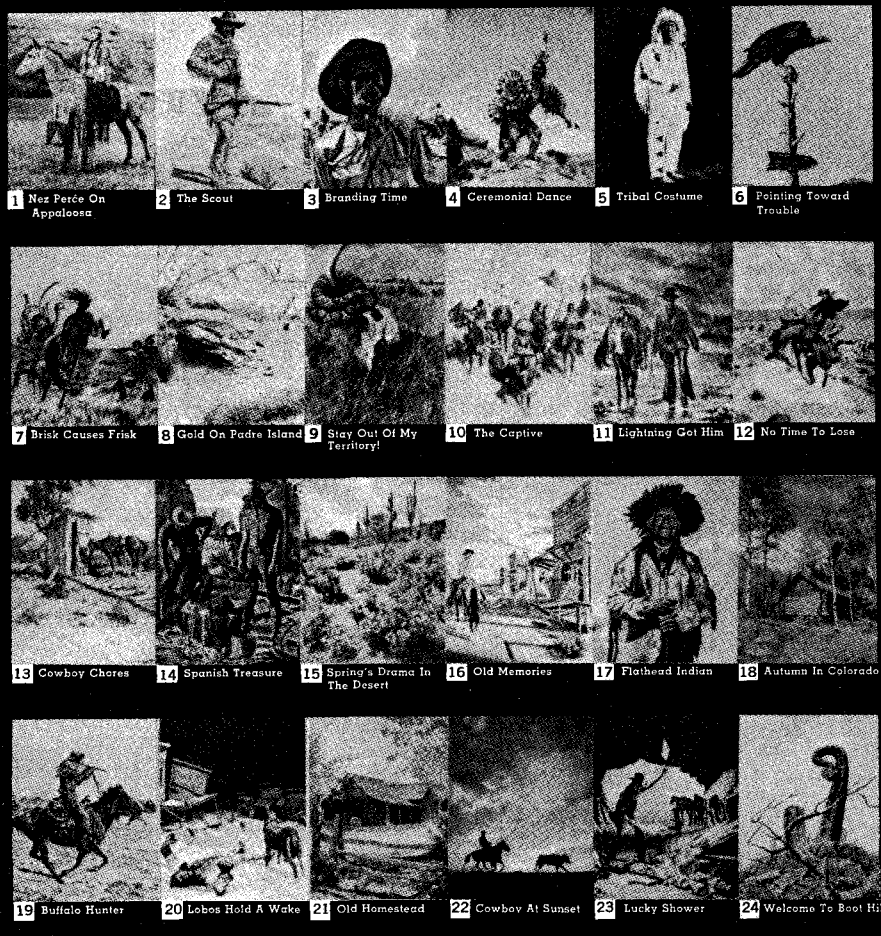

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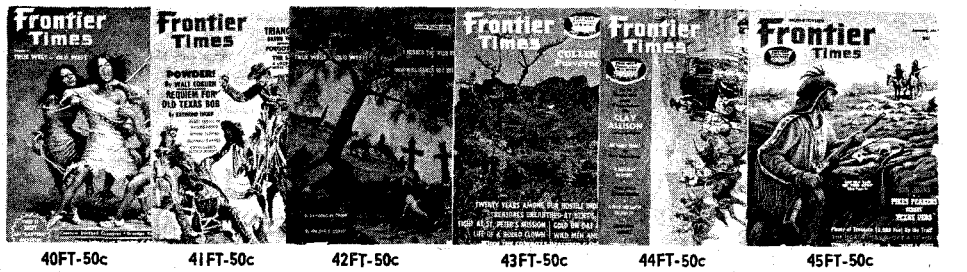

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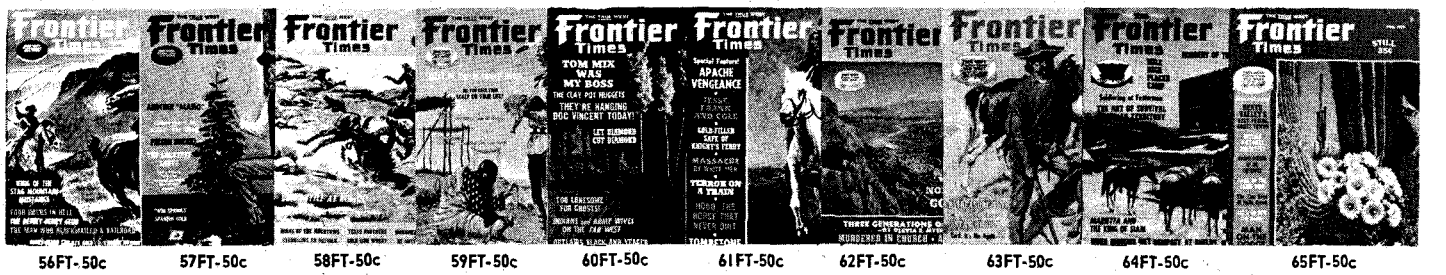

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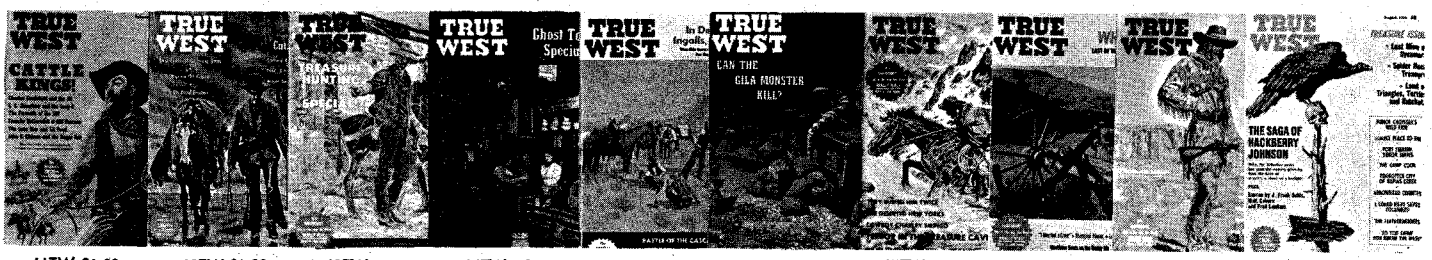

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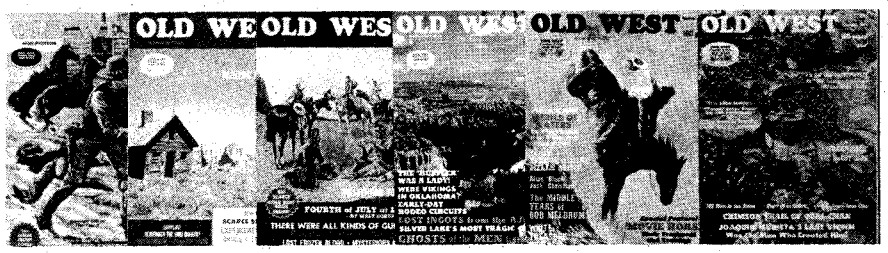

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 44)

Again his prediction came true. At this juncture dissension arose between Thornhill and his backers, as he refused to make another move until he received more money. Some were willing to pay him, while others preferred to give him a share in the treasure. Tempers flared, and perhaps the threat of "Let's hang the so and so" had something to do with his sudden and permanent disappearance.

My father had not approved of hiring Thornhill. He urged that a man who could find a treasure for someone else could just as easily find it for himself. Neither did he think that the treasure still existed. On his land there was a large hole, apparently dug long ago. He believed that this was the place where the treasure was originally hidden, but that it had long since been removed. It is evident that Thornhill possessed authentic information, perhaps gathered from the archives in Mexico. It also seemed likely that he knew that the treasure had already been recovered and was simply using his knowledge of the clues to its hiding place to mulct the settlers. Yet, through the years, hope of finding it has remained alive, and search for it still goes on.

RATTLER!

By B. J. Zenor

IT WAS a well fabled cowboy stunt to snatch up a fair-sized rattler found along the trail, and quickly snap him like some monstrous bullwhip. (Cowboys, we all know, were gritty as eggs rolled in sand.) In some cases, however, the rattler was quicker than the cowpoke and ended up winning the game.

The legend of the cowboy and the whip is a little taller than it is wide; the usual treatment a rattler received was a sharp blow on the skull. There was nothing a cowboy respected more than a big rattler, except perhaps a man who wore his holster tied down.

There were many myths circulating the range about the rattler. One was that a horsehair rope spread carefully around a bedroll on open prairie would protect the sleeper from snakes wishing to share his bed. Although it is true that cold-blooded reptiles will seek out the warmth of a human body, a rope will not stand in their way. Rattlers will try to avoid an obstacle in their path, but if sliding over a rope is the only way to proceed it is as good as done.

Many a superstitious cowpoke lived in fear of meeting up with the mate of a rattler he had killed. It was commonly believed that the mate sought out the killer for retribution. But rattlers are quite promiscuous and do not stay together after mating. If this belief were true, a cowboy would have droves of rattlers hunting him down, each and every one of them, at one time, a mate of his victim.

The most famous rattlesnake myth of all is that a rattler's age can be determined by the number of its rattles. A rattler is born with as many as two

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rattles and one is added each time he sheds his skin. The snake sheds often when young, perhaps two or three times a year. When he is older, a year may go by with no shedding at all. Rattles are sometimes lost by accident, or collectors may remove some of them and then set the snake free. Perhaps the most interesting fact is that small animals such as desert rats seek out the rattles for the minerals contained in them and may actually remove them from the sluggish, hibernating snake!

PERHAPS the best way to point out the peculiarities of the scourge of the range is to compare him with the most feared snake in the world—the cobra.

When the rattler is resting, he lies in a loose coil somewhat like a dropped lariat. His head rests on an upper coil and his tail sticks up in the center. When startled, he raises the upper third of his body into an S curve and rattles his tail. This is his business position. He strikes the full length of his S, stabs his victim, and returns to his original position. He can strike only the length of his S and never uncoils. Thus he keeps his guard up. Because of the tricky coil, one can never be sure how far he can strike.

The cobra, however, stands straight up out of his coil. He can strike only with the part of his body which is straight up and down. Thus, his distance can easily be judged. The snake cannot strike upward because of his position; the rattler can strike in any direction.

The rattler's acceptance in the pit viper family is determined by the facial pits below and behind the nostril. These are devices which seek out heat, enabling the snake to seek prey after dark. The easiest way to understand the poison factory of the rattler is to compare it to a hypodermic needle (a method used in many books on snakes). The fangs are the needles. They are long and must be folded back so they do not pierce the lower jaw when not in use. When the mouth is opened to its fullest extent, the fangs snap down. The syringes are the glands in the cheeks which store the venom. When the snake strikes, muscles squeeze these glands, forcing the venom through tubes to the fangs. The snakes do not bite their victims, but rather stab them, quickly injecting the poison.

The cobra's teeth are short and permanently in place. He must bite his victim, much like a terrier, and chew to make a gaping wound. He has no venom tubes, so when he chews the poison runs from his mouth into the wound.

The venom of the rattler attacks the body via the blood. Quick action in making a rattlesnake victim bleed has saved many a life. Cobra venom travels along the nerves and very little can be done to help his victim. The odds are with the victim of a small rattlesnake bite, even if the wound is not treated. (Of course, the odds are infinitely better if the treatment is given. A bite from a large diamondback should be treated immediately.) A person is usually bitten by a cobra only once. That is enough.

ALTHOUGH the cowboys and settlers of a century ago would find it hard to believe, snakes are rather delicate creatures. Body temperature is extremely important. Being cold-blooded, a snake takes on the temperature of its surroundings. Temperatures of about 75 to 92 degrees are ideal; below 72 a snake becomes sluggish; at 40 he is to all appearances lifeless; he dies at 32 degrees. High temperatures are not good either. The sidewinder will die after 10 minutes in direct sunlight.

Rattlers mate in the spring and carry their young until late summer or early fall. The young are born alive, encased in a sort of plastic baggie, which they immediately break. Rattlers have from 4 to 25 young. The babies are born ready to use their venom. They are poisonous in proportion to their size. Thus, a baby snake bite could sicken a human, but it is unlikely that death would result.

Rattlesnakes are rather gregarious snakes—very fond of companionship. Copperheads, milk snakes, black snakes, garter snakes, bull snakes, ringneck snakes, hognose snakes, coachwhips, and gopher snakes have all been observed sharing dens with rattlers. Lewis and Clark, those energetic observers, noted that rattlesnakes, prairie dogs, and burrowing owls seemed to live together happily in the same burrow. This has since been proven false. As the cowboys noted upon abandoning their bedroll, when rattlers move into a neighborhood, everything else moves out. In fact, the worst insult to a person's home, as far as a Westerner was concerned, was for someone to say he lived in a shack where a rattlesnake would be ashamed to meet its mother.

The rattler, like other snakes, is never a scavenger. He has an enormous appetite and may not have to hunt for months after gorging himself. Rattlesnakes eat small mammals, lizards, frogs, toads, salamanders, and many kinds of insects. The snake is not always the predator, however; sometimes he is the prey. Hawks and other birds eat snakes. So do skunks, coyotes, foxes, armadillos, raccoons, dogs, cats, hogs, and rats. Snakes are hosts to all sorts of parasites which shorten their life spans. But with the imposition of bounties, man has become the snake's number one enemy—this, in spite of the fact that the rattler kills a great number of pests.

One hunting party of five killed 485 rattlers in one single acre of prairie dog town near Olney Springs, Colorado. A week after this coup, other hunters killed 208 rattlers at the same place. The average number of rattlers in a den area is estimated at 250.

As the cowboy of yesteryear probably suspected all along, it has now been proven that Texas leads all the states in the number of fatal bites. However, the vast majority of these were received not by the casual hiker, but by persons attempting to pick the snakes up!

Snake stories have been told and retold with embellishments, and the rattlesnake has become a part of the Western legend. The best "likker" (known also as Tonsil Varnish, Brave Maker, Scam-

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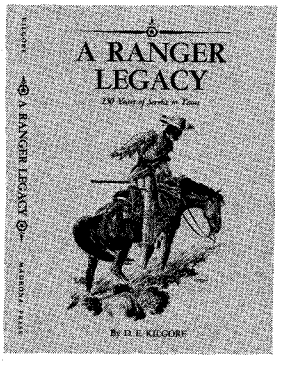

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per Juice and Snake Poison) was said to have been aged with rattler heads. Snake sayings were woven into the lingo —touchy as a teased snake; cold-blooded as a rattler with a chill; as welcome as a rattler in a prairie dog town; built like a snake on stilts; slick as a greased snake; lower than a rattler's belt buckle; meaner than a rattler on a hot skillet; he serves a free snake with every drink; as crooked as a snake in a cactus patch; jumped on him like a roadrunner on a rattler, etc.

Much as the cowboy grumbled about living with him, he recognized the rattler as an integral part of his beloved land. Like the coyote and the buffalo, the rattlesnake is a symbol the world over of the Great American West.

Lost Cities of the Sierra Madre

(Continued from page 13)

ringing softly. It was uncanny to hear such a sound among the three-centuries-old ruins. My ears did not lie. I indeed heard a bell, only this one dangled around the neck of a stray mule, grazing lazily along the mission trail.

We paced off the ruins. The outside walls enclosed an area sixty feet long by forty-five feet wide. The green triangle which lay just ahead, an oasis amid a mountainside of dried oaks and cacti, provided the reason for the Spanish mission in an otherwise desolate country. A cool spring trickled from within.

We followed a dim trail around one side. Shortly we found more stone ruins. Just beyond was a circular stone trough, no more than six feet in diameter. At its outer edge slabs of stone stood upright; the inlaid floor was composed of abraded stones. Once an *arrastre*, it too had been used to crush precious ore.

We climbed to a nearby weathered pinnacle where we could view the Rio Guaynopa becoming a part of the Rio Chico, 1,000 feet below, its rushing water thundering westward toward the sunset.

Ahead of us, across the Chico, jutted magnificent mountain peaks and vermilion cliffs hundreds of feet high. Down the Chico had passed the old Spanish trail from Guerrero, winding its more than 500-mile course through the Sierra Madre to the remote settlements and missions before twisting southwestward to Hermosillo. The carts passing over the ancient trail had worn ruts into the stone.

Up the Chico to the southeast lay the Guaynopita Mine, a contemporary of the Guaynopa, and part of the legendary triangle that formed the Lost Tayopa. Where was Tayopa now, after all these centuries? Was it as rich in silver as legend would have us believe? Where were its sweet-toned mission bells?

Suddenly I heard a rooster crow deep in the canyon below. I turned to Billy, asking if he had heard it also. It crowed again. A yellowed document telling of a wedding at Tayopa, when a cock could be heard crowing in Guaynopa, flashed through my mind. Was it an omen that the rooster crowed now?

We discovered we were not alone in Guaynopa Canyon, for at its mouth lived a Mexican family, raising goats and brewing sotol.

As the evening shadows creeped up the canyon, forming grotesque figures on the ridges of mountains beyond, we started back to the mission where we would sleep for the night.

In the morning we built a small fire to heat some meat and boil water for tea, then explored smaller ruins below the mission. We walked to the spring that fed the green triangle, and as we entered, the chilled air was almost like walking into an icebox. The morning sun was screened by the heavy vegetation.

Joshua trees and large mesquites grew in abundance, as did towering century plants. One tree in particular caught our eye. Rattling eerily in a gentle breeze were the giant leaves of a palm, the only such tree we had seen in this part of the Sierra Madre. Notched up its fourteen-foot trunk were footholds. We surmised it surely had been planted at some time beyond memory. After all, we were in the land of the strange, the land of lost cities, a country so awesome that archaeologist Jimmy Marler once remarked: "I've traveled all over the world, and never have I seen a land that matches the Sierra Madre in beauty and fastness. Every time I turn around, I see another archaeological site."

And it was true.

A $30 Poker Chip of Pure Gold!

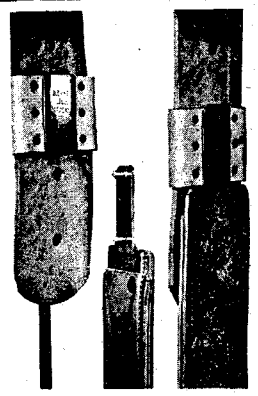
(Continued from page 17)

I got permission for a few days off and took the opportunity to visit the gold diggings. I took salt and flour, some dehydrated food, a small gold pan and shovel, and left for the bush via a route that put me near the head of Porcupine Creek, Lake Noel, and a low pass into the right creek drainage. (Incidentally, Lake Noel was named after me.) It was good fishing and made an excellent camping spot.

The next day I reached the gold creek and went to its head where the three partners had done their mining. Their work had been done at the very head of the creek and I wondered why cover up all that virgin ground below with tailings? You could see where their work stopped, which indicated the extent of the pay streak up-creek. The tailings had a lot of mineralized quartz, mostly highly oxidized. (Some samples of this quartz panned good when ground up.)

Just above the highest work was a big brown dike of gold porphyry, typical of the Central Idaho gold mines. Just underneath this dike all the formation was covered with overburden, no rock in place. Just above the dike the formation did show and, at one place opposite the diggings, I found a small quartz stringer running at right angles from the porphyry which showed copper stain and oxidized quartz. I panned this rock and it turned the tailings yellow with gold.

I believe that under the big brown dike there's a broken quartz and clay fault (caused by slippage) that is throw-



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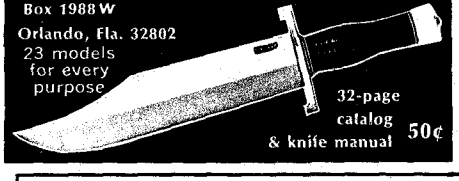

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I never have been back there since 1942. I don't know if anyone worked the property anymore or not. But I'm retired now, with more time to spare, and who knows—I might still explore this challenge before I have to tie up with a rocking chair!

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 51)

away giving birth to the twelfth child which also died. He then married my grandmother Mary Agnes Van Landingham, born around 1847, who had married Brunson Oakes also going west on the same wagontrain. Brunson Oakes passed away leaving my grandmother with eight children. She and William were married in 1880.

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Goodbye, Fred

(Continued from page 1)

the telling of the tale. Holmes thought his latest fish would weigh about eight pounds. Fred slyly produced new fish scales which he had purchased after the last such episode and the fish promptly shrank to four and a half pounds.

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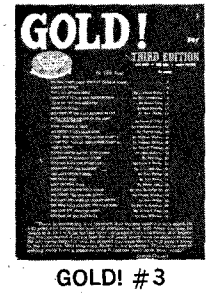

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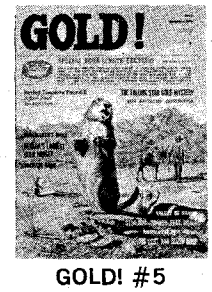

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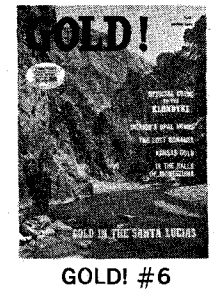
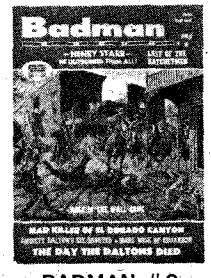


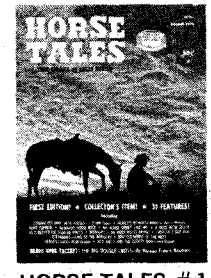
GOLD! #6

BADMAN #1

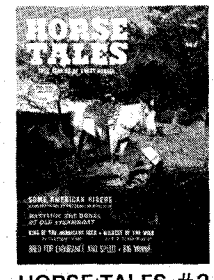
BADMAN #2



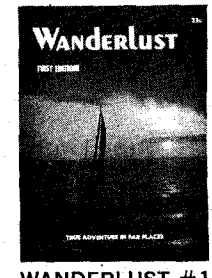
BADMAN #3



HORSE TALES #1



HORSE TALES #2



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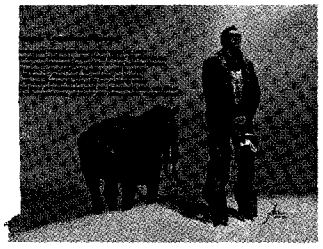

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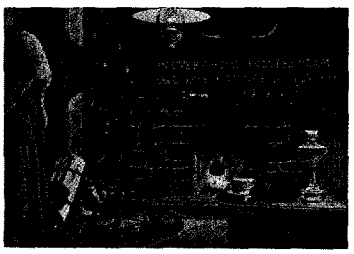

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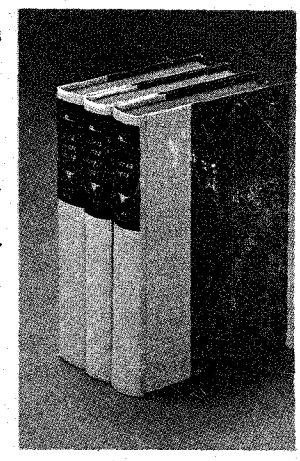

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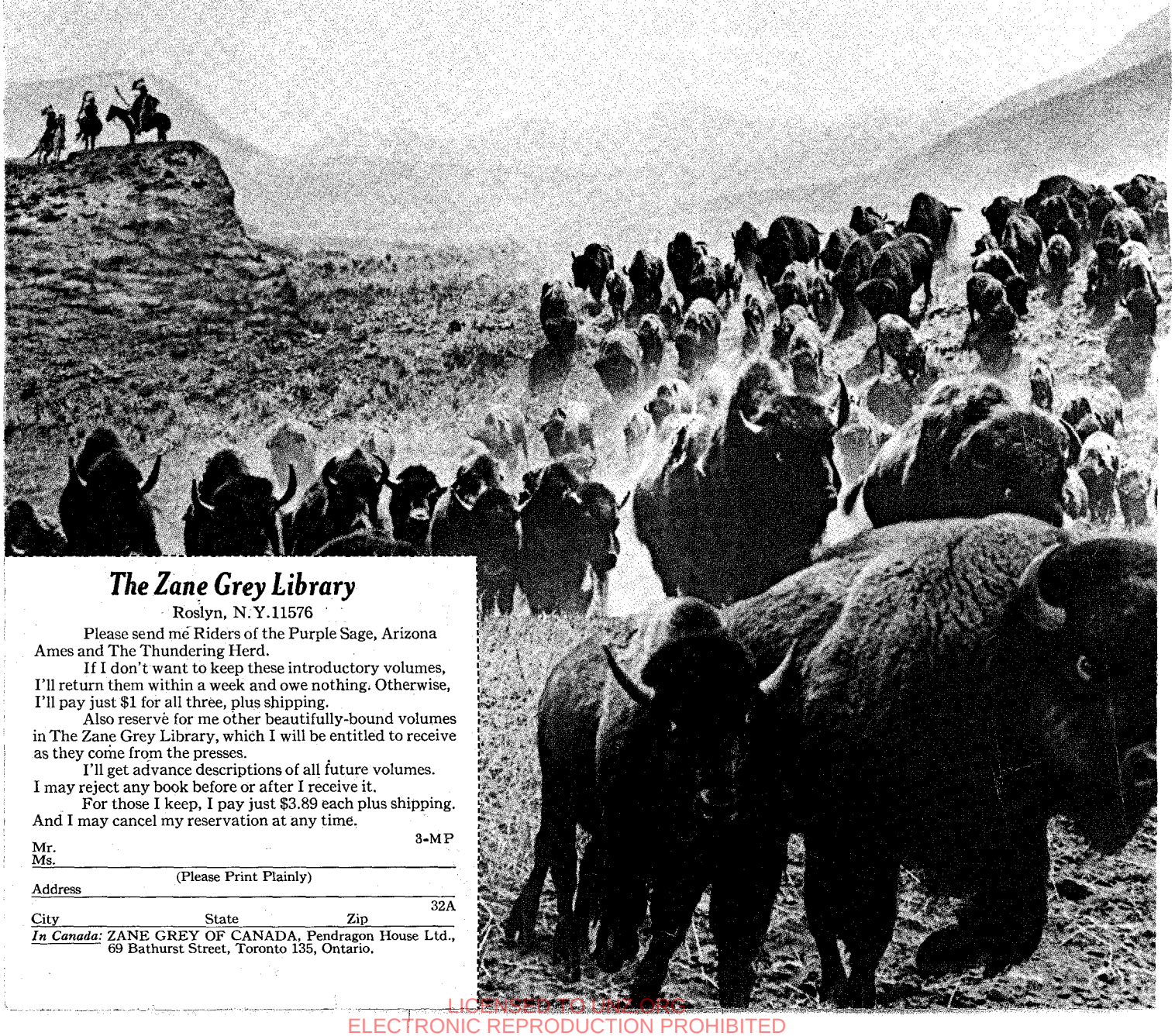

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